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# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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1924



John B. Varick Co.—By Ulric Bourgeois.

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# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

## A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE

Published Monthly at Concord, N. H.

By THE GRANITE MONTHLY COMPANY

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H. STYLES BRIDGES, *Contributing Editor*

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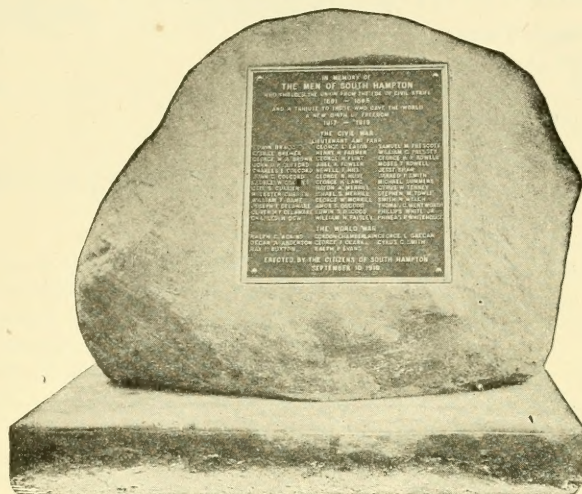
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John B. Varick Co.—By Ulric Bourgeois

CARNIVAL NIGHT

# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

Vol. 56

No. 1



JANUARY 1924

## THE MONTH IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

### Christmas

**I**N New Hampshire, as in the other states of the Union, December interest centered in Congress and Christmas. The comparatively late arrival of real winter weather held back, somewhat, both wholesale and retail trade, but that reliable barometer, postoffice conditions, indicated an exchange of gifts as general as ever. While no large benefactions were announced as Christmas gifts of this year, the city of Manchester made an acceptable present to the travelling public, as well as to its own people, by opening during the month the new bridge across the Merrimack river at the south end of the city.

### Congress

**T**HE organization of Congress found New Hampshire retaining and gaining committee posts of importance, with Senator Moses on the Foreign Affairs committee in the upper branch and Congressman Rogers on the similar committee in the House; Congressman Wason continuing on Appropriations, with assignment to its sub-committee on Agriculture; and Senator Keyes on appropriations and several important committees in addition to his minor chairmanship. One of the first bills introduced in the new Congress was by Senator Keyes for the enlargement of the federal building at Manchester and for new buildings in several New Hampshire places.

At the meeting of the Republican national committee in Washington during the month Fred W. Estabrook and Mrs. John G. M. Glessner of New Hampshire were named, respectively, on the committees on contests and on policies and platform.

### Another Candidate?

**T**HE interesting development of the month in state politics was the request made by William E. Price of Lisbon of a large number of active Republicans, that they sign a pledge card assuring their support to Huntley N. Spaulding of Rochester as the gubernatorial candidate of the party in case he should enter the primary next September. Mr. Spaulding was at Pinehurst, N. C., when these requests were put in the mail, and at this writing he has not returned to New Hampshire or indicated his decision in the matter.

### City Elections

**I**N the municipal elections held since the previous issue of this magazine went to press the Republicans carried Keene, where Mayor Robert T. Kingsbury was elected without opposition, and Rochester; while the Democrats re-elected Mayor Charles G. Waldron in Dover, and in Portsmouth, where Mayor Samuel T. Ladd declined another term, chose Orel E. Dexter in his place. The Ku Klux Klan, recently ar-



rived in New Hampshire, took an active part in the Rochester election in favor of City Marshal William S. Davis, the Republican candidate for mayor, who was elected by more than 600 majority in the heaviest vote ever polled in that city. It is claimed by some of his supporters that the K. K. K. support was not essential to his victory.

In 1924 as in 1923 there will be seven Democratic and four Republican mayors in New Hampshire, the changes of this fall in Concord and Rochester offsetting each other.

### State Grange

THE principal gathering of December in New Hampshire was that of the State Grange, Patrons of Husbandry, in annual session at Manchester.

"The present policies and practices" of the state board of education in relation to the conduct of public schools in the farming communities was condemned, this action bringing a response from Commissioner Butterfield of the State department, who cited figures to show progress in recent years as regards improved teaching for a greater number of weeks in the rural communities.

Declarations that the railroads should be supported in preference to motor truck competition brought an immediate response from the state association of truck owners who say that their service, far from being curtailed, should be extended and made available through the winter and spring months for the best interests of the state.

The Grange took action similar to that previously taken by several of the county Farm Bureaus in favor of the expenditure of more money on rural roads and endorsed the proposed development of the water power of the state with the motorization of the farm and the farm home as one of its ends.

The water power, forestry and agriculture committees of the proposed general survey of the state met during the month and made plans for their part of the work.

AS usual the Governor and Council granted a few Christmas pardons from state prison, one of the recipients being a woman serving a sentence for burglary who a few years ago had the police of Manchester baffled for months in their attempt to check the rapid succession of "breaks" of which she was guilty.

### Activities of N. H. Men

NEW HAMPSHIRE was not represented at the second conference called by Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania to consider methods of curbing profiteers in coal.

Officers of the Society for the Protection of New Hampshire Forests and heads of the state forestry department met in consultation with the treasurer of the Profile and Flume Hotels Company with a view to initiating plans to save from commercial cutting the timber in Franconia Notch and to preserve the unique beauty of that region as a forest reserve and public park.

Assistant Attorney General Joseph S. Matthews was honored by election as president of the New England Association of Tax Officials, at its annual meeting in Hartford, Conn.

Chairman William T. Gunnison of the state public service commission, in attendance at Miami, Florida, upon the annual convention of the National Association of Railway and Utility Commissioners, attracted wide attention by presenting a report upon the grade crossing problem in which he advocated the payment by automobilists of a part of the expense of abolishing such crossings.

President George M. Putnam of the State Farm Bureau Federation, attending as the delegate from this state the annual meeting of the National Federation, was re-elected as the New England member of the executive committee of that body and secured the adoption of resolutions in line with New Hampshire's attitude toward water power development.

—H. C. P.

# NEW HAMPSHIRE'S PART IN THE RECENT NATIONAL CONVENTION OF THE AMERICAN LEGION

BY H. K. DAVISON

With Vice-Commander Blood frequently presiding and several New Hampshire men on important committees, the Granite State played an exceptionally important part, in the American Legion Convention held at San Francisco. Read the story of the convention by Harold K. Davidson of Woodsville.

**W**HEN National Commander, Alvin Owsley, called to order the Fifth National Convention of the American Legion at San Francisco, California, he was greeted by the New Hampshire delegation in the front row of the Convention. New Hampshire has held seats of honor at three National Conventions in the brief history of the Legion. The New Hampshire delegation did a great deal of work a year ago boosting the election of Commander Owsley and for which he has shown himself to be most grateful. Among New Hampshire's representatives at San Francisco were four men who were active in Owsley's behalf at New Orleans last year, National Vice Commander Robert O. Blood, Past Department Commander, Charles S. Walker, Department Adjutant, George W. Morrill, and Department Senior Vice Commander, H. K. Davison. The other members of the delegation were as follows: John D. Warren of Nashua, Oscar Lagerquist of Manchester, Father William Sweeney of Tilton Department Chaplain, Harry Anderson of Concord, and A. B. Kellogg of Claremont. New Hampshire had twelve votes in the Convention and though not fully represented was allowed to vote its full strength under the rules adopted at the Convention. New Hampshire had the distinction of leading New England in percentage of members in the Legion in 1923 com-

pared to the number in 1922. This gave her more recognition than the other New England states.

A resolution which was adopted at the Weirs in the Department Convention last August was presented in the National Convention urging a change in the eligibility rules to permit men to join the Legion who were veterans of the allied countries who fought in the World War, provided they have become American citizens. The rule formerly was that only those of the allied armies who were American citizens prior to the war could join the Legion. This extension in the eligibility was unanimously voted in the National Convention and will make it possible for thousands of soldiers to join the Legion who were unable to do so formerly. It is also expected and hoped that the desire to join the American Legion may prompt some foreigners to become American citizens that they may be permitted to wear the Legion button.

The parade on the second day of the Convention in San Francisco was one of the biggest ever held by the Legion and one of the finest ever held in the state of California. This was true in spite of the fact that it started in the rain in "Sunny California." New Hampshire received a genial hand of greeting and welcome all along the route and many people came to say hello and to inquire for some one back home. Had he been there





On the Rim of the Grand Canyon

Daniel Webster would have probably transposed his famous remark to "It may be a small State but there are scores of you who love it."

Perhaps the most exciting part of the recent Convention was the election of officers in which New Hampshire played a conspicuous part. A few details are warranted here to correct some of the false reports circulated in newspapers directly after the Convention. As is now well known New England had a candidate of whom she was proud and to whom every New England state pledged its entire support. This candidate was none other than Clarence R. Edwards, the famous commander of the 26th Yankee Division. For six ballots General Edwards received the solid support of the New England delegation, but during this time had lost the support of New York and New Jersey as well as what other scattering votes he had received on earlier ballots. After the result of the sixth ballot was made known the General, who had the situation sized up very accurately, decided that he had no chance of election in that Convention and personally released each New England delegation from any pledge of further support. In spite of this all the New England states continued

for three long and tedious ballots to vote *solidly* and *alone* for General Edwards. By this time the matter of a National Commander's election was in an absolute dead-lock with John R. Quinn of California two votes behind Drain of Washington, who was leading four hundred seven (407) to four hundred five (405) on the ninth ballot. At this point the New Hampshire delegation had a caucus, decided to vote for Quinn, and notified the other New England delegations of their decision. The tenth ballot did not elect Quinn but the change of New Hampshire's vote electrified the Convention and put Quinn in the lead. On the eleventh ballot Quinn succeeded by a substantial majority and was declared elected. The first official act of the newly elected Commander was to personally thank the New Hampshire delegation to whom he gave the credit of putting him across. Thus it is that this department should stand as well at National headquarters during the coming year as it has during the past year. Thus it is also that New Hampshire proved her loyalty to General Edwards and did not stop voting for him until three ballots after the General himself had conceded defeat. New Hampshire joins all New England in the hope that next year New England may have a successful candidate, and that candidate may be General Clarence R. Edwards.

A word about the newly elected National Commander, John R. Quinn, might be appropriate here. As might be anticipated, he has been a great worker and booster for the American Legion. He is very *popular* in the West, quite as much so there as General Edwards is in New England. To those in the East who have heard little of Quinn it may be enlightening to know that there were many in the West who did not know Edwards. As it is hard for New Englanders to understand this so was it difficult for

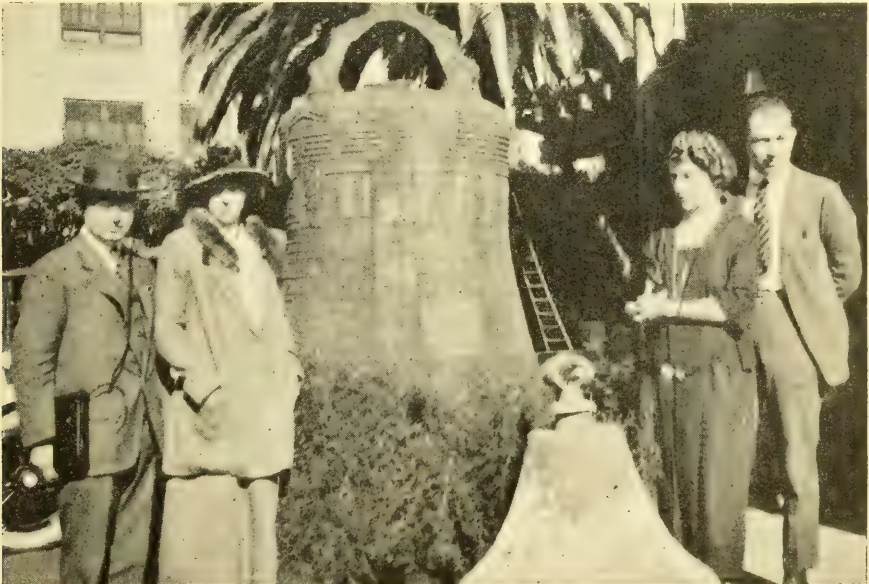
Westerners to comprehend that Eastern delegates did not know of Quinn and his service to his country and the Legion. Quinn is a sane and sober man, a proven and fearless leader, and a tireless worker for the Legion and its entire program.

Throughout the Convention National Vice Commander Blood of Concord was frequently called upon to preside during necessary absences of Commander Owsley. New Hampshire delegates were assigned to important committees and took active part in the deliberations of their respective assignments. The delegations supported *solidly* the reaffirmation of the Legion's stand on adjusted compensation.

Another matter which received much publicity at the time of the Convention and was grossly misrepresented was the Klu Klux Klan issue. New Hampshire from the start favored a general resolution condemning in clear language all un-American citizens or organizations, in preference to any broadside attack on a single individual or organization as was urged

by a few delegates. So it was that when the resolution was adopted declaring that "the Legion considers un-American any individual or organization which creates or fosters racial, religious or class strife among our people, or which takes into its own hands the enforcement of law, determination of guilt or infliction of punishment," every vote from New Hampshire was cast in its favor. It was felt that certain organizations thrive on persecution and also that no one could be a real American and not endorse the above resolution which fits where it hits. The sentiment of the resolution does *not attack* but condemns and no organization by whatever name it be known need hope for public favor in this country, if this condemnation seems to clearly apply to it. Let the coat fit where it will but who will dare to protest such a resolution!

The ladies auxiliary also had their convention in San Francisco during the Legion conclave. New Hampshire was represented by National Vice-President Flora A. Spaulding of Manchester who is also Department



National Vice-Commander and Mrs. Blood, New Hampshire Vice-Commander and Mrs. Davison at Mission Inn, Riverside, Cal.



President; by Mrs. Dr. Zatae Straw of Manchester, National Executive Committee woman from New Hampshire, and by Mrs. Pauline Blood of Concord and Mrs. Gladys M. Davison of Woodsville, N. H. Due to her official position and to her attractive personality Mrs. Spaulding was one of the leaders in the Auxiliary Convention and with the able assistance of the other members of her delegation, kept New Hampshire well to the front.

San Francisco is a great convention city and received its one hundred thousand guests from all over the country in a most hospitable manner. Every street and place of business was appropriately decorated with "Old Glory" and other flags. Free trips, entertainments, dances, and parties of every description were given to the official visitors. At the close of the convention, the Chief of Police of the city voluntarily came to the hall and asked permission to address the delegates. He stated that it had been the best convention from his point of view that had ever been in the city as it had caused him absolutely no trouble. This was a high compliment to the Legion and of which all dele-

gations are justly very proud.

The trip of over eight thousand miles was most interesting and has given the delegates a fuller understanding of the largeness and expansiveness of this country, as well as a fuller appreciation of their own State's scenic values as compared with those of the Golden West. Stop-overs were made at Chicago for a trip through the parks, at Colorado Springs for a tour of that section and a climb to the top of Pike's Peak, at Grand Canyon to view its natural beauty, at Los Angeles for a glimpse of the movie world, at Riverside, at Del Monte the show place of the Pacific Coast, at Salt Lake City to see the Mormons, and at Denver the city a mile high. All were extremely fascinating and interesting, but the conclusions of the delegation was that if the people of New Hampshire could boost as whole heartedly and unanimously for New Hampshire, the Switzerland of America, as those of California can and do for California, more big excursions would head East than West. One might then hear less of "out where the West begins" and more of "Where the East still reigns supreme."

---

## DAWN

BY ELIZABETH SHURTLEFF

A rain came up at dawning  
And brought its peace to me,  
A wind just stirred the curtains  
A mist blew from the sea,  
And from a night of terror  
The white dawn set me free,

# IMMIGRATION

BY H. STYLES BRIDGES

ONE of the most vital questions coming before the present session of Congress is the question of immigration. Our present immigration law was enacted in 1921 and will expire June 30, 1924. This law bases the immigrants admitted to this country upon 3% of a nationality here at the time of taking the 1910 census.

The United States of America is the largest immigrant receiving country in the world. No other country has ever received as many immigrants from foreign nations as has the United States and there is no country on the face of the globe today receiving as many immigrants as are received by us even with the very restrictive laws now in force.

The problem of immigration is fundamental. It concerns every man, woman and child in this country and it will have great influence in shaping the United States of tomorrow.

Yearning for new lands and new worlds to conquer has stirred the breasts of men since history has been recorded. This yearning means immigration to other sections and for

the past few generations and at the present time the good old U. S. A. looks promising to these persons.

There are today in the United States over 14,000,000 foreign born persons, more than half of whom

have never assumed any of the duties or responsibilities of citizenship. It is conservatively estimated that over 3,000,000 of these persons cannot speak the English language and that in addition to this, over 3,000,000 more cannot read it and many more than these six million fail to have the knowledge of how to write it.

The aliens coming to this country involve many great problems for a large portion of these have a very shallow idea of what American citizenship really means and have not even a hazy conception of

**"We do not want this country a polyglot boarding house."**

These were the words of Theodore Roosevelt in the last public communication of his life.

The present immigration law is about to expire and we scarcely need this last warning of a famous American to make us realize how grave the situation is. It behooves every citizen to study the problem thoroughly, and as a first step toward that end we suggest the accompanying article by H. Styles Bridges.

American ideals.

In addition to the aliens received in this country through the regular channels, we receive many more through other sources, which creates another big problem in itself. The Honorable James J. Davis, Secretary of Labor, one of the best authorities in America on the immigration question, states



that one of the biggest problems we have to contend with is what is known as "boot-legging" of aliens. Many thousands of aliens enter this country monthly, illegally, in violation of the laws of the country. Many authorities state that this figure will equal one thousand per day, which, if correct, is enormous.

Many of our immigrants have no idea of remaining in this country permanently, but intend to return to their native land when some money has been accumulated. Others live very cheaply here, remitting the major part of what they earn to relatives across the seas in their original homes. These phases of the immigration question all enter in to making it a very complex problem.

The distribution of these foreigners in this country is very significant, over 75% are located in our cities. In New York city two million of its population are foreign born, 2,300,000 are native born of foreign parents and only 1,500,000 native born of native parents. In Chicago 29.8% of the city's population is foreign born. In Boston 31.9% and in Cleveland 30.1%. These figures all go to show that beyond a doubt the trend of our foreign born residents is to our larger cities.

The levels in this country are being lowered by many of the aliens coming to our shores. This is shown very distinctly by an investigation recently conducted by the national house of Representatives. At a hearing during this investigation, the intelligent rating of our foreign population was brought out. The facts are listed below:

Very superior	1.1%
Superior	2.9%
High average	7.3%
Average	26.6%
Low average	16.5%
Inferior	30.8%
Very inferior	13.8%

These figures show another reason

why our immigration problem is such a vital one.

Recent investigations conducted in this country have disclosed what is called "Social Inadequacy" among the foreign born residents—a rate much higher than that of our whole population. In plain language this means that there are a great many more foreign born residents in our jails, prisons, homes for feeble minded, insane asylums, homes for the deaf, dumb and blind, and other institutions for the afflicted in proportion to the foreign born residents, than there are to our native born citizens.

The tax payers of practically every state in the Union are paying a certain percentage of their total tax bill to maintain institutions for the afflicted to care for the socially inadequate of our foreign residents. One investigation that is mentioned by Honorable James J. Davis, Secretary of Labor shows that 44.9% of all the inmates of such institutions were foreign born or of foreign born or mixed parentage. In some states the percentages will run very high and it creates a tremendous burden for the public to bear.

Immigration is a question of interest to all citizens of New Hampshire, in fact, it is one that is very often talked of. More and more people each day are beginning to realize the important part that it will play in the future of America. The writer has gone over this problem with persons from all walks of life in New Hampshire and has found that there is a difference of opinion among our citizens although the majority seem to favor restrictive immigration of some manner.

Andrew L. Felker, Commissioner of Agriculture in this state has had the honor of serving as Chairman of the Immigration Committee of the association of agricultural commissioners in this country. In this capacity, Commissioner Felker has been in a posi-

tion to give a very thorough study of this question and his ideas on the subject were recently summed up in a report he made to the association in which he stated that he believed the farmers of this country want to affect only remedial changes in our immigration laws. For example, he said that the farmers want a higher type of an immigrant than has been coming to these shores and that the future policy of the country should be to draw by selective process largely from the people of northern Europe. He recommended that the choice of aliens be made at the port of embarkation; he also proposed that the immigration laws be made elastic under a restrictive and selective rule in relation to the entrance of people from northern and northwestern Europe, while to those coming from eastern and southern sections, the restrictive measures of our law should apply with greater force and rigidity. Details of selection, it is suggested, should be left with a board or commission, having discretionary powers. He believed that such a board would be able to correct many of the injustices arising under the present immigration law.

Mr. Felker states that it is a far fetched cry for anyone to contend that America is a land of the free to all that want to come. It should and must be recognized if it is not already that our country has both a

moral and a legal right to protect its life stream from vicious and unhealthy contamination. This can be done, Mr. Felker believes, through restrictive and selective immigration.

Another New Hampshire man who has made a study of this problem is William H. Riley of Concord. Mr. Riley, the first vice-president of the State Federation of Labor, speaks, of course, from the point of view of labor. He states that labor is very much in favor of restricted immigration and that in New Hampshire they fully agree with the stand taken by Samuel Gompers, President of the American Federation of Labor, who has expressed himself solidly for restricted immigration. Mr. Riley agrees with Mr. Felker on the point that the selection of immigrants should be made before they cross the seas to this country. The main persons in



ANDREW L. FELKER

Chairman, Immigration Committee, National Association of Agricultural Commissioners.

who favor unrestricted immigration are a few of the big contractors and some of the manufacturers, who are employers of unskilled labor. Immigrants just arriving to this country form a source of supply from which cheap unskilled labor may be obtained.

The New Hampshire Farm Bureau Federation, an organization that represents around two-thirds of the bona fide farmers of the state, has recently interested itself in this problem of immigration and has been unofficially taking measures sounding out



the sentiment of its membership.

No definite action will be taken by this organization to express its ideas on this subject until its annual meeting during the current month, but it is interesting to note the sentiments expressed by its membership on this subject. They appear to be almost wholly in favor of restricted immigration. The feeling seems to run that the present 3% of a nationality basis for the selection of immigrants should be continued although many favor the basing of this 3% on the census of 1890 rather than the census of 1910. This is in line with the suggestions made by Commissioner Felker as it would mean more immigrants from the countries of northern Europe and less from the southern countries. They also seem to agree that the selection of immigrants should be at their source, rather than in this country, which is in line with ideas of Commissioner Felker and Vice-President Riley of the State Federation of Labor.

From all inquiries that the writer has been able to make in New Hampshire, the majority of people in our state seem to agree with the statement on immigration made by Calvin Coolidge, President of the United States, in his recent message to Congress. President Coolidge states that our new arrivals should be limited to our capacity to absorb them into the ranks of good citizenship. America must be kept American, for this pur-

pose President Coolidge says it is necessary to continue restricted immigration. He also states that it would be well to make such immigration of a selective nature with some inspection at the source, based either upon a prior census or the record of naturalization. Either method would assure the admission of those of the largest capacity and best intention of becoming citizens. President Coolidge also recommends that a law be passed requiring the immediate registration of all aliens.

Immigration is one of the outstanding problems before the American people today and one of the most vital subjects coming before the present Congress. The question of immigration is fundamental to the life and future of America, and every person regardless of party politics should be informed upon this highly important subject, for the manner in which immigration is handled will have a great deal to do with shaping the destinies of the United States of America.

New Hampshire has never vacillated in her attitude upon great national questions of the past. It is of paramount importance that her attitude voiced through Senators and Congressmen should be clear and firm. To that end, let all the citizens of the Granite State make their wishes known to our national representatives in such a manner as to leave no doubt in their minds as to where their constituency stands in relation to this vital problem.

# STAGE COACH AND TAVERN DAYS IN NORTHERN NEW ENGLAND

BY LOIS GOODWIN GREER

ONE would not think to pass through the quiet little town of Haverhill, New Hampshire, that it was once to all of northern New England what New York city is to eastern United States today—the great terminus of all shipping and of all travel.

Yet, it certainly held that great distinction a hundred years or more ago! When Colonel Silas May dashed down the long hill leading into the village, blowing blast after blast from his horn as he stood up in his driver's seat and wielded his long, raw-hide whip over four foam flecked black horses, expertly and precisely wheeling his coach with its load of passengers, proprietors and managers of the new line to the very steps of the old Towle tavern—all this with a linch-pin gone—then it was that Haverhill could boast of being the New York of the north country.

Imagine for yourself what this spectacular event must have meant to those pioneer settlers who had gathered to witness the coming of the first stage coach into town, and what a rousing reception must have been given Colonel May! All this was more than a hundred years ago. Time, in her flight, has made many a change. Today one can travel de luxe from Boston to the north pole—almost—in fast express trains with every convenience which the human mind can devise, or one can roll along with ease in the last word in luxurious motors, or better yet, there is the flying machine which would cause those old settlers to stare until they might share the same fate as did the poor maiden in her eagerness to watch the dashing Appollo as he charged through the heavens with his sun chariot. All of these modes of travel

are ours today. They flash into sight and are gone seldom leaving a passenger in this little burg where once a half dozen stage lines converged, and where it was not unusual to find two hundred passengers set down for the night.

All roads led to Haverhill in those days. There were lines from Boston via Concord and Hanover, and later via Plymouth, N. H., also lines from New York city reaching into Canada or the White mountains. Then the cross-country lines from Saratoga, Chelsea and Montpelier all met in Haverhill.

Today the traveller who wishes to go to Boston or New York takes an early morning train from the Haverhill railroad station and within a few hours arrives in either metropolis, or he boards a sleeping car at night and awakens to find himself several hundred miles from his starting place. Not so our forefathers. The mail stage for Boston left Williams' hotel at four o'clock in the morning on Wednesdays, Fridays and Sundays and the trip required three and a half days—with no obsequious gentleman to dust you up and down, or to carry out your luggage when you arrived at your journey's end. Oh, no! You were lucky if you ever arrived, and sometimes lucky if you even started when you planned—not on account of delay, however. Far be it from that! Those old stage drivers never over-slept of a morning. On the contrary they were up and stirring, and if they and their horses were ready—off they went regardless. That was one interesting, but none the less depressing, feature about stage coach travel. No matter "how long your journey, whence you were going, or where you started, your coach always



started at daybreak." And often the traveller did not breakfast for ten or more miles.

We can perhaps imagine the gloom of those early morning departures when we conjure in our minds the flickering candle as it sputtered in the wan morning light, the smoky light from the whale-oil lamp, or the dingy shadow cast by a decrepit old lantern. The romance of those good old days was a stern reality, especially if the morning was foggy, or if it rained, or worse yet—thirty below zero!

Never-the-less there *were* compensations. Every hamlet along the way

had a tavern, and this was before the days of the eighteenth amendment. And from out the stage poured passengers and the driver, while one and all had a steaming mug of flip, a bit of

toddy, sling or grog. I am not speaking of the ladies, bless 'em. Although we occasionally find a record of a gentleman and his family journeying over the road where Madame has had her quarter bowl of todgy, and do you wonder that she needed it after such jolting and general discomforts as the road afforded?

It was not unusual to find logs stretched across the streams, which, of course, they had to ford or to cross none too substantial bridges. Neither was it out of the ordinary to get mired in the mud. If it rained one's feet became wet, the clothes plastered with mud from the wheels and the luggage soaked in water. If the July sun

poured down one scorched or had a sunstroke. And yet we hear some of the ancients sigh for the "good old days."

One interesting incident is related of an old stage driver whose trip was from Dover, New Hampshire, to Haverhill, Massachusetts. During the spring months the roads were in a bad condition, and six or eight horses were sometimes needed. In Epping, New Hampshire, there was an especially bad place known as the "Soap Mine."

Through this muddy place the old driver thought he could drive without

mishap, but in spite of his skill his team was soon firmly stuck in the mud. After vain attempts to extricate himself he opened the coach door and explained his plight to the passengers and

asked them to get out so that the load might be lightened. They had all paid their fares, and would they get out in the mud? No, indeed! "Very well," said the driver. He closed the door and seated himself by the side of the road. After a time the passengers became curious and asked why he was sitting by the roadside. He quite calmly replied, "The horses cannot draw the load. There is only one thing I can do. I shall wait until the mud dries up."

Considering the number of stage lines which led into Haverhill and the number of passengers who nightly were obliged to stay there it can readily be seen why so many taverns were



The Bliss Tavern, built about 1790  
Headquarters for Lawyers and Judges

opened at once. Sometimes the taverns were crowded for weeks at a time, and we find as many as fifteen such ordinaries, or taverns, in Haverhill at one time. Probably the first one was the Uriah Morse tavern on Pool Brook. Captain Hazen, an original grantee, was an innholder in 1766, and Luther Richardson kept an inn as early as 1774. Colonel Joshua Howard kept a tavern near the county buildings, and a mile above here was the famous Cobleigh tavern where the fast men of the day met and

to mount her horse she found that she needed a new switch to urge her steed along his way, and so she carelessly stuck the old willow switch into the ground near the tavern door. A year or two later this same lady passed through Haverhill—a widow—on her way to her girlhood home. Once again she sought refreshment and lodging in the Ladd tavern. The amiable host found the charms of the young widow so alluring that he set about to win her heart and hand, and so well did he succeed that within a



In the old stage-coach days. The stage coach shown was used over 200 years ago in New England States

drank. The Cottage hospital stands upon this site today. There were several taverns in the Ladd Street section, and among them was one owned by Samuel Ladd, a bachelor.

One night a bridal party stopped at the Ladd tavern. The bride carried a willow switch which had been given her as she left her home in Charlestown by a youthful cousin who admonished her in jest to use it upon her elderly groom should he become recalcitrant, and saying further that she might plant the switch by the door of her second husband. The following morning as she was about

few months he bestowed upon her his name. As for the little switch it grew and flourished, and in time came to be a huge tree with spreading branches which gently swayed through the soft summer winds, or was whipped by the fury of winter storms for a century and over, and it is only within the past few years that it disappeared from the roadside where it had been so long a living memento of that old-time romance.

The most notable taverns were at the "Corner," this being the stage center, and later the county buildings were built there. One of the first was

the Bliss tavern which was built about 1790 and is still standing—a sturdy reminder of the practical architecture favored by our ancestors, and which we might copy advantageously. This tavern was the aristocratic headquarters for lawyers and judges during court sessions. Its landlord was Joseph Bliss, a man of influence in the town and its first post-master.

The great stage tavern where all of the stages unloaded their passengers for the night was the Towle tavern. Its proprietor was Simeon Towle, who was a man of unusual size, and weighed, it is said, four hundred and sixty pounds. He died shortly after coming to Haverhill, and was succeeded by his son, Edward, who made this the most famous hostelry along the northern New England stage-coach lines. It was a large three-story building which met a sad fate during the great Haverhill fire of 1848, which was caused by a cook upsetting a pan of flapjacks.

The Eagle hotel was built in the early 1800's and still continues to dispense hospitality—a dignified, commo-

dious brick house known today as the Crawford house. There were innumerable other taverns, among them the Coon tavern which long since was torn apart and forms today parts of two different houses. Of the others there is little to be said—so many of them went into the realm of eternal oblivion long ago. On the Turnpike was the Tarleton tavern; although it was not within the town's limits, yet, it played an important part in Haverhill history. Every team or stage that went up and down the Pike stopped there to water the horses, while the passengers patronized the landlord's well supplied bar.

On the outskirts of the village there are to be seen the partly tumbled down ruins of the old Fellow's tavern which was the stopping place of the drovers. It was abandoned many years ago because of the general belief that it was haunted by the ghost of a white horse belonging to a man who was murdered within its walls. The building stands in an isolated section and is an ideal place for the roaming of spooks and revengeful apparitions.

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## AN EVENING IN THE OLD SWING

BY ELIZABETH M. MASSIE

Cool around me night winds blow,  
 The mocking wind bends the pine tree low—  
 And I swing off to stars and moon,  
 Swinging....Swinging....to and fro....  
 The wind whistles by me soft and low....  
 Ah how I love its croon!....  
 It swoops and swings,  
 Like the striking of strings  
 Of a harp, played alone by Night,  
 While I dream my dreams,  
 Neath the moon's silver beams.....  
 Swinging....Swinging....to and fro....  
 The wind whistles by me.....soft and low.....





WINTER SPORT

## OUR WINTER CARNIVALS

Why go South? "The Great Stone Face has never known the soft breath of the Gulf Stream nor experienced the romantic languor of a Hawaiian night."

By N. H. C.

**W**HILE searching vainly for hidden gold, legend tells us, an aged prospector of western Oklahoma was annoyed by the black liquid which oozed from the earth and filled his trenches. When he was finally able to remove his head from the clouds of a gold digger's fantasies he found himself the millionaire pioneer of the western oil region.

No one knows accurately just when snow was first discovered in New Hampshire but it was not until the close of the nineteenth century that sons of the Granite State first realized that there was something worth while in the White Mountains even after the birds had taken their southward flight borne on the first winds of Autumn. Despite the fact that a few half-hearted and very primitive winter carnivals were held in our Capital City during the winters of '95 and '96 the credit of first opening up our winter possibilities undoubtedly belongs to the now famous Fred Harris, Dartmouth '99. Harris was Dartmouth's

first ski jumper and winter athlete. During the progress of the autumn football season this gallant son of Vermont was content with an inconspicuous place among his collegiate associates, but after the last touch-down was made and the last hero had been carried from the field of honor, to be lionized by cheering comrades and admiring feminine glances, there came a period when the sturdy athletes had nothing better to do than to lounge about the coffee houses and look forward to the next week end in New York. It was then that the sturdy New England pioneer donned his skis and knitted skull cap and proceeded to demonstrate the possibilities of athletics amid New Hampshire's snows. He took unto himself all the glamour and glory which was divided among various broad shouldered wearers of the green during other seasons. He earned for himself the adulation of such ruddy-cheeked and bright-eyed damsels as had not flown to Florida and other balmy climes

when winter came. He founded the Dartmouth Outing Club and was speedily surrounded by other students who were loath to leave him an open field in his new found sport.

From these beginnings winter sports at Hanover have grown until today they lend an individualism to Dartmouth which sets it apart from almost all of its sister institutions. Each year there gathers at Hanover a brilliant cortege composed of the courtiers at the court of that popular monarch Jack Frost, and distinguished alumni from all over the land gladly turn their backs upon the golden sands of Miami and balmy breezes of the Gulf to feel their blood course through their veins with new vigor and their faces burn with a deeper color than is attained from lip stick or rouge case, stimulated by the best tonic nature ever devised—a New England winter.

Other New Hampshire towns and cities were quick to realize the possibilities of the gold mine discovered at Hanover. Robert Gould, an enterprising hotel man of Newport, felt that the days of closed blinds and musty corridors for New Hampshire hostelries in winter were drawing to a close. Under his leadership Newport inaugurated a winter carnival which has since become a classic in that section of the state.

It is, of course, inconceivable that the Queen City should be anywhere except in the vanguard of a movement for new life in the state. Citizens of Manchester claim that the fairest girls of the realm are to be found in their city. Whether this be true or not it is to be admitted that these same citizens have always been connoisseurs of beauty. They therefore installed as the leading feature of their carnival the crowning of the queen, which means that the fairest of Manchester's flowers is annually selected and crowned Queen of the Carnival with appropriately impressive ceremonies in which the Mayor and probably Chief

Healy always participate. Despite the popular movie entitled, "It's the Woman Who Pays" experience tells us that where there is sweet femininity there is usually a dollar sign. Taking advantage of this, Manchester annually raises a large sum in the contest for Queen of the Carnival. Contrary to the custom in city elections, votes are openly and frankly bought and sold and the lady whose friends are ready to spend the most usually wins the coveted diadem.

Still clinging to our simile of regarding a New Hampshire winter as a tonic and not meaning any significance by the expression, we would say that what port wine is to Old Bourbon, the carnivals of other cities are to those of Berlin. It is this center of the North Country which knows winter in its own lair, and it is to Berlin that the skilful winter athletes from the Canadian snow banks flock to match their skill. The splendid carnivals held in the North have attracted contestants from all over our state and from the land of perpetual cocktails across the border.

Concord, North Conway and Laconia have no cause to blush when their winter activities are compared with those of their sister cities.

Those pessimists who are constantly asserting that the American people are fast becoming soft and flabby and losing the hardihood of their ancestors find their greatest justification in the growing tendency of those who are financially able to flee southward at the first breath of winter. Looking backward over the history of our race it becomes evident that the greatest advances have been made, the greatest leaders brought forth, amid the rigors of a temperate climate. Perhaps the winter winds that swirl over New Hampshire's hills, stinging the red blood in our veins to new activity has been a potent force in producing the leaders of men who have hailed from our state. Certainly the Great

Stone Face has never known the soft breath of the Gulf Stream nor experienced the romantic languor of a Hawaiian night, but has stood staunchly through a thousand winters. Well it may be for American youths and maidens if they come more and more to the shrine of the White Hills when they are really white, and when their biting breezes produce real deep chested red blooded bright eyed American manhood.

#### NEW ENGLAND WINTER CARNIVALS

1923 Tentatively arranged and subject to change 1924.

January 16-17-18-19—Manchester, N. H., Carnival.

January 22-27—North Conway, N. H., Carnival.

January 24-25-26—Newport, N. H., Carnival.

January 31 to February 2—Berlin, N. H. Nansen Ski Club, Carnival.

February 7-8-9—Hanover, N. H. (Dartmouth Outing Club) Carnival.

February 22-23—Laconia, N. H. Winnepesaukee Winter Carnival.

Concord, N. H. Hikes Thursdays and Saturdays.

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## AN ANSWER TO OUR CRITICS

**R**ECENTLY the editors of the GRANITE MONTHLY have received letters in criticism of some of the articles appearing in our magazine on various state controversial issues. In connection with our articles on the question of centralization or decentralization of our school system we were not only criticized for having articles in favor of centralization but also for having articles against centralization. While others felt especially grieved because we permitted in our pages an article against compulsory vaccination.

On account of these criticisms and in order to clear up any possible misunderstanding on the part of our readers, we wish to explain why we have recently pursued the policy of having each month presented in our pages the two opposing views on some one state or public issue.

In our desire to acquaint our readers with the pro's and con's of the various important state problems, we feel that it is not only fair play to give each side an opportunity to express its views, but that probably the greatest service we can perform is to make our magazine a forum of discussion open impartially to

debate on all sides of these issues. It is a common saying that the greatest obstacles to human progress are ignorance and indifference, and we believe having both sides of a controversial issue published and understood is the very best method of arousing interest and educating people to an intelligent understanding of any subject.

It is our hope that this policy by exciting such an interest will lead people to discussion and study, thereby acquiring an intelligent understanding of these problems. Once this is accomplished, we have no fear that the large majority will think right and will come to the conclusion that will mean the greatest prosperity and progress for the state. We do not believe that this policy will ever hurt any good cause. Furthermore we are sure that the average man or woman will be interested and anxious to hear both sides on any controversial subject and we hope that this policy may do something to combat the lack of interest which unfortunately many citizens often feel toward public issues and controversies of real importance to the lives and happiness of each and all of us.

—The Editors



# AN ANTHOLOGY OF ONE POEM POETS

COMPILED BY ARTHUR JOHNSON

ILLUSTRATED BY ELIZABETH SHURTLEFF

## AUX ITALIENS

BY ROBERT BULWER-LYTTON (OWEN MEREDITH)

At Paris it was, at the opera there;  
And she looked like a queen in a book  
that night,  
With the wreath of pearl in her raven hair,  
And the brooch on her breast so bright.

Of all the operas that Verdi wrote,  
The best, to my taste, is the *Trovatore*;  
And Mario can soothe, with a tenor note,  
The souls in purgatory.

The moon on the tower slept soft as snow;  
And who was not thrilled in the strang-  
est way,  
As we heard him sing, while the gas  
burned low,  
"Non ti scordar di me?"

The emperor there, in his box of state,  
Looked grave, as if he had just then seen  
The red flag wave from the city gate,  
Where his eagles in bronze had been.

The empress, too, had a tear in her eye:  
You'd have said that her fancy had gone  
back again,  
For one moment, under the old blue sky,  
To the old glad life in Spain.

Well! there in our front-row box we sat  
Together, my bride betrothed and I;  
My gaze was fixed on my opera hat,  
And hers on the stage hard by.

And both were silent, and both were sad;—  
Like a queen she leaned on her full  
white arm,  
With that regal, indolent air she had;  
So confident of her charm!

I have not a doubt she was thinking then  
Of her former lord, good soul that he  
was,  
Who died the richest and roundest of men,  
The Marquis of Carabas.

I hope that, to get to the kingdom of  
heaven,  
Through a needle's eye he had not to  
pass;  
I wish him well for the jointure given  
To my lady of Carabas.

Meanwhile, I was thinking of my first love  
As I had not been thinking of aught for  
years;  
Till over my eyes there began to move  
Something that felt like tears.

I thought of the dress that she wore last  
time,  
When we stood 'neath the cypress-trees  
together,  
In the lost land, in that soft clime,  
In the crimson evening weather;

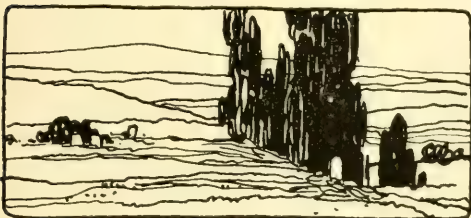
Of that muslin dress (for the eve was hot);  
And her warm white neck in its golden  
chain;  
And her full soft hair, just tied in a knot,  
And falling loose again;

And the jasmine flower in her fair young  
breast;  
(O the faint, sweet smell of that jasmine  
flower!)  
And the one bird singing alone to his nest;  
And the one star over the tower.



I thought of our little quarrels and strife,  
And the letter that brought me back my  
ring;  
And it all seemed then, in the waste of life,  
Such a very little thing!!

For I thought of her grave below the hill,  
Which the sentinel cypress-tree stands  
over:  
And I thought, "Were she only living still,  
How I could forgive her and love her!"



And I swear, as I thought of her thus, in  
that hour,  
And of how, after all, old things are best,  
That I smelt the smell of that jasmine  
flower  
Which she used to wear in her breast.

It smelt so faint, and it smelt so sweet,  
It made me creep, and it made me cold!  
Like the scent that steals from the  
crumbling sheet  
Where a mummy is half unrolled.

And I turned and looked: she was sitting  
there,  
In a dim box over the stage; and drest  
In that muslin dress, with that full soft  
hair,  
And that jasmine in her breast!

I was here, and she was there;  
And the glittering horseshoe curved be-  
tween!—  
From my bride betrothed, with her raven  
hair  
And her sumptuous scornful mien,

To my early love with her eyes downcast,  
And over her primrose face the shade,  
(In short, from the future back to the  
past.)  
There was but a step to be made.

To my early love from my future bride  
One moment I looked. Then I stole to  
the door,  
I traversed the passage; and down at her  
side  
I was sitting, a moment more.

My thinking of her, or the music's strain,  
Or something which never will be ex-  
prest,  
Had brought her back from the grave  
again,  
With the jasmine in her breast.

She is not dead, and she is not wed!  
But she loves me now, and she loved me  
then.  
And the very first word that her sweet lips  
said,  
My heart grew youthful again.

The marchioness there, of Carabas,  
She is wealthy, and young, and handsome  
still;  
And but for her—well, we'll let that pass:  
She may marry whomever she will.

But I will marry my own first love,  
With her primrose face, for old things  
are best;  
And the flower in her bosom, I prize it  
above  
The brooch in my lady's breast.

The world is filled with folly and sin,  
And love must cling where it can, I say:  
For beauty is easy enough to win;  
But one isn't loved every day.

And I think, in the lives of most women  
and men,  
There's a moment when all would go  
smooth and even,  
If only the dead could find out when  
To come back and be forgiven.

But O, the smell of that jasmine flower!  
And O, that music! and O, the way  
That voice rang out from the donjon  
tower,  
*Non ti scordar di me!*  
*Non ti scordar di me!*



# SENATOR MOSES TELLS HIS THREE FAVORITE STORIES

It is always interesting to know the favorite stories and anecdotes of famous men, especially those public speakers who have a large fund at their command. This page of stories by some prominent New Hampshire figure will be a feature of the Granite Monthly.

"SO you wish my three favorite stories," said Senator George H. Moses. "Well, I'll try to give them to you, though it's hard for one to delve into his chest and select in this offhand way the three which are the most amusing to him. One always thinks of the best one after it is too late, you know."

The Senator narrowed his eyes a moment in thought, "I'll tell you one," said he, "which has always amused me, though it was on me. It occurred during my meteoric career as a schoolmaster. I always say 'meteoric' because I taught school one consecutive term in a school which was called high because it was upstairs. In the conduct of my class in the Fifth Reader I conceived the brilliant notion of permitting the pupils to choose a selection which they should read rather than to read straight through the book, thinking that thus it would be more interesting to them. One day in class I outlined this happy scheme to the children, and as I finished I noticed one of them, an exceptionally bright girl, thumbing the pages of the book.

'Well, Lula,' said I, 'have you a selection?' She replied instantly in the affirmative, naming page 127. Turning to that page I found staring at me those memorable, stately lines, 'The Burial of Moses.'

The Senator pursed his lips in a rather tuneless whistle for a moment,



then delivered his next broadside. "Another story which has been amusing to me concerns two French habitats at the time of the sinking of the Maine. These men were just out of the woods at Berlin and were consequently in an exceedingly unkept condition. They found their way to a barber shop and waited

their turn. One of them was a scholar. He could read—that is to say very large type an inch or two in height. The other was illiterate. The first one picked up the paper and began very laboriously to decipher the headlines, growing visibly more excited with each word. His friend watching him began to grow impatient and finally said, "Well, Louis, what's the news?"

The scholar replied, "Why them dam' Spaniards blow up the whole state of Maine."

"Zat so," responded the other, "ain' that too bad, I got a cousin down Rumford Falls. I 'spect he gone to hell with the rest of 'em."

Mr. Moses' third story concerned the president. He said that it is customary for a special clerk to carry the president's pay to him the first of the month. Soon after Mr. Coolidge assumed the office, this clerk entered his presence for the first time and laid before him a check for \$6,250.00. "Cal" glanced at the check, then looked solemnly at the clerk, saying in his dry nasal drawl, "Come again."

—N. H. C.



# NEW HAMPSHIRE STATE GRANGE

## The Meeting At Manchester

BY GEORGE R. DRAKE

THE fiftieth annual meeting of the State grange held in Manchester, December 11—13, will long be memorable for being one of the five largest sessions ever held, for the usual harmony that prevailed, for the sixth degree class of 397 which has never been equalled except at the time of the last two sessions of the National grange held in the Granite state, for the pageant presented by the Hillsborough County Pomona grange and for the

ordinate granges to the State grange from six to eight cents per member, per quarter and those from the Pomona to the State from two to four cents per quarter, advocated private development of the natural resources of the state under the supervision of the Public Service commission, placed the matter of prize competition in the hands of the executive committee, discussed at length and finally voted to appropriate \$1000 to continue the publication



Officers of the New Hampshire State Grange

hearty cooperation of all to make it a very successful Golden Jubilee.

The resolutions condemned the centralization of rural schools, demanded the strict enforcement of the prohibition and the laws relating to hunting on Sunday, the improvement of roads leading to the farmers' markets, the appointment of a committee to study the highway situation with the master of the State grange and the president of the Farm Bureau federation, increased the per capita tax to be paid by sub-

of the New Hampshire State Grange Journal, opposed gambling at fairs, endorsed reforestation and favored an increase in the pay of letter carriers and post office employees.

The members feelingly expressed their appreciation in general of the beautiful pageant presented by Hillsborough County Pomona and the management in particular by Mrs. Mary W. Heath, chairman of the committee of arrangements. They voiced their thanks to the Manchester Chamber of Com-



HERBERT N. SAWYER  
Master State Grange

The following-named were elected and were installed by Past Master Wesley Adams: Master, Herbert N. Sawyer, Atkinson; overseer, James C. Farmer, Manchester; lecturer, John A. Hammond, Laconia; steward, Arthur W. McDaniel, Nottingham; assistant steward, Wilbur H. White, Deerfield; chaplain, Elmer T. Blake, Pembroke; treasurer, Charles W. Varney, Rochester; secretary, George R. Drake, Manchester; gatekeeper, Charles A. Evans, Charlestown; Ceres, Mrs. N. Grace Sawyer; Pomona, Mrs. Mae M. Chesley, Concord; Flora, Mary E. Woodward, East Conway; and lady assistant steward, Mrs. Winnifred G. Goodell, Swanzey.

The annual meeting of the State Grange representing as it does over thirty thousand New Hampshire people interested in agriculture is always an event of significance in the life of the state. At this time when the farmers all over the country are awakening to their opportunities and are asserting themselves as a class, this meeting is of special importance. Throughout the last session of the New Hampshire Legisla-

ture, the farmers of the state were ably represented before the various committees and stood solidly for several measures affecting the welfare of our rural communities. Developments at Manchester augur well for the continuance of this spirit of assertiveness on the part of the long somnolent New Hampshire farmer. The annual address of the State Master, Herbert N. Sawyer, was clear cut in dealing with the agricultural situation, the railroad problem, and the educational interests of the state. The resolutions which were passed followed considerable debate in which it was amply demonstrated that our rural communities are awake and intensely interested in state problems. It was characteristic of the New Hampshire farmer to stand solidly for the defense of the Sunday law and for the maintenance of the district school. The pronouncement upon the Highway situation was equally candid. Whatever may have been the wisdom of the various positions taken the State Grange of 1923 revealed to politicians, labor leaders, and the general public that New Hampshire farmers are fully awake to the desperate situation of our rural communities, and instead of regarding with pessimism the future of this state are sternly girding themselves to meet the task of reconstruction.

merce, the citizens of the city and to all who contributed to the grand success of the Golden Jubilee.

Horace F. Hoyt of Claremont, who has served for 16 years as chaplain, declined to be a candidate for re-election for the ensuing term.

The fol-



CHARLES W. VARNEY  
Treasurer State Grange



# SHOULD THE GOVERNOR'S COUNCIL BE ABOLISHED?

For many years there has been a growing agitation over the question of the usefulness of the Governor's Council. Several constitutional conventions have debated the matter and one political party has had a platform plank demanding that the council be abolished. As the third in its series of controversies, the GRANITE MONTHLY presents the following articles, one by George H. Duncan of legislative fame who opposes the Council; the other by William Wallace, former secretary to the Governor, who believes in the retention of the advisory body.



Photo by Kimball Studio, Concord

Governor Samuel D. Felker and his advisors transacting business  
in the Council Chamber.

## Why the Council Should be Abolished.

BY GEORGE H. DUNCAN

*"The Governor and council have a negative on each other....and there arises a fine opportunity for that good old political game known as 'passing the buck.'"*

**I**N the establishment of the government of New Hampshire its framers, launching out into an untried sea of popular rule, apparently being fearful of trying too many experiments, followed generally the forms of the mother country, England, substituting however for hereditary office-holding, election by the people. Thus we find a Governor (originally President) taking the place of the King, the Council that of the Privy Council, the Senate substituted for the Lords, and the House of Representatives for the Commons. Hesitating at lodging too great power in the hands of any one body, they established the system of checks, in one form or another, with which we are all familiar.

Several others of the original thirteen states adopted the same general system; and while, as a whole, the plan has been continued, and followed by new states, none of the latter has found necessary a personal check upon the Governor, as represented by the Council; and one by one the original states have sloughed off this body as a useless appendage, until now Massachusetts alone, with the Granite State, retains this dignified but needless office.

It is no discredit to our forefathers that certain parts of their handiwork have failed to be necessary or desirable for the conduct of government in the twentieth century, when we review the astounding changes which have taken



place in the past century and a half. The wonder is that under new conditions their plan functions as well as it does. But as the canoe gave way to the sailing vessel, which in turn was superseded by the steam-propelled craft, so must we, from time to time, remodel the Ship of State.

The functions assigned by the Constitution to the Governor and Council are executive and administrative,—they carry into effect the will of the Legislature, which, by contrast, is arrived at after deliberation, consideration and argumentation. But a law having been enacted, the Executive has no option but to enforce its provisions, under which circumstances the responsibility should be centralized. Logically the people look to the governor as the head of the administration and the subject of choice by the whole electorate. But when, as provided by Art. 46, Part II, of the Constitution,—“The Governor and Council shall have a negative on each other,” that responsibility is divided and diffused, and there arises a fine opportunity for that good old political game, known as “passing the buck.”

A study of the statutes relative to the duties of the Council shows how the Legislature has tried, while broadening the activities of the State, to give it jobs which would be an excuse for existence, but in reality has succeeded only in making it a supernumerary to other departments. Among its duties are,—To approve bonds of adjutant-general and state liquor agents; To approve compensation of ballot-law commissioners; to approve investment of funds of the University and State Hospital; to approve plans for new buildings; to approve use of epidemic fund by board of health; to direct destruction of state bonds; to fix fees for pilotage; to examine election returns; to issue precepts for certain special elections; to prescribe duties of keeper of state house yard; to order fishways built; to order preparation of manual for Legislature; to approve screening of public waters; to approve

warrant for payment of money from the treasury. Is there a single duty above enumerated, and they are typical of practically all,—which is not the perfunctory endorsement of some other state official? And while it may be wise that the head of the government should have the final decision regarding such matters, can there be any doubt but that the Governor alone could attend to these routine matters just as efficiently as he can “with the advice and consent of the Council?”

To be sure, the Legislature of 1919 sought to give the Council a real duty by the creation of a Board of Trustees for each of the five State institutions, to each of which Boards a Councilor should be appointed *ex officio*. From a humanitarian standpoint there is merit in the idea of having virtually a voluntary board of visitors composed of public-spirited citizens for our public institutions; but it would be difficult for anyone to give a good reason for membership on such boards of persons chosen for a two-year term on political grounds; and it would be still harder to prove that the business affairs of these institutions are better managed by the present separate boards than by the former single Board of Trustees, or its predecessor, the Board of Control.

We now come to the function where the Council really shines,—in the making of appointments. Here we may be shown at any time the wonderful mathematical demonstration of three as a majority of six. The Governor makes an appointment satisfactory to two of the Council, but opposed by three,—and the appointment is not confirmed. Can a situation more absurd be imagined? The Governor, chosen by a majority of all the voters of the State, supported by Councilors chosen by a majority of two-fifths of the voters, checkmated by the other three Councilors. In history such occurrences have not been limited by any means to partisan considerations. And when, as sometimes happens, the factions are “strong-minded,” to use the

polite term, progress halts. Without reflecting in the slightest degree upon the appointees approved by various Councils in the past dozen years, say, most of us can recall serious losses to the public service in appointments unconfirmed. Doubtless the unreported deliberations of the Governor and Council would reveal still further similar losses.

In a limited way we have an opportunity to appraise the negative value of the Council's approval of appointments. By accident or design the appointment

of State Law Enforcement Officer is left to the judgment of His Excellency alone; yet few there are who would criticise the high character of the appointments made.

The original conception of our government may well be characterized by the old proverb,—“Don't put all your eggs in one basket.” The modern conception may be made clear by another,—“Put all your eggs in one basket, and watch that basket.” And it is much easier for the public to watch one basket.

Note. In consideration of a subject such as this, dealing with public offices now existing, there must necessarily be, by implication, criticism of past or present office-holders; but it is proper to explain that in the present article such implied criticism is not intended to be personal, it being frankly admitted that any acts of these officials have been in accord with their honest opinions, and from their point of view, for the best interest of the State.

## Why the Council Should be Retained.

BY WILLIAM WALLACE

*“The councilors unquestionably are of much assistance to the Governor in their advisory capacity and the business of the department is done in better shape as a result of the interchange of opinion.”*

THE abolition of the Executive council has had earnest advocates for many years and the constitutional convention of 1876 and in every convention held since, efforts have been made by delegates to have a proposal to abolish the council submitted to the people. All of these have failed in the conventions because there appeared to be no general demand for a change, so there has been no popular expression on the question. In view of the conservative attitude of the voters toward amending the constitution whenever amendments have been proposed and submitted to them, it is a reasonable conclusion that this proposal would have shared the usual fate.

Usually those who have advocated abolishing the governor's council have been active politicians with a grievance against some particular set of councilors and that grievance, more often than otherwise, has been based upon a refusal to recognize the state's need of some par-

ticular person in some particular office. Now, with very few exceptions, the general run of the people are little concerned about the person chosen to serve in any of the positions at the disposal of the governor and council. Most of us know that we will not be considered among the possibilities for an appointment and a comparatively small number are directly interested through personal friendship with any of those seeking an official position. Lamentable as this may seem to our statesmen, it is not easy to stir up any ferment about somebody else's success or failure to land something desirable. The old state has a way of going along just the same and most everybody is as happy as could be expected, possibly because the state has not wobbled any more than it has.

The councilors unquestionably are of much assistance to the governor in their advisory capacity. The business of the department is done in better shape as a result of the interchange of opinion

and with few exceptions the governors and their councilors have had no serious differences aside from the question of appointments to office. If the power vested in the councilors by the provision requiring their confirmation of appointments was eliminated there would be even less enthusiasm for abolishment of the council than there is now.

One of the noteworthy cases demonstrating how little seriously the voters take the rows over appointments came in the administration of Governor Hiram A. Tuttle. This is the more informing in that public opinion was supposed to be running high on the issue between the Boston & Maine railroad and the Concord railroad. Governor Tuttle favored the side of the Concord road and he nominated Thomas Cogswell of Gilmanston, whose sympathies ran the same way, for railroad commissioner. A majority of the councilors were on the Boston & Maine side of the issue, and they held up Cogswell's appointment. The strife was bitter and prolonged and one of the predictions freely made was that the councilors holding up the Cogswell appointment had placed their political future entirely in the past. Yet two of those recalcitrant councilors who were told their political funeral had been held were George A. Ramsdell and

Henry B. Quimby. Both later were elected governor.

One of the stock arguments in favor of doing away with the council is that most of the other states have abolished their council. This is important only if it is shown those states are doing the state's business more efficiently than it is being done in New Hampshire as a result of the change and that has not yet been shown to an extent that has caused the general public to chafe under our so-called archaic method of handling the business of the executive department.

As a matter of fact, in a sense, there is more opportunity for the councilors to do effective work now than there has ever been. This is in connection with the present method of directing the work of the state institutions. Under the existing law, one councilor is required to serve on one of the boards of trustees of the larger state institutions, the state hospital, the prison, the industrial school, and the state sanatorium. Thus the governor and council are kept in close touch with these institutions and can deal with the questions that develop through impartial, first hand knowledge of conditions rather than be forced to depend upon the information furnished by others, who conceivably might be prejudiced one way or another.

## SONG IN THE NIGHT

BY ELIZABETH SHURTLEFF

An hour or so past midnight,  
I heard the strangest song,  
A little wild-bird wakened  
To find the night too long.

A few bewildered warbles,  
A bar of ecstasy,  
And after sleepy twitters  
A silence in the tree.

That song so late and lonely,  
That song so strange and free,  
Brought rest to you, wild singer,  
But wakefulness to me.

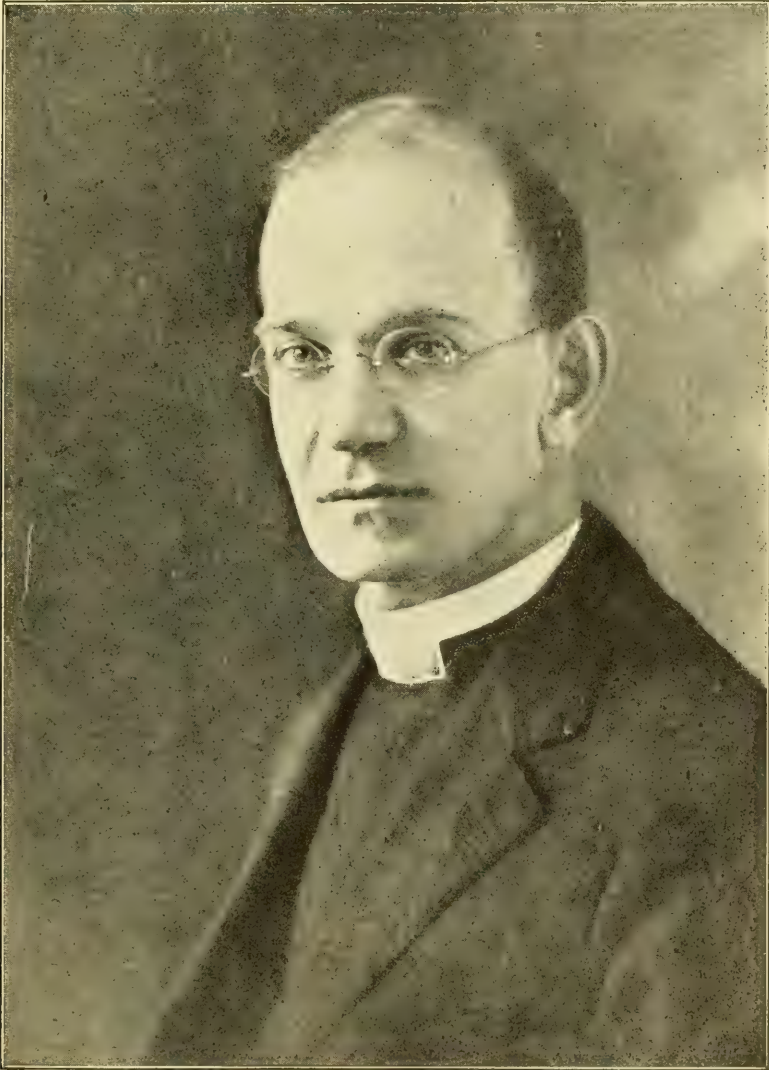


# NEW HAMPSHIRE'S PRIVATE SCHOOLS

## Their Principals

ONE of the great bulwarks of whatever greatness the state of New Hampshire has been able to achieve is its various private educational institu-

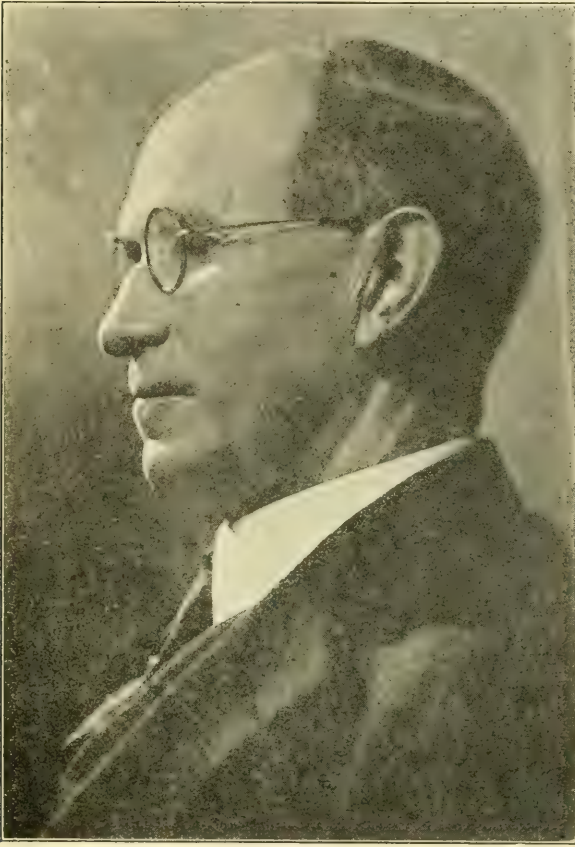
where under Christian teachers and the helpful conditions of healthful climate and beautiful nature young men and women were made robust in body and



Principal R. ELLIOTT MARSHALL  
Holderness School

tions. Long before our present system of public high schools was developed to any great extent the various religious denominations founded among the hills of the Granite State sectarian schools

vigorous in mind for leadership not only at home but in the development of many a more western state. The Baptists founded New Hampton Institute, Colby Academy; the Congregationalists, Phil-



Headmaster GEORGE L. PLIMPTON  
Tilton School

lips-Exeter and Kimball Union Academy; the Unitarians, Proctor Academy; the Methodists, Tilton Seminary; and the Episcopalians, Saint Paul's and Holderness school. Other private schools which have figured largely in the development of New Hampshire youth are Dow Academy, nestling among the mountains of Franconia, which produced Governor Fred H. Brown and Dr. Little, head of a great institution for feeble minded in New York; Pinkerton Academy of Derry, where the well known "Buck" Harvell has perfected one of the best athletic systems of any preparatory school in the country; Sanborn Seminary, an old school at Kingston; and Brewster Free Academy, which has for many years shed forth its learning even as its lighted windows send their gleam across the waters of Winnepesaukee.

The story of the foundation and development of some of these schools has been told in greater detail on other pages of this magazine. It has been impossible, however, to find the space or secure the necessary assistance to do justice to all of our private schools. The purpose of this brief article is to call the attention of the people of New Hampshire to certain facts in general about these institutions.

At the present time the state seems to be awakening from a lethargy extending over two decades. Not only the public men but the great mass of business men, professional men, farmers, and educators have become aware of the decadent condition of New Hampshire life and from every hand comes the universal cry for young blood and new life. It is an interesting fact which has been largely overlooked that the New Hampshire private schools suffering somewhat with the



Principal LESLIE SAWYER  
Colby Academy



Above  
Headmaster CHARLES A. TRACY  
Kimball Union Academy



Above  
Principal JOHN S. FRENCH  
New Hampton Institute



Center  
Principal LEWIS PERRY  
Phillips-Exeter Academy

Below  
Principal-Elect RALPH BEARCE  
Brewster Free Academy



Below  
Principal WILLARD H. WYETH  
Proctor Academy





state in its impotency of age have been the first to take action to rejuvenate themselves. It is remarkable that during the past year a group of young educators have come to our state to head some of our oldest schools and to throw their fresh ideals and young enthusiasm into the balance which has been tipping sluggishly away from progress.

New Hampton Literary Institute has called to its head Dr. John S. French, Professor at Clark University, former principal of Morris Heights School, an experienced and splendidly equipped teacher who is prominent in secondary educational activities throughout the east. Dr. French is a graduate of Bowdoin College and has received his Ph.D. from Clark University. He has studied extensively abroad and has been connected with the college entrance examination board for several years. Holderness School has recently been placed under the leadership of Dr. Robert Eliot Marshall, a graduate of Trinity College, and prominent despite his youth in educational circles of New England. The school at Plymouth has already felt the impetus of his ability and aggressiveness. Brewster Free Academy is now awaiting the coming of Dr. Ralph Bearce, who is now head of Powder Point School, Duxbury, Mass. H. Leslie Sawyer of Colby Academy; Principal Wyeth of Proctor; H. S. Rowell, headmaster of Dow; are all

comparatively young men who are making their mark in building for the future in this state. Behind the youthful vigor and vision of these men are a group of more experienced educators who have already raised their schools to become pillars of strength in the Granite State. Some of these men are Principal Lewis Perry of Exeter, Dr. Drury of Saint Paul's, George L. Plimpton, for many years headmaster at Tilton, Headmaster Tracy of Kimball Union.

One of the most familiar passages in the Granite State Bible is the plea of Daniel Webster for Dartmouth College when he said, "It is but a small institution but there are those who love it." This is doubly true of all those fine old institutions of the state which have been gathering young people, keeping them in close comradeship and intensive training for a period of years to send them forth for service. Over the doorway of one of these old schools in Latin are the words "Boys Come Here to Be Made Men." Each vineclad building and each familiar campus are living to-day in the mind's eye of our country's best. These New Hampshire schools have served the state through a century and a half of growth, and it is not too much to say that from their halls shall come the inspiration to build a new and greater state upon the sacred relics of the old.

—N. H. C.



Colby Academy

# THE PHILLIPS EXETER ACADEMY

BY PROF. JAMES A. TUFTS

**T**HE Phillips Exeter Academy, founded by Dr. John Phillips, is the oldest educational institution established by the legislature of New Hampshire. It was incorporated on the third of April, 1781, and formally open-

ed on the first of May, 1783. The first principal, or preceptor, as he was called, was William Woodbridge. His successor, Dr. Benjamin Abbot, was principal from 1788 to 1838. He is said to have been versed in the most ab-



struse of all subjects, the human nature of boys. He suggested the motto on the seal of the Academy, "*Finis origine pendet.*" His creed was, "Let the pupil bear the laboring oar."

The next principal was Gideon Lane Soule. Dr. Soule had been a teacher under Dr. Abbot since 1818, was principal from 1838 to 1873, and proved a most worthy successor. He originated the motto, "*Huc venite pueri ut viri sitis.*" ("Come hither, boys, that you may become men.")

Dr. Soule's successor was Dr. Albert C. Perkins, whose administration of ten years rounded out the first century of the Academy. Under his conservative leadership the Academy steadily grew in numbers, and the funds were increased thirty per cent.

The administrations of the next two principals were less successful. In 1895 the Trustees wisely chose a graduate of the Academy, Harlan Page Amen. His service of eighteen years was rich, almost beyond description, a period of expansion in all ways, students, buildings, funds.

"He wrought with tireless hands through crowded days,  
Like one who hastened lest the eternal sleep  
Should steal upon him ere his work was done."

The present principal, Dr. Lewis Perry, wishes to keep the Academy true to its traditions. In his own words, "while striving to cleave to that which is best in the educational methods of the past, we are constantly aiming to adapt our course of instruction and our methods of teaching to the mighty and unprecedented needs of the present time . . . . We strive at Exeter to make character that compass so that Exeter men may go out for their life's voyage knowing the dangers, yet unafraid."

The success of the Academy is not due wholly to the principals. Joseph G. Hoyt, justly called "the great teacher," later became the first Chancellor of Washington University, St. Louis. George A. Wentworth and Bradbury L.

Cilley, called "the Aaron and the Hur" of Dr. Soule's administration, familiarly known as "Bull" and "Brad," left their stamp on hundreds, yes, thousands of their pupils. Robert F. Pennell and George L. Kittredge were also great teachers.

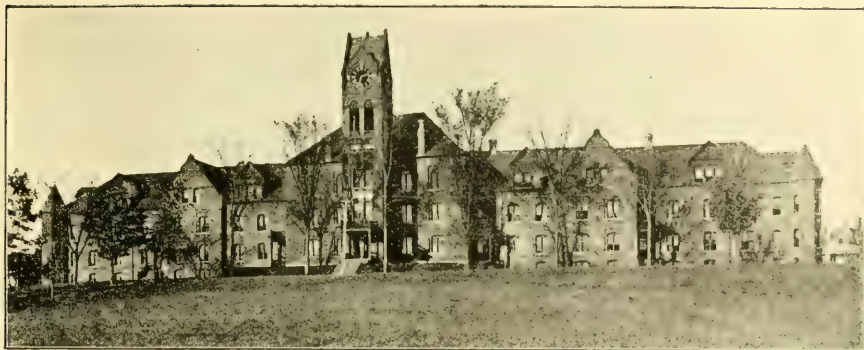
Among our early alumni were Lewis Cass, Leverett Saltonstall, Daniel Webster, Edward Everett, John A. Dix, John G. Palfrey, Jared Sparks, George Bancroft, Richard Hildreth, John P. Hale, John L. Sibley, John H. Morrison, Charles Doe, Horatio Stebbins, Christopher C. Langdell. Since their time thousands of other famous men have received their training at Exeter.

No school ever had a more loyal body of alumni. They have answered promptly and generously every call for new buildings and increased endowment. There are now fifteen Alumni Associations, from Maine to California.

Though the spirit of the Academy is that of hard work, play receives its share of attention. The extensive Plimpton Playing Fields, the gift of George A. Plimpton, and the Thompson Gymnasium, the gift of William B. Thompson, afford facilities for physical development comparable with those for mental training and unsurpassed at any school.

Nor is the moral and religious life neglected at Exeter. Though she has never boasted of it, never has assumed a "holier than thou" attitude, she has kept in mind the words of her Founder: "Though goodness without Knowledge is weak and feeble, yet Knowledge without goodness is dangerous, and both united form the noblest character and lay the surest foundation of usefulness to mankind." She will strive to continue to deserve the words of President Lowell, "Harvard College would not be what she is to-day if it had not been for the Phillips Exeter Academy;" and the appellation of President Eliot, "The Phillips Exeter Academy is one of the most precious institutions of New Hampshire."





## TILTON SCHOOL

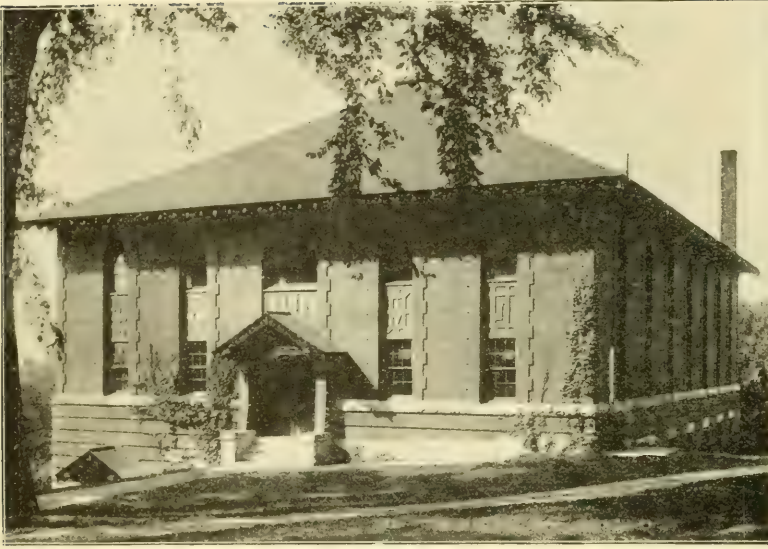
BY PROF. F. A. SMART

**T**ILTON School ranks as one of the foremost institutions of its kind, not merely in New Hampshire but in the entire country. There are larger and better-known boarding schools, but few of them co-educational; there are larger co-educational schools, but almost none of them boarding schools. Approaching its eightieth year while many of its type have disappeared, flourishing although many of the kind have dwindled, Tilton unquestionably stands among the first six, probably among the first three, co-educational boarding schools in the United States.

A principal cause of its prosperity is its situation. The founders in 1845 weighed invitations from various parts of the state, and chose a site on the banks of the Winnepesaukee River. When the building that its patrons took just pride in was burned, in 1862, the trustees decided to move from Northfield, in Merrimack County, across the river to Tilton, in Belknap County, but clung to their location in the center of the state. One advantage that this gave them was the high school attendance of four towns: Northfield, Belmont, Sanbornton, and Tilton. At various times, Ashland, Bristol, Meredith, Boscawen, Canterbury, Center Harbor, Hill, Sandwich and Sunapee have made much use of the opportunities offered here. When some of the towns, encouraged by the

state, set up their own high schools, others, compelled by the state, began to assist their boys and girls to obtain high school education. Antrim, Canaan, Gilmanton, Jackson, Jefferson, Loudon, Milton, Salem, Warner and Warren are some whose students have been represented here. In many cases, undoubtedly, the reason for choosing the school was its accessibility by the Boston & Maine Railroad or the Daniel Webster Highway.

Even more important as a cause of its prosperity has been the support of the Methodist Episcopal church. The founding of the school was due to the separation of the New Hampshire and Vermont conferences, which together had maintained at Newbury the institution that has since been moved and renamed Montpelier Seminary. Teachers and graduates of Newbury started at Concord the Biblical Institute, which by removal and enlargement developed into the Boston University School of Theology and the other departments of Boston University; the same people at the same time started at Northfield the school that they called the New Hampshire Conference Seminary. This later became the New Hampshire Conference Seminary and Female College; then, as the modern women's colleges grew, Tilton Seminary; and, still more recently, Tilton School. Under every name it has stood for education in a



Gymnasium, Exterior View

religious environment, and for that reason has received liberal gifts of money and encouragement from the Methodists of the state. The sixty thousand dollars in scholarship funds, as well as the important buildings, for the most part represent that interest. In return the graduates of the school have carried the influence of its training into every section of the state. They receive mail in 250 New Hampshire post offices. In thirty towns the pastor is a former Tilton student, while a hundred churches in other states from Maine to California are ministered to by old Tilton boys.

The school has had a long list of far-sighted leaders. One of its founders was Rev. Osman C. Baker, later Bishop Baker, whose memory is enshrined by the Baker Memorial Church of Concord. Another was Rev. William D. Cass, who left his mark on many a town from the Connecticut to the Piscataqua. Richard S. Rust during the time of his principalship here served also as state superintendent of schools; later he made a national reputation as a leader in the education of the newly freed negro race. James E. Latimer went from here to Boston University, where

he left the reputation of being the foremost scholar American Methodism had produced. Calvin Sears Harrington won an equally high reputation when he went to Wesleyan University. Lorenzo Dow Barrows led both the school and the Prohibitionists of New Hampshire when Prohibition was hardly more

than a hope. Daniel Clark Knowles earned a name as an American Thomas Arnold. Jesse M. Durrell, by his deep devotion to the school, greatly increased the circle of its friends.

The character of many other teachers needs to be mentioned for the influence in making the school. When a large proportion of teachers are new to their positions every year, and an equally large number are interested chiefly in their "Subjects," a corps of experienced teachers aiming at the symmetrical development of their pupils, and able to be with those pupils during play and study as well as recitation, have a distinct advantage. During most of its history, Tilton has had at least one teacher who has been with it more than ten years; often, as at present, nearly a quarter of its staff have had that record. Sylvester Dixon was its teacher of mathematics for more than thirty years. With changes enough to keep the older instructors alert, this has made for the maintenance of traditions and ideals. Some who have served it only a short time have since won conspicuous positions; as Natt M. Emery, now vice president of Lehigh, and Solon I. Bailey, pro-



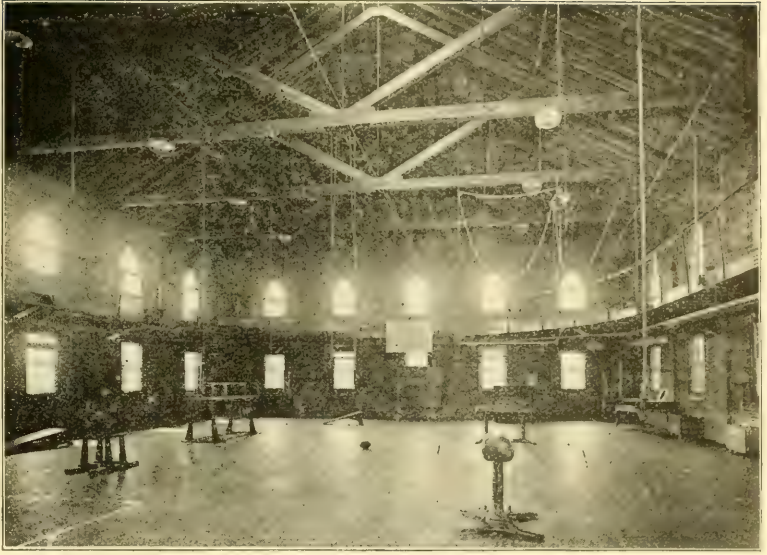
fessor of astronomy at Harvard University, recently given distinguished honor by the University of San Agustin, Arequipa, Peru.

The ability and foresight of the present headmaster George Lincoln Plimpton, have had a marked influence upon the morale and growth of the school. When he came, in

1891, a single building housed a hundred boarding students. By his advice and efforts two buildings of prime importance have been erected; seven that serve a temporary purpose, acquired; and plans made for development, both immediate and distant.

In the minds of the students themselves, undoubtedly, the cause of the prosperity of the school is its success in certain athletic contests, as proved by championship cups that adorn the dining hall and trophy room. The school paper, *The Tiltonian*, a weekly, chronicles and comments on all campus news, while *The Tower* records annually the achievements of the school, and the quarterly *Bulletin* keeps the alumni in touch with the doings of today on the hill.

A final and very important cause of the prosperity of the school is the loyalty of the alumni. The Tilton Club of Boston and vicinity has annually drawn together a hundred and sometimes two hundred of the old students. Similar clubs have recently been formed in Hartford and Springfield. Many who have not been able to attend such clubs or the reunions at Commencement have sent children and even grandchildren to their old

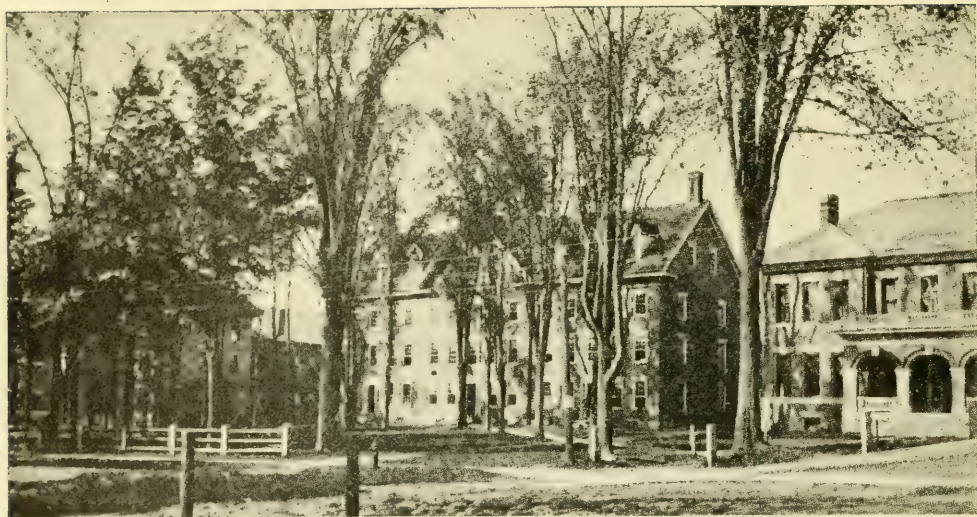


Gymnasium, Interior View

school. This helps explain the enrolment of students from twelve states and half a dozen places outside the United States. Many of the graduates have reflected credit by their records; as the following, no longer living: Henry W. Blair, formerly United States senator from New Hampshire, Henry M. Baker, at one time a New Hampshire representative in Congress, Thomas W. Knox, widely known as traveler, writer and lecturer, Frederick Lawrence Knowles and Sam Walter Foss, the poets. The living graduates include Dean Craven Laycock of Dartmouth College, President Warren J. Moulton of the Bangor Theological Seminary, John Gowdy, president of the Anglo-Chinese College of Foo Chow, China, and Hon. James O. Lyford of Concord.

The Tilton idea of education measures up well to that urged in Hadley's "Economic Problems of Democracy"—not mere knowledge of facts but habits of independent thinking, practice in co-operating with others, and experience in directing others. In developing the powers of the four hundred enrolled each year Tilton School deserves the good will of the readers of the *Granite Monthly*.





## THE NEW HAMPTON LITERARY INSTITUTION

BY JOHN S. FRENCH

THE New Hampton Literary Institution, which has back of it a century of conspicuous service to the training of youth, is entitled to be classed among the historic schools of America. Founded in 1821 the school traces its origin to a family feud. However, it soon became identified with the Calvinistic Baptists and under their State Convention was successfully conducted until 1852. The school had up to this time been rich in professional gifts but unfortunate in the matter of its finances. This forced a burden upon the Church which they were unwilling longer to meet and it might be given as the cause for the transfer of the school from New Hampton to Fairfax, Vermont, where it was placed under the supervision of the Northern Educational Union.

The hegira which was marked at this time by the moving of the school ordinarily would have brought to an abrupt end an Institution which had fostered ideals unsurpassed in the history of American education. On the other hand it may be that the foundations thus firmly laid were what impelled the Free-Will Baptists through the influence of

Colonel R. G. Lewis to continue the splendid foundation at New Hampton, so immediately without the loss of any time, a new charter was granted to the New Hampton Literary and Biblical Institution, and for a half-century the school has continued to give brilliant service to a large group of New England boys and girls.

With the amalgamation of the Free-Will Baptists and the Baptists the affairs of the school were taken out of the hands of the Church; and in 1916 the school was made non-sectarian, its control being placed in the hands of its Alumni, of whom there were living at this time about four thousand. \*

The thoroughly democratic organization of the school is shown by the manner in which the responsibility is delegated—1st, to a Board of Corporators elected in five groups by the Alumni, one of which is chosen each year to serve for a period of five years; 2nd, to a Board of Trustees elected in five groups by the Corporators, one of which is chosen each year to serve for a period of three years; 3rd, to an Executive Committee elected annually from the

Trustees, to whom is delegated the superintendency of the interests of the school; and 4th, to a Principal elected by the Executive Committee, to whom is given the active management of the school's affairs.

In defining the duties of the Principal, the terms are purposely broad so as to permit of a wide latitude of interpretation, thereby, bringing to the school the inestimable value of a breadth of vision, a soundness of judgment, and a correctness of standards, all essential in qualifying for inspiring leadership in the growth and development of youth.

It is no idle statement that the New Hampton Literary Institution has been a vital factor in the educational development of New England. She numbers among her graduates men and women who have and are occupying prominent positions as executives, captains of industry, and leaders in the professions, from it there has sprung Bates College as well as Cobb Divinity School, and the system by which it functions has been and is a model for later Institutions as a basis for their organization.

The location of the school is unsurpassed for the purposes for which it was founded and to which it has steadfastly adhered during its one hundred two years of service. Located on a plateau in the Pemigewasset Valley, the gateway to the Presidential Range of the White Mountains, it brings to the use of the school all the material advantages which the rigor of mountainous country offers.

New Hampton is geographically in the center of New Hampshire; five miles from the nearest railroad station and just off the main highway leading on to the celebrated resorts to the north, it is easily accessible from all parts of New England. It is three hours by train and one hundred four miles by the "Daniel Webster" highway from Boston.

According to the by-laws of the school, its purpose shall be the promotion of literature, science, and the use-

ful arts, morality, and the Christian Religion; its aim—"Educated Christian Manhood and Womanhood."

The immediate work of the school is directed toward college or business preparation but back of this and fundamental to it is the development of character, which is always in the vision of the real school-master.

Character has many attributes; it might be looked upon as a resultant whose components include self-reliance, self-control, independence of thought, persistence, industry, moral conviction, courage.

The development of these qualities, housed in a body that functions normally, is that for which mental, moral, and physical fitness stands. This is the torch which lights New Hampton's pathway.

The criterion in the selection of a faculty at the New Hampton Literary Institution is inspiring personality, masters in every sense, bred to lead because they are born with a vision, who by example unconsciously and unknown to the pupils are bringing them up and onto a higher plane. This is the true significance of education, the subjects taught being simply the handle by which the more sublime ideals are reached out after.

\* \* \* \* \*

New Hampton is rich in tradition; her history is replete with the struggle for survival; it tells a story of toil, strife, sacrifice, which enshrine its memory in the hearts of every boy and girl who come to the school.

The life of this school is consonant with the growth and development of New England's time honored traditions; if education is selective history, then that brief period in the life of the race which has marked the establishment of standards set by New Englanders, not only for their country, but also for the world, is lived over by the pupils in their school life, and there is engendered the spirit of a nobility measured in terms of the service of man to man.



# HOLDERNESS SCHOOL

BY R. ELIOT MARSHALL

**H**OLDERNESS School, situated in the town of Holderness, New Hampshire, a mile from the town of Plymouth, is a school under the auspices of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Diocese of New Hampshire, controlled by a Board of Trustees, of which the Bishop, the Right Reverend Edward M. Parker, D. D., is president.

The school was founded in 1879 by the Right Reverend William W. Niles, D. D., the Bishop of New Hampshire, and for a few years was housed in the former residence of Judge Livermore, a large white farmhouse, which stood on the site of the present main building. In 1883, a new brick building took the place of this farmhouse, which was destroyed by fire, and in 1893 a large addition was made, so that the school might accommodate about seventy boys. During these earlier years, the Reverend Mr. Coolbaugh and the Reverend Mr. Gray were rectors of the school, and from 1893 to 1922 the Reverend Lorin Webster, L. H. D., was rector. The present rector took office on the fifteenth of August, 1922.

For a good many years there was a need felt for a school for boys, which would keep its rates below the amount charged by the most expensive schools, and where a simple, outdoor life could be a distinct attraction, and, therefore in spite of rising costs, the school has kept its tuition down to \$750.00, with an allowance of \$100.00 for boys who are residents of New Hampshire. The life of the school is simple and homelike, all the members of the school living in one large building, and having their meals together.

The school property consists of about

twenty acres of land on a plateau above the Pemigewasset River valley, nearly a mile from Plymouth, and about five miles from Squam Lake. The property consists of a large T-shaped building of brick, with all the living quarters, dining room, kitchen and laundry included in it; the other buildings are a schoolhouse, containing a large study hall and five recitation rooms, and a book store; an excellent, up-to-date gymnasium of brick; a chapel, at the entrance to the school property, and several other minor farm buildings. There is an excellent football and baseball field, a tennis court, and running track, and room for additional sports. The winter months furnish abundant opportunity for outdoor sport, and boys find great delight in long walks in the woods and hills, and in snowshoe-

ing, skiing, and tobogganing.

During the past summer, the school has been thoroughly repaired and painted, so that the inside of the main building, as well as the outside, presents a wholly new appearance. Many alterations were made, and considerable equipment added, so that the building is now far more comfortable and attractive than ever before.

The courses of study in the school are so arranged that a boy may be prepared for any college or scientific school, and in past years graduates have entered most of the representative colleges of New England and the East.

In athletics, the school plays teams from the schools about New Hampshire, and has a friendly spirit of rivalry with several of the neighboring institutions. It is the purpose of the school more and more to develop various kinds



Main Building—Holderness School



of athletics, so that everybody in the school shall become actively engaged in some sport which will furnish valuable training for mind as well as body.

It is the earnest hope of the trustees that the school may be better and better

wider range of influence. The rector desires to have the people of the state know the school, and feel free at any time that they are passing through Plymouth, to cross the river and spend a little time in seeing the institution and



Chapel of the Holy Cross—Holderness School

known, and that it may grow, not to reach a size where it will lose any of its distinctive features, but that it may increasingly serve the diocese and state of New Hampshire, besides having a

its work, and to be sure that it is the purpose of the administration to give to its boys the development of sound scholarship and fine character which will remain with them through the years.

# WHO ARE THE FIVE FOREMOST LEADERS IN THE LIFE OF NEW HAMPSHIRE?

The Boston Herald publishes forecast of Granite Monthly Symposium,  
the results of which will appear in a later issue.

**S**INCE the days of Bill Chandler and Ruel Durkee, New Hampshire has never been at a loss for talented leadership. In fact, a mind prone to levity might compare the Granite state to the famous Mexican regiment which was composed of 331 officers and 26 privates. Gazing on a meeting of her prodigious Legislature, or listening to the clamorous babble of conflicting voices coming from every city and hamlet of the state, one realizes that the men and women of New Hampshire do not move docilely like a herd of sheep, but that even as the commonwealth is broken by 1,000 higher and lesser mountain peaks, so her public mind is composed of the conflicting opinion of scores of statesmen who cling with New England stubbornness to their own opinion, even if they stand alone.

"With these facts in mind, the Granite Monthly is conducting a symposium seeking the opinion of a representative group of New Hampshire citizens as to whom they consider the five leaders in the life and thought of the state. Desiring to be impartial in the conduct of this project, the state magazine did not select the group of citizens whose opinion it would seek, but compiled a list of names furnished by the secretaries of some 15 state organizations, including the New Hampshire Manufacturers' Association, the farm bureau, the state grange, the state chamber of commerce, the Republican League, the bar and medical associations, the Federated Women's Clubs and the League of Women Voters, etc.

"To a group of 100 representative people thus selected, the Granite Monthly put the question of 'Who Are New Hampshire's Five Foremost Leaders?' The symposium is now barely under way and the final result will probably

appear in one of its mid-winter issues.

"But already a large percentage have returned their answers, and the recording angel, if he be cognizant of the replies, as indeed he must, probably has a broad smile tintured with amazement registered upon his seraphic countenance.

"Ernest M. Hopkins, president of Dartmouth College, is leading in the ballots. Close on his heels are ex-Gov. Robert P. Bass, Huntley N. Spaulding and President Ralph D. Hetzel of the University of New Hampshire, in the order named. Following them, with about an equal number of votes, are George M. Putnam, John G. Winant, Senator Moses, with Major Frank Knox following, and Raymond B. Stevens. Women figuring prominently in the voting are Mary I. Wood, Mrs. Lillian Streeter and Mrs. W. H. Schofield.

"These bare facts, however, do scant justice to the interesting features of the contest, for some of the replies are unique in the extreme. One good lady of the old school stated frankly that all the real leaders of New Hampshire are dead. Whether she meant that statement literally or was reflecting on the aggressiveness of our prominent citizens is doubtful.

"Some replies are very partisan in their character, as the man who voted for five Democrats and stated in a footnote that if the specified number could be extended to 10 or 15 instead of five, he might think of at least one Republican fit to figure in the list. Others were extremely cosmopolitan in their selection, some of them even including Senator Moses and ex-Gov. Bass on the same list, evidently forgetting the scriptural injunction about serving God and Mammon." —*Boston Herald*

# ALCOHOLIC BI-FOCALISM

## For Which Old J. Albert was not to Blame

*From "Old J. Albert as a Scientist" (not yet published)*

BY JUDGE HENRY A. SHUTE OF EXETER

I didnt suppose me and old J. Albert wood ever be friends agen in my life. when a groan man gets a feller a good sound licking when it aint the fellers falt for what he has did, but the groan mans falt every time the feller dont feel mutch like being frends with him no moar. so i maid up my mind i never wood speek to old J. Albert so long as i lived and breethed the breath of life and ment it two.

but old J. Albert is kind harted and aint so bad after all. and when he herd me howling when father was licking me for some thing that wasent my falt at all but old J. Alberts falt i gess he felt pretty bad about being so meen to me.

you see old J. Albert never lerned enything usful in his life. he cant swim or fite or play bassball or plug rocks or shinny up trees or carry snakes and toads round in his pocket or put dorbugs down peoples back or smoak sweet fern segars or hayseed or graipvine or rattan or dride cornsilk or enything. all old J. Albert can do is to keep books and dress in his best cloths everyday, so peraps he is not so mutch to blaim as he wood be if he was moar like other fellers. so i kep mad as long as i cood but when he met me and showed me the buntch on his hed and sed he was sorry he got me a licking what cood i do? what wood you have did? well i sed all rite Albert i aint mad if you aint and old J. Albert he sed he wasent mad eny longer althoug his hed was still soar. then i sed there was sum places on me whitch was soar two but they wasent on my hed.

so this has been a very pieceful weak. me and Beany havent had a fite and Pewt hasent got us into any scraip whitch is very unusuel for him. i have been down to Ed Toles stable 2 nites until after nine o'clock but i went home throug doctor Sweats garden and over

old John Gardners fence and down throug John Adams garden so that father woodent ketch me when he went down to Eds fer me. so i went to bed rite off and both times father staid down to Eds so long talking with the men in the hotel that he forgot all about me and didn't say nothing when he got home, so i was all rite. i promised mother i woodent ever go into the bar room and i have kep my promis like a onnest man. father he sed if he ever herd of me going into the bar room he wood skin me alive. so when i wanted to brake my prommis to mother i found it was mutch eesier to keep it by thinking what i wood get if i broak my promise to mother and father found it out. and father is a grate feller to find things out you bet.

you see they aint exactly afrade that i will become a drunkard and dy a drunkards deth hollering and yelling and seeing snakes and warthogs and pugwumlies and things that jest aint, but they are afrade that sum barkeeper will give me a glass of lemmonaid with rum in it. onct there was a feller, and he was a fiter two, which was tending bar for Ed. Toles father. well one hot day he asted me and Ed if we didnt want a glass of lemmonaid and we sed yes we did. so the barkeeper he cut a lemon in 2 peaces and mashed it with a masher and poared the guice into 2 tumlers and put in some shuger and filled it up with water and shook into a little tin tunnel and then it back into the glasses and give it to me and Ed.

well it was the best lemonaid i ever drank. it taisted different from lemonaid, something the way a bar room smells kind of sweet and kind of sour and kind of drug stoary.

well me and Ed we drank it and the bar keeper he sed if we kep on we wood be regular helions. so me and Ed went



out behind the last barn and set down. bimeby my eyes began to feal funny and Ed sed his did two. so we set there and bimeby Ed sed gosh Plupy, i am Plupy you know, I didnt know i had two gaim roosters and i looked and i saw Eds gaim rooster waulking along and another gaim rooster jest like him waulking along together and looking jest alike.

and the funniest thing was that them 2 roosters didnt fite which sirprized me and Ed very mutch indeed. then while we was loking at them old Skinny Bruce come along with his twin brother which looked so mutch like Skinny that we didnt known which was who. this surprised us moar than the 2 gaim roosters, becaus we had gnew Skinny for years and we didnt know that he ever had a twin brother and we wondered where Skinny had kep him all this time. but neither of us asted Skinny about it becaus we didnt like to pri into family affairs and then becaus Skinny and his twin brother went by without saying nothing. and old Jo Hanes had a twin brother two for we saw them looking over the fence dressd jest alike. of coarse that didnt sirprize us becaus twin brothers most always dresses alike, but we had gnew old Jo. Hanes longer then we had gnew Skinny and we had never saw him with a twin brother before and had never herd him say anything about having a twin brother.

so me and Ed got laffing and gigling over it and i made up a poim. this is it, it is

about Skinny Bruce's twin brother and about Skinny two.

old Skinny Bruce is a redhedded goose

he has a twin brother but what is the use.

well we neerly dide laffing at this and then Ed he maid up a poim about old Jo Hanes and his twin brother. this is it.

old Jo Hanes dont no when it ranes it takes 2 of him to make 1 set of branes

then we neerly dide laffing about this. then we began to feal sick and bimeby we both was sick but peraps i hadent better say mutch about that only that we was aful sick. then we went to sleep. when we woke up agen it was most dark. i dont know if we wood ever waked up if it hadent begun to rain. my head aked in gumps and my mouth taisted as if i had et a ded rat 2 weaks after he was ded. well when i was going home i met Skinny Bruce and he didn't have eny twin brother which pleased me very mutch becaus one of Skinny is a grate plenty. and old Jo Hanes set on his steps and there was only one of him which was the best thing that cood happen, becaus althoug old Jo is a pretty good feller and a good black Smith, when he has got enything to say which is pretty near all the time he hollers so loud that he can be herd 3 miles. if there was 2 of him you coodent hear the band play. he reminds me of the gong that a nigger pounds on when breckfast, dinner or supper in ready in the Swamscott Hotel which Mager Blake keeps. my father says that the reson why they whang on that gong is not so mutch to let people in the hotel know when the meels are reddey, becaus the town clock 'is rite acrost the road from the hotel and the peeple in the hotel are so neerly starved to deth that they always look at the clock, and most of them know enuf to tell time by the clock, which is surprizing becaus father says how anyone which knows anything boards at that hotel is beyond him, but father says the reson they whang that gong so loud is because it kind of stuns them and they are so daized that they dont know what aful grub they have to eat.

but i was sorry that Ed only had one gaim rooster becaus if there is enything better than 1 gaim rooster it is 2, and everyone which knows what gaim roosters are for knows that.

well where was i, o yes i know now. when i got home they was all at supper. as soon as i come in mother she

sed what is the matter with you? you look like a goast and i sed i have got a aful hedake and i have been sick and father and mother and aunt Sarah and Keene and Cele and Georgie gumped up and began to ask me questions all but Annie and Frankie and the baby whitch stayed where they was and et.

well father felt of my rist to see if my pulce was feable and he sed it was going like a race horse, and he maid me stick out my tung and he sed it had so mutch fur on it that it looked like a bufalo robe, and all of a sudden he sed what have you been drinking and i told him about the bar keeper giving me and Ed some lemonaid and how funny we felt and about the 2 skinny Bruces and 2 gaim roosters and 2 Jo Haneses and father swoar rite out.

the only time father swears is when he hits his hed coming up from the celler or runs his nose agenst a open door in the dark or pounds his thum with a hammer or when the horse steps on his foot or when sumbody says somthing rong about his family. well this time he swoar feerful and sed he wood go down to the hotel and lick 9 kinds of stuffing out of that bar keeper, and mother and Aunt Sarah begged him to lisen to reson and father sed he wood lissen to nuthing, but bimeby he promised mother that he woodent do nuthing but give the man a good talking to and have Eds father throw him out of his gob. so father he put on his hat and went down town.

i wanted to go but he told me to stay at home. well i coodent eat anything but i set up and wated. mother kep saying i am afrade George, George is father you know, will lose his temper and get hirt, and aunt Sarah she sed, you needent be afrade, Joanna, Joanna is mother you know, if enybody is hirt it wont be George. well after about a hour father come back all rite. he was laffing and sed the feller had left town. and mother asted him if he left town befoar father talked to him and father he sed no i sed a few birning words to him befoar he left and i really think i

convinsed him that he was in errer, eny-way he was escorted to the depot by some of my frends and told if he ever come back he wood be rode on a rale and be treeted to a coat of tarr and fethers.

well father kep waulking up and down the room with his hands in his pockets. mother kep looking at him and said George Shute why did you put on a new paper coller? and father he sed that his was most woar out and so he had to buy a new one at Erl and Cutts store. then mother she asted him what was the matter with his hands for he had forgot and had took his hands out of his pockets and the skin was off of his nuckles.

well father he sed well Joey, father he calls mother Joey and aunt Sarah calls her Joanna whitch both meens the same, and he sed well Joey, the gentleman objected to the theam of my adress to him and to my presence in the bar room and tried to eject me, calling to his assistence 2 or 3 of his besotted and bibulus frends. also as Natt Gilman wood say, he impuned my verrasity and i had to admonish them fissically.

then mother asted him if he got hirt. and father he said he always acked on the principle of getting in the first lick and maiking it a good one and following it up with the 2th, 3th, 4th, 5th, 6th, and so forth and so it was the other feller whitch got hirt. so that was all we cood get out of father so i went to bed and had a wet cloth rapped round my hed and had to taik a spoonful of rubarb and sody whitch is a very sad thing to end up a day with.

well this morning i was all rite and as hungry as a bare. after brickfast i went down to Eds to find out about the fite, and the men down there sed that father gnoaked those fellers heels over hed faster than they cood get up and everybody was glad of it and they run the bar keeper out of town. well it was a very bizzy day. Gosh I was going to rite something about old J. Albert but i forgot all about him i shall have to wait until another time.

# FIRST CANDIDATES FOR GOVERNOR'S COUNCIL

By V. P.

## FIRST DISTRICT

One of the announced candidates for the council from the First District is John A. Edgerly of Tuftonboro. Mr. Edgerly is a native of Tuftonboro and received his education at Wolfeboro Academy. He has represented his town in the House of Representatives and the Constitutional Convention and his district in the State Senate.

In 1919 he participated in a close race for the Councilor nomination with the Honorable Steven W. Clough of Wolfeboro, which at first appeared to result in his favor but upon a second count Clough was shown to be nominated by a few votes.

Mr. Edgerly is a prominent farmer, a member of the Patrons of Husbandry and deeply interested in rural and agricultural problems.

According to the Republican Statesman the First District has a second candidate for the Republican nomination in Charles Burleigh Hoyt of Sandwich. This gentleman has served in three legislatures, a Constitutional Convention and on the staff of Governor N. J. Batchelder. For many years he has been prominent in Grange circles having served that fraternity in many capacities in New Hampshire and being a Past

Master of the South Dakota state grange.

In the late lamented legislature of 1923 he headed the farmers' council championing the agricultural interests upon the floor of the House. He opposed the state Forty-eight Hour Law and the proposed tax amendment. He participated in the movement for the repeal of the present supervisal system in the department of education.



Samuel A. Lovejoy

## SECOND DISTRICT

The Republicans of the Second District may select as their standard bearer the Hon. John A. Hammond of Gilford, the lecturer of the New Hampshire State Grange and identified with many farmers' activities.

Mr. Hammond was a member of the House in 1915, delegate to the Constitutional Convention in 1918, a member of the present State Senate. In the Senate he opposed the forty-eight hour law and favored the repeal of the direct primary.

John F. Swazey of Brentwood is said to be a much discussed possibility for the Council from the Second District.

Mr. Swazey was a member of the House in 1919 and of the present Senate. In the session of that body he was identified with the Republican majority



in opposing most of the measures sent up by the House.

Mr. Swazey is a Granger and Mason. He was educated at Sanborn Seminary in Kingston and is now one of the prominent farmers in that section of the state. Perhaps the greatest honor which he can claim, one which in the eyes of struggling New Hampshire far outweighs his political triumphs is the fact that he boasts of a fine old New England family of ten children.

#### FOURTH DISTRICT

Samuel A. Lovejoy of Milford, who is regarded as having sewed up the Republican nomination for the Executive Council in District No. 4, enjoys the confidence of the agriculturists of Southern New Hampshire to a marked extent and is counted on to bring out a big farmer vote in the district. Mr. Lovejoy was in line for the nomination in 1922, but gracefully gave way for Hon. Philip H. Faulkner of Keene, who is now serving, and all classes of Republicans in the district feel that the Milford man is entitled next year. Mr. Lovejoy was born in Milford, November 2, 1865, and was educated in the Milford public schools. He is a farmer and granite manufacturer; has been a selectman, president of the Hillsboro County Farm Bureau, director of the Souhegan Valley Federal Land Bank Association and chairman of the appraisal committee and is a trustee of the Lull fund. The district always has been safely Republican and apparently Mr. Lovejoy is assured of a serene voyage to

the exalted position to which he aspires.  
—*Republican Statesman.*

#### FIFTH DISTRICT

The citizens of the Fifth Councilor District are already talking of Judge Jesse M. Barton of Newport to represent them on the governor's advisory board. Judge Barton has long been prominent in New Hampshire politics having served in the House of Representatives of 1901, as chairman of the Republican State Committee in 1912 and as President of the State Senate in 1917. He has recently been discussed to some extent in relation to the nomination for congressman.

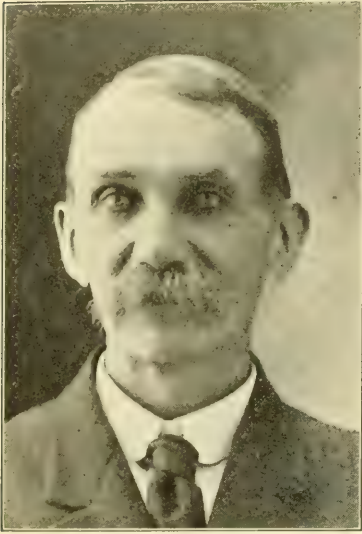


Jesse M. Barton

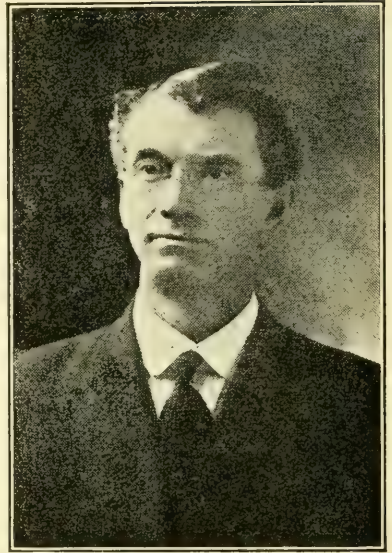
By profession he is a lawyer having practiced for many years with marked success and served as judge of probate for Sullivan County from 1906 to 1917. He was educated at Kimball Union Academy, Dartmouth College and Boston University law school.

Judge Barton is a prominent member of the long lived constitutional convention of 1918. During its session last winter he vigorously opposed the submitting of the tax amendment. Carrying that opposition to the people he was active in the campaign which resulted in its overwhelming defeat.

Some comment has been made that the data which have appeared in the GRANITE MONTHLY recently are entirely confined to Republicans. In reply to this we can only say that while the Republican ranks are already forming for the various primary battles, that the Democrats are not prone to early candidacies and we can only give the political news as it transpires. We shall endeavor to give equal space to Democratic candidates when they make their appearance.



John A. Edgerly of Tuftonboro,  
(District No. 1), veteran of  
many political battles.



John A. Hammond of Gilford,  
(District No. 2), a towering  
figure in the last State Senate.

## IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT

We are pleased to announce that beginning with the February issue we shall have a monthly article on the current New Hampshire political situation by Thomas Carens of Boston. Mr. Carens is the political editor for the Boston Herald and is considered one of the ablest political writers and journalists of New England. He is the author of the series of articles on New Hampshire which appeared in the Boston Herald several months ago and is, consequently familiar and well ac-

quainted with New Hampshire problems.

Mr. Carens plans to spend some time each month in New Hampshire preparing these articles. With the Presidential campaign in the near future, the fact that Mr. Carens is conversant with the national political situation as well as that of New England will make these articles of much more than local significance.

We hope our readers will tell their friends of this new feature which will add so much to the magazine.

The GRANITE MONTHLY takes pleasure in announcing the addition to its staff of H. Styles Bridges. Mr. Bridges is well known to the readers of the GRANITE MONTHLY, having contributed several articles to the magazine during the past year. He has served as Secretary of the New Hampshire Farm Bureau Federation for the past two years and directed the publicity and organization work of the Farm Bureau in this state. Mr. Bridges is a graduate of the University of Maine. When first

coming to New Hampshire Mr. Bridges served for a time on the Extension Staff of the University of New Hampshire as State Specialist of Crops and Soils.

Mr. Bridges has been a frequent contributor to various leading periodicals of this section on agricultural topics, and for the past year has served on the National Agricultural Publicity Committee. He comes to the GRANITE MONTHLY well equipped with a wide and varied publicity experience that will be of value to the magazine.

## THE EDITOR STOPS TO TALK

THE surest, yea, perhaps the only, way to supreme greatness is by means of a Cause. Down through the years this has been proven again and again. Slavery made Lincoln; the trusts built the fame of Roosevelt; and the police strike elevated Coolidge. What has been true generally throughout the history of the universe must be true in little old New Hampshire today. In vain politicians are calling down the gods themselves to weep with them over the 48-hour law, the women's poll tax, prohibition, home rule in our cities, popular election of president, the bonus, and various and sundry other questions. The people still yawn behind their hands and turn to the comic supplement. Our political campaigns are lifeless. The shouting and the tumult has long since died, and there is not a statesman in the realm who can compete for a moment in the public eye with Barney Google or Mutt and Jeff.

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While ruminating sadly upon this unfortunate state of affairs a Great Idea came upon us. We have discovered the Cause. We have found the real genuine bona fide Black Curse of Civilization, and we are confident that any statesman who has the courage to buy our idea (and it's for sale) will start a conflagration that will sweep to the limits of the land and carry him to undreamed heights of glory.

The Curse is everywhere. We pass it every time we go to lunch, and heretofore have been accustomed to glance casually at its unpretentious exterior. We see the Buicks and Fords scattered about the door, its gloomy interior from which come sounds of chugging engines and an occasional whiff of gasoline; the inmates and attendants furtive of eye, greasy of hand who at intervals emerge from its cavernous depths clutching bits of waste. You now know what the

Curse is. It is the garage. What slogan would bring a more heartfelt response from the thousands who have been robbed of their hard earned increment than the cry "A Garageless Nation in 1930." We have long been accustomed to creep into the darkened sanctuary in times of sorrow, and with hushed and quaking voices address those mighty beings who lounge about the garage, only to be greeted with a contemptuous nod and fearful growl. We have waited with bated breath while with irreverent fingers they carelessly tampered with what represented to us a full year's salary, and then have been greeted by a bill which nearly took our breath away. We have been summarily helped out of the building by means of hoarse and impatient shouts and directions, as if we were really trespassing upon holy ground to have been there at all. Will we not greet with glad acclaim the man who throws down the gauntlet in the face of the most autocratic institution America has ever known—the Garage.

It is an undisputed but seldom realized fact that the public is absolutely at the mercy of the garageman. Before we place ourselves in the dentist's chair we have the privilege of reading upon the wall a license permitting the practitioner to work at his profession and giving us reasonable guarantee that he has attained a certain degree of proficiency. If we summon a veterinary to minister to a horse ordinarily valued at from one to three hundred dollars we can rest assured that he has been examined and has a license from the state. However, if in travelling through strange cities we are forced to have repairs made upon our automobile valued at from five hundred to five thousand dollars, we are constrained to enter the nearest garage, place it confidently in the hands of some grease-bespeckled, low-browed loafer



with no knowledge as to whether he is a real mechanic or merely a pickup from the street, give it one last fond look, hie ourselves to some place where we shall be mercifully relieved from hearing the screams and outcries and pray High Heaven that he will exercise at least human intelligence.

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Of course, if our suggestion is adopted, and the Cause is embraced, it will lead to manifold complications. Our various statesmen will desire to attack the problem each in his own peculiar manner. Without doubt the Republican party will insist upon a fact finding commission, which if put into execution, would mean that some of our most august statesmen would be forced to drag their frock coats through the oil and grease of a hundred garages, said frock coats to be replaced at the expense of the state. The Democrats will be likely to formulate some project to take the matter out of politics and treat it in a strictly non-partisan way by voting the straight Democratic ticket. It would probably remind James O. Lyford of a funny story, while ex-Congressman Stevens would advocate attacking the problem by means of a graded tax bearing very heavily upon the Pierce Arrow and Packard and letting the "flivvers" off free. Senator Moses will doubtless attempt to tie it up to the World Court while ex-Governor Bass, bearing in mind how Hercules cleansed the Augean stables, will desire to turn the rivers of our state into the garages and solve the problem by water power. It

would be safe to say that President Coolidge and Governor Brown would have little to say upon the matter. It would be necessary to restrain the Federated Women's Clubs and the League of Women Voters from participating in the crusade for whatever may be the woman's place in politics there is little doubt that she should be kept out of the garage. The State Grange, the Farm Bureau might adopt resolutions, but in view of the language which is employed in referring to the subject we should say that it would be wise to adopt Governor Brown's famous motto—"To hell with resolutions." No, in dealing with the subject we must all be irreconcilables and abolish the compromise and the half way measure.

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One other difficulty which we must touch upon would be the matter of enforcement. Unquestionably if the garage is abolished a great many people who have never before been addicted to repairing will immediately be filled with a desire to break the law. Auto repairing would be in the same class with bootlegging and Law Enforcement Officer Craig would need to watch very carefully the lily white hands of many of our leading citizens for traces of the betraying axle grease. But whether the evil would be stamped out in this generation or not we would live in hope that our children and our children's children would never know what it is to be ensnared, bullied and robbed in one of those twentieth century dives—the Garage.



## THE OLD TOLL BRIDGE

BY IVA H. DREW

There's a toll bridge, old and gray,  
Where the river winds its way  
Through the broad and fertile meadows of Coos;  
And the years have rolled away,  
Once again a child I play  
On the banks where willows softly bend and toss.

There I played at hide and seek,  
When the moon would shyly peek  
From her station in the starry depths on high.  
There it was that Greek met Greek,  
And the strong would oust the weak:  
Oh, the old bridge rang with many a joyous cry.

So the years flew on apace;  
And now memory brings a face  
Bending low and whispering words of fondest love.  
There was witchcraft in the place,  
All the world seemed full of grace,  
And the old bridge cast weird shadows from above.

But one day they laid him low,  
And then I alone did go  
To the bridge where we had often kept our tryst.  
And the river down below  
Seemed to know and feel my woe,  
For in agony it groaned and seethed and hissed.

Oh, the bridge is standing yet,  
And its sides the waters fret  
Just the same as in those halcyon days of yore.  
But a past I'll ne'er forget,  
Fills my heart with sad regret;  
For I know that love is buried evermore.

# BOOKS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

## New Hampshire

BY ROBERT FROST

Conducted by Vivian Savacool

It would be impossible without subjecting oneself to a multitude of contradictions and varying opinions to state that Robert Frost is America's foremost poet. There certainly can be no opposition to the statement that Mr. Frost is New England's leading bard and that every new book of verse by this rugged poet is an event of interest to the people he has lived among and loved enough to make them the literary instruments for expressing his philosophy and observations concerning life and the world in general.

Judging from what one reads and hears about Mr. Frost to know him would be to know his poetry, to know his poetry is to know him. He does not care for the extremely modern methods of expression in any form of Art, including free verse and imagist writing in his own field of poetry. He has, however, created a kind of blank verse, a new form entirely his own, which musically follows the natural inflections of the voice in reading and which he uses in his long poems. His short lyrics are beautiful but also unconventional in form with delightful rhyme schemes which intrigue the ear and eye. His modern ideas about diction and the skill with which he handles this aspect of his work help to make his verse as living a part of the twentieth century development in poetry as the more radical expressions of some of Mr. Frost's contemporaries. However, his work is more allied to that of A. E. Houseman, Thomas Hardy, J. M. Synge, and Edward Thomas, who is his English counterpart.

Lovers of Frost's past work in "A Boy's Will," "North of Boston," and "Mountain Interval" will find all those qualities which they have admired in his new book of this fall entitled "New

Hampshire." A Poem with Notes and Grace Notes. We find the clearness and coldness of thought, reminding us of Whitman, which is the result not of lack of sympathy and understanding but of powerful vision and reason. There is the love of beauty in nature and humanity here; there are the sudden turns in thought and phrasing which gives elfin, elusive touches of fun as well as the less subtle Yankee humor; and there is the rigid adherence to the truth which will not idealize or change a subject to make it pretty. We find none of the long narratives of "North of Boston," none of the dramatic poems of "Mountain Interval" which depend on sympathy with human life and knowledge of psychology rather than on plot for their interest. Nevertheless, we feel this sympathy and this knowledge as strongly, even more fully developed in Mr. Frost's last work.

The title poem, "New Hampshire" is a blank verse monologue of thirteen pages, and is followed by forty-three shorter poems. It is impossible to talk about Mr. Frost's work for long except in terms of nature. This book seems to me to have an autumnal tone. There are bright touches of color at intervals in bleak stretches of monotone. We feel the beauty of the North which shrouds itself in a veil that one must penetrate before fully realizing its beauty and grandeur. Frost, ever on the quest for beauty, probes into this mystery to find what he seeks among the bounded lives of farmers in a state that "has only specimens," yielding nothing commercial.

"Just specimens is all New Hampshire has,  
One each of everything, as in a show case,  
Which naturally she doesn't care to sell."  
Then, "She had one President (pronounce him Purse)"  
"She had one Daniel Webster"



and "The Dartmouth needed to produce him."  
 "She has a touch of gold. New Hampshire gold—  
 But not gold in commercial quantities.  
 Just enough gold to make the engagement rings  
 And marriage rings of those who own the farm.  
 What gold more innocent could one have asked for?"  
 It would be easy to quote many epigra-

matic lines from Mr. Frost's poetry which would be entirely characteristic, but the following two seem to me to express more concisely than any others I have discovered the poet's attitude toward his work and life.

"But all the fun's in how you say a thing." and "It must be I want life to go on living."

## Ellen Prior

BY ALICE BROWN

Also of New England and more grimly so is "Ellen Prior" a dramatic pastoral by Alice Brown. (THE MACMILLAN CO. PRICE \$1.50) The author, as all readers of "Old Crow" will remember is peculiarly gifted in portraying rural characters, in showing their sensitiveness to new impressions from the outside world, their courage and endurance in bearing trouble which seems unbearable. In this poem of close to 200 pages there is the author's usual strength of presentation, combined with passages of lyrical loveliness, beautiful allusions to nature in all moods, fine characterization, and a growing power as the story moves to its sad end.

The tale of Ellen Prior is the tragedy of a beautiful girl with an adored, blind mother who loves and marries a man only to find that he is "hard as nails an' flint" and that he has married her less for love of herself than the desire to possess the valuable woods left her by her father. The story is indeed silhouetted against Windon Woods, its changing seasons, its varying moods influencing and forming a background for human acts and motives. In Windon Woods Ellen first meets and loves Robert Wayne, the young farmer, and at this point in the story occurs a most beautiful passage in rhymed couplets.

"One afternoon Ellen was hurrying back  
 Along the logging road, a ferny track

In Windon Woods—

She had not heard of wandering gods, nor Pan.

She stopped to listen. Was there something coming

Silent yet vast enough to mute a thrumming

The hand of life keeps fretting from the strings

When silent spaces chime to little things,  
 Feet, pinions, throat, the ever-seeking strife,

The myriad moving city of green life?  
 She stood there still; slim, golden, ivory,

fair,  
 The sun's bright, envious arrow on her hair.

Arbutus pink—or wilding rose—uncurled  
 On her fair skin, with pollen over-pearled.  
 In sooth, that day a miracle befell:

Roses in snow, as calendared saints might tell.

I lack the words to set her beauties forth.  
 I only know the earth, from south to north,  
 Had lent its dole to dower her body's pride,

As if she were the very season's bride."

It is of course impossible to tell the story with any fairness to the author or to the reader, nor do I wish to spoil the pleasure of allowing each to see it develop for himself. The plot is original, the tenseness and strain which wear down Ellen's reason cleverly produced and maintained, the subtle influence of her rival on her husband and on herself is so clearly felt that at the tragic denouement we are convinced of the other woman's guilt, although it would be impossible to convict her on the charge of murder. I consider "Ellen Prior" one of the dramatic and poetic achievements of the year,—surely no one can fail to find it interesting.

# CURRENT OPINION IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

## Clippings From the State Press

### The President's Message

Eagerly were the papers read to see what the President's message to Congress conveyed. Some, perhaps, were doubtful as to where the President stood, what attitude he would take on certain matters, whether he would voice the opinions of many or his own, but after reading the message we are sure all were impressed with the belief that our President was a man of few words, having a mind of his own and that he had been a keen listener and observer if not a speech maker. He told in comparatively few words that he would reduce taxation, was opposed to Federal operation of coal mines, would permit railroads to make voluntary consolidations, would have farmers "organize," was opposed to the bonus, believes in prohibition and in the enforcement of the liquor law and believes that the Federal Government should share liberally in the expense of building highways. The message is one that will linger long in the minds of the people, as it was not of long duration, it was spoken in simple words, right to the point and revealed the character of the man—the President of our United States.

—*Peterborough Transcript*

The message is courageous. The president says what he thinks; hides nothing. We like that. We do not expect a candidate for the presidency to reflect all our views. We still do not know of a man we would prefer to Coolidge. And we shall get the soldiers' relief bill he says he does not favor; and we shall not enter the court. The two things he stands for will fail. A soldier's relief—not a bonus—bill will pass—possibly over his veto, though he may conclude NOT to veto. A president's message is to congress; covers a multitude of subjects as to which common people know little; care less; willingly

leave to congress. Take the Mussel Shoals question. We know almost nothing; leave it to congress. And so of the St. Lawrence to the lakes canal. It will help some; hurt others. We don't know. Leave it to congress. The president stands unequivocally for prohibition enforcement, and for fair and just treatment of our colored element. We like both. He omits things that we think demand attention; what to do with Porto Rico, Hawaii, the Phillipines; what with those British and French islands near our coast which are centers of rum-running. In our belief it is time to tell England and France we want those islands; cancel much debt if they will get out; give and take.

—*Granite State Free Press*

There is nothing of the time server in CALVIN COOLIDGE. For his courage and decisiveness in action on his convictions admiration is not confined to party lines. "Now after the death of MOSES the servant of the Lord, it came to pass that the Lord spake unto JOSHUA the son of NUN, MOSES' minister, saying, MOSES my servant is dead: now therefore arise, go over this Jordan." Can there be doubt that the President will respond to the thrice repeated call to JOSHUA of old: "Be strong and of a good courage," or that he will not depart from "the book of the law?" "Turn not from it to the right hand or to the left" was not written for CALVIN COOLIDGE. It may well be that no man shall be able to stand before him.

—*Exeter News-Letter*

The long silence of Calvin Coolidge has been broken. His message to congress is a clear cut document, which manifestly expresses the convictions of its author. Anyone who was expecting it to contain soothing passages must be disappointed. On

the other hand it is barren of any suggestion of harshness. So far as the virus expressed is concerned, some approve and some disapprove, according to the temper of the critic. The press is especially kind in its treatment of the instrument. This is particularly true of the important Democratic papers. Senator Lodge likes it, so do all the public men of his political color. It was of course expected that they would. Cordell Hull, chairman of the Democratic national committee, skidded badly in his comment. His criticism is of no value because of its intense partisanship. It could as well have been made a fortnight before the message was delivered. Magnus Johnson is dissatisfied. That's good. It is a strong paper and will further delay those who are anxiously waiting for Coolidge to blow up.—*Republican Champion*.

Whiting's opinion, as voiced in his popular column in the Boston Herald, is not unlike that of many others. He says, "To sum up the week: The country sees a clear minded president, a muddled minded house, and a doubtful senate." —*Bristol Enterprise*

### The Bonus Question

We believe the Bonus bill should pass, and the money be paid to the ex-service men. There has been altogether too much talk and politics in the past. This country has the wealth and the money can be raised. If no other way, let there be a bond sale. Money will be forthcoming for the soldiers, if Uncle Sam can get up his courage and ask for it.

—*Franklin Transcript*

There is every indication that a big fight is looming ahead in congress over the bonus bill about to be introduced. It is claimed by experts who have figured out the situation that the bill will pass the house by a large majority

and also the senate and be vetoed by the president. It will then pass the house over his veto and will have a margin in the favor of two votes in the senate. This would "put it over." We mean by this it would be put over on the people and congress would have to provide some means of taxation to meet the expense estimated as high as six billion dollars.

There is likely to be a vigorous remonstrance to this bill by the over-taxed people. Already congressmen and senators are hunting new source of revenue whereby they can meet this enormous expense. They are searching other countries for suggestions. They may have overlooked Italy and her ingenuity and resourcefulness. She levies a tax on each room in every house and then upon each window in every room. It is pretty tough when one has to pay for the daylight that comes into the living room. This is what America is headed for unless this craze for taxation is curbed and we get back to the fundamentals of democratic government and live within our income.

—*Milford Cabinet*

### A Coming Statesman

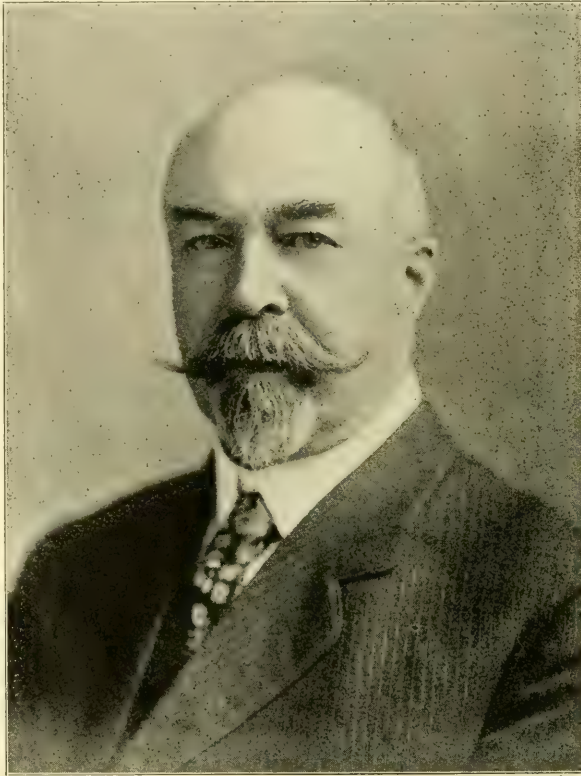
Several times we have intimated that Congressman William N. Rogers, Democrat, was a man to watch. With his very first speech in the legislature he showed what he is. We wish he was a Republican; he is at least a genuine Democrat, who knows what he thinks and can tell us why he thinks it. Of course, it is no surprise to us that the house committee on committees put him on its most important committee—foreign relations; just as Moses was as promptly put on the foreign relations committee of the senate. Well, we like to see New Hampshire on the map. And so far Mr. Rogers has stooped to nothing low or mean in politics. We like to speak well of a Democrat when he deserves it; we always did.—*Granite State Free Press*



# NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

## CHARLES PARKER BANCROFT

Dr. Bancroft was born in St. Johnsbury, January 11, 1852, and died in Hanover, December 14, 1923. Concord was his home during his long and useful life. Dr. Jesse P. Bancroft, his father, was Superintendent of the New Hampshire State Hospital for many years retiring in 1882, when he was succeeded by his son. Dr. Bancroft, after thirty-five years of devoted service resigned his superintendency in 1917, with a record of achievement marked with intensive and intelligent progress. How enduring and beneficent that progress has been in results remain an interesting chapter in the history of the State Hospital. Dr. Bancroft's professional education qualified him admirably for his life's work, to which he gave constant care and zeal. But these exacting professional duties were mingled with a strong and frequently revealed desire and willingness to serve the people and it was that trait in his splendidly rounded character that will be remembered whenever his name is recalled. During the later years of his life Dr. Bancroft's calm and complete sympathy with social and welfare interest in the affairs of this



CHARLES PARKER BANCROFT

community will be long and fondly remembered by our citizens. His philanthropy was practical, not vague, the methods and details of relief meant much and were serious and called for study and painstaking attention. Moreover, Dr. Bancroft possessed a steady judgment, independence of thought, and courage of conviction, which added to modesty of character and social qualities delightfully inviting, made him an unusual personality among his associates. An enumeration of his membership in many societies and associations, in more than one of which he manifested continuing interest and what he gave of his time and means would emphasize the measure of his good citizenship.

Dr. Bancroft did many kind and helpful deeds which challenge our appreciation and approval, which we shall fondly remember, but it was his readiness to help, his glowing and obliging willingness to serve, his humanity, his services to the unfortunate, his response to the call of duty, his pathetic end of life in the midst of helpful service,—all these will linger in the memory of those who recognize the merit of the highest public spirit exemplified by a career dedicated to rare citizenship. *C. R. Corning.*

## JAMES S. TAFT

James Scolly Taft, former mayor of Keene, and widely known manufacturer, died in Keene, December 22nd in his 80th year.

Mr. Taft was born in Nelson, coming to Keene as a young man, where a few years later he began the manufacture of what is

widely known as the Hampshire pottery, on account of its distinctive design, which gained a wide reputation. He held several different city offices and was three times mayor of Keene. He was in the Legislature one term and served as a member of a constitutional convention.

Mr. Taft is survived by a widow and one sister.

## EDNA DEAN PROCTOR

Edna Dean Proctor, poet of a generation ago, whose circle of friends included Henry Ward Beecher and John Greenleaf Whittier, died December 18th in Framingham, Mass., in her 95th year. Often described as "the truest type of refined womanly woman," she was always the author of verse distinguished for its earnestness and enthusiasm. Writing at infrequent intervals only when she was deeply moved, nevertheless, she progressively followed the trend of events from the Civil War through the recent European struggle. Her best poems perhaps were the numerous ones in which she poured out her love for the native New Hampshire.

Her first book of poems was published in 1867, and before that she had already written verse which attracted the attention of Whittier. With undimmed vigor and unchanged talent she was still at her best when she wrote of the retreat toward the Marne.



EDNA DEAN PROCTOR

Edna Dean Proctor was born in Henniker N. H. Sept. 18, 1829 on a hill overlooking Contoocook River. She studied at Concord, N. H., and then taught at Woodstock, Conn. She later became a governess in Brooklyn. Subsequently she traveled a great deal, and as her works show she studied life not only in her native New England but upon the prairies of the middle west, in the cities of the southern states, and in lands beyond the sea. She always considered New Hampshire as her home and though she is buried in Framingham, Mass., memories of her will continue to cluster most heavily about her native Henniker, among the hills she loved to eulogize.

It is a part of state history that in 1899 she wrote for the occasion of New Hampshire's first Old Home Week her famous poem.

"The Hills are Home" which begins:  
 Forget New Hampshire? by her cliffs,  
 Her meads, her brooks of foam,  
 With love and pride where'er we bide,  
 The Hills, the Hills are Home!"

## JERRY P. WELLMAN

Gen. Jerry P. Wellman, former city clerk, postmaster and county commissioner, and prominently identified with the growth of Cheshire County, died at his home in Keene on December 24th.

Mr. Wellman was born in Hinsdale, October 22, 1843, where he received the greater part of his education, this being supplemented by several terms at West Brattleboro and Newbury, Vt., academies. He taught school several terms in Hinsdale, coming to Keene in 1868 and entering the employ of Foster Bros. Mr. Wellman was for ten years clerk and manager of the A. B. and S. W. Skinner store. He then served as city clerk for ten years, and in 1898 was appointed postmaster, which posi-

tion he held for twelve years. He later served on the board of assessors of Keene, and as county commissioner.

Mr. Wellman was long identified with the National Guard of New Hampshire, advancing to the rank of major of the brigade staff, leaving that office to accept the position of inspector general of the staff of Gov. John B. Smith, which position he continued to fill for six years.

In business General Wellman was connected with the Keene Savings Bank and held a position in the Keene Fire Department. He was a member of the First Congregational Church, Masons, Sons of American Revolution, and the Grange.

He is survived by his widow Jennie F. Wellman, and one son.



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February, 1924

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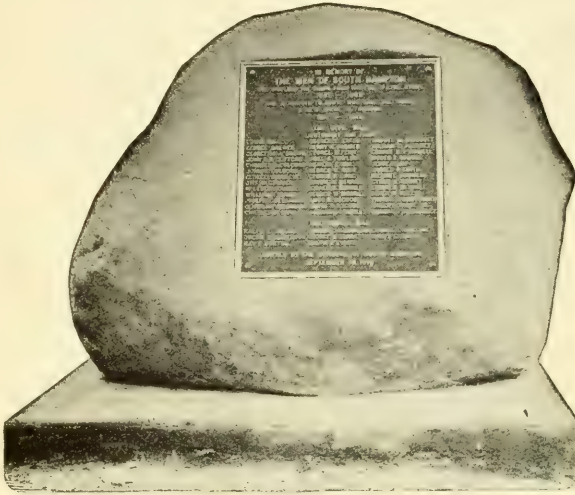
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King, Queen and Court—Manchester's Winter Carnival



# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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No. 2

FEBRUARY 1924

## THE MONTH IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

### Farm Bureau Meets

**D**ECIDEDLY, the event of January, 1924, in New Hampshire, was the meeting in Concord of the State Federation of Farm Bureaus and the New England Agricultural Conference. A program of remarkable interest and value was prepared and carried out in full and among those in attendance were President Oscar E. Bradfute of the American Farm Bureau Federation, making his first visit to this section of the country, and a representative of the International Institute of Agriculture at Rome, Italy.

The State Federation elected for the sixth consecutive time George M. Putnam of Hopkinton as its president and chose Homer S. Smith of Monroe and Herbert N. Sawyer of Atkinson as vice-presidents. Following the acceptance of an amendment to the constitution providing for the election of a chairman and assistant chairman of woman's work, Mrs. Abbie Sargent of Bedford and Mrs. Fannie B. White of Claremont were named for those offices.

The comprehensive, but concise and vigorous, annual address by the President was followed by the adoption of a resolution in which most of Mr. Putnam's recommendations were embodied. They declared in favor of another constitutional convention, so that an amendment can be submitted to the people under which greater equality in taxation

may be secured. They asked to have the University of New Hampshire put upon a permanent basis. They joined with the State Grange in demanding a change in highway policy whereby more attention shall be given to the earth roads as distinguished from the surfaced main highways. They favored water power development and asked for the appointment of a state dairy inspector to see that the milk producers get fair treatment. They went on record for limited and selective immigration and in favor of larger appropriations for the agricultural experiment stations.

Among the speakers at the various sessions, including the annual banquet, in addition to Presidents Bradfute and Putnam were Governor Fred H. Brown, ex-Governor Robert P. Bass and President Hetzel of the University of New Hampshire.

In his address Governor Brown referred to his recent experiences as arbiter of claims for damage done to orchards by partridges. On this subject the resolutions adopted by the Federation call for three inspections of orchards, in blossom time, after the apples have set, and at picking time. Fish and Game Commissioner Mott L. Bartlett says this will cost \$15,000 a year and that the orchardists should pay two-thirds of the cost, if such a law is passed rather than to take all of the expense of inspection, as at present, out of the

fish and game funds. The amount expended for damages and inspection for 1923 was \$31,401.56.

### Prohibition Again

A decision by Chief Justice Parsons of the supreme court, the other justices concurring, rendered at the January term, has caused a considerable change in the manner of dealing with liquor cases under the state law. In brief, the opinion by the chief justice holds that the mere possession of intoxicating liquor is not "illegal possession" under the statute, but that in order to prove "illegal possession" it must be shown that the liquor was obtained by its possessor in an illegal manner or must be intended by him for an illegal purpose such as its sale contrary to law.

### New Taxes

JANUARY 1, 1924, saw three changes in the tax laws in effect in New Hampshire. For the first time the State taxed the income from interest and dividends. The gasoline tax was doubled, from one cent to two cents a gallon. And the registration rate of small automobiles was reduced considerably. The year opened with a rush for registrations at the office of the state commissioner of motor vehicles, but after

20,000 sets of number plates had been issued the demand ceased abruptly; to the disappointment of the commissioner and his clerks who would like to issue a few hundred registrations a day regularly, rather than a few thousand a day later on.

### Business Developments

ROWLAND B. JACOBS, the head of textile mills in Lebanon and Littleton, was elected president of the New Hampshire Manufacturers' Association during the month, succeeding Eaton D. Sargent, who changes from one executive position to another by becoming mayor of Nashua. Edward K. Woodworth, attorney and capitalist, was elected president of the New Hampshire Savings Bank of Concord, one of the oldest and largest in the state, succeeding the late Dr. Charles P. Bancroft. Judge C. H. Wells of Somersworth, Councilor Philip H. Faulkner of Keene and Stanton Owen of Laconia, as commissioners, began the hearing of proceedings in which the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company seeks to recover from the city of Manchester half a million dollars, alleging over-valuation of its property for purposes of taxation.

—H. C. P.



The Farm Bureau Federation

# NEW HAMPSHIRE APPLES ARE SUPREME

BY H. STYLES BRIDGES



New Hampshire's Exhibit at Eastern Apple Exposition.

Notice apples arranged to form map of State in center of picture.

**N**EW HAMPSHIRE produces many products of which she is proud, and recently the orchardists of this state have demonstrated that the products of their orchards, namely apples, can be justly classed with this group of products for which the Granite State is noted.

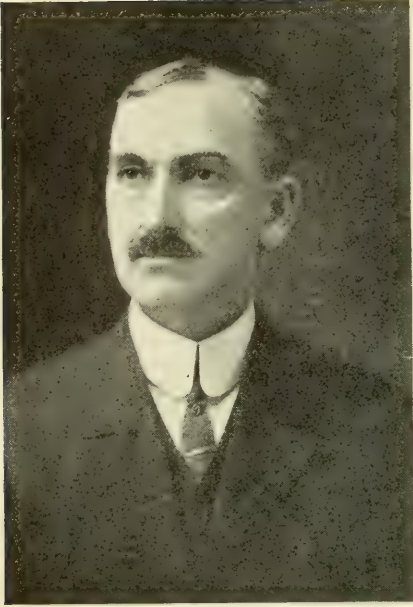
In New York City there was recently held the Eastern Apple Exposition, which was visited by hundreds of thousands of persons from all parts of the United States and Foreign countries. This was the largest affair of its kind ever held in this country.

The New Hampshire exhibit of apples occupied a large booth approximately twenty by sixty feet at one end of the large hall, a strategic position in as much as it was seen by practically everyone in attendance at the show.

The central feature of the exhibit was a large outline map of New Hampshire several feet in height solidly

filled in with the best quality Baldwin apples, for which the Granite State is noted. On each side of this exhibit was a bank of 100 boxes of McIntosh Reds and Greenings. Every apple in this bank, excepting those in the top layer, was wrapped in an oil paper wrap which helped preserve the fruit and add to its attractiveness. These wraps were printed with an outline map of New Hampshire and each bore the slogan "Buy them East, or buy them West, New Hampshire apples are the best." At the bottom of the design was written the name of the grower who produced the apples. The boxes of apples that composed the bank on each side of the map were set up so as to form the initials "N. H." In addition to the exhibit of apples, slides were shown constantly at the exhibit showing the various phases of orcharding in New Hampshire, with various catchy sayings, for example,





Charles Barker

one slide bore the question, "Are New Hampshire McIntosh juicy?" And the answer, "Well when you bite one, watch out you don't get drowned."

The eyes of the people attending this show were all focused on New Hampshire Baldwins, for in Baldwin apples New Hampshire excels them all. The New Hampshire Horticultural Society, represented by a committee, of which Charles Barker of Exeter was chairman, cooperated with Professor G. F. Potter of the Horticultural Department of the University of New Hampshire, in selecting from the farm of E. N. Sawyer of Salisbury five barrels of Baldwin apples which they were confident were as good or better than any five barrels of this variety at the New York show. After going over the exhibits from the various states at this show and obtaining the opinion of all the authorities present, the committee from New Hampshire boldly printed a placard challenging the world to produce five barrels of Baldwin apples that would

equal the New Hampshire exhibit of Baldwins owned by E. N. Sawyer.

Concord and New Hampshire are very proud of the fact that one of the world's most renowned singers hails from this city and state. Miss Edith Bennett, the singer in question, was the reciprocant of over ten thousand messages of congratulations and compliments from all parts of the world after recently rendering a concert over the radio. Miss Bennett is very proud of her home state and was one of the interested visitors at the apple exposition in New York. She was very much taken with the New Hampshire exhibit and especially so with the exhibit of Baldwin apples. She felt so strongly about this exhibit that she stated to the committee that she would wager a sizable sum of money that these Baldwins from New Hampshire were the best that could be found, not only at the show, but any where on earth. Her wager was given wide publicity but no one was found who was willing to meet it.

The New Hampshire exhibit at this great fruit show was made possible by the splendid cooperation of various agencies working together in this state. The New Hampshire Horticultural Society took the leadership in this movement and were ably assisted financially by the State Department of Agriculture, the State Manufacturer's Association and by a group of public spirited citizens who contributed personally toward the expense of the exhibit. Professor Potter, head of the Horticultural Department of the University of New Hampshire and Charles Barker of Exeter, representing the Horticultural Society, took the leadership in the active work of the exhibit and selected most of the apples exhibited at the show. The orchardists of the state very loyally supported the exhibit, many of the leading orchardists contributing apples. Among the leading contributors from among the farmers of the state were Charles

E. Hardy & Son of Hollis, Walter B. Farmer of Hampton Falls, Robert F. Gould of Contoocook, Morse Brown, manager of the Wyman orchards in Pittsfield, John T. Moore, Boscawen, A. F. Stearns of Mt. Vernon, George D. Kittredge of Mt. Vernon, E. N. Sawyer of Salisbury, A. C. S. Randlett of Laconia, O. M. Pratt of Holderness, Roscrans Pillsbury of Derry and E. S. Quimby of Atkinson. These men own some of the leading and most up-to-date fruit farms in the state.

An exhibit of this kind is exceedingly well worth while, for it not only advertises the possibility of New Hampshire as a fruit growing section, but it gives the state a standing in the Agricultural world. Commissioner Andrew L. Felker of the state department of Agriculture was one of the most interested persons in the state in this exhibit. While at the New York show he was asked by several persons from the west to explain why New Hampshire apples seemed to be in a class by themselves in regard to quality. Commissioner Felker states that in his opinion as well as in the opinion of others that the New Hampshire exhibit was a great credit to the Granite State and that he was proud to be Commissioner of Agriculture from the state that produced it.

Representatives from the west who were in attendance at this fruit show stated that they could produce some mighty fine looking fruit from Washington and Oregon, but admitted that they have never yet been able to produce fruit of the quality that can be produced right here in New Hampshire. The soil and climate of the Granite State seem to be unbeatable when it comes to turning out high quality apples. New York growers who are very proud of their state and the part it plays in the apple world have to doff their hats to New Hampshire when it comes to combining flavor with color. One of the foremost Horticulturists of that state

asked the question of Professor Potter of the University "What is your recipe for painting Baldwins up in New Hampshire?"

The New Hampshire Horticultural Society is an organization that deserves the support of every fruit grower in our state, for it is actually functioning in behalf of our fruit growers. The Society is led by able men who are making orcharding their business, among whom are William E. Putnam of Hancock, President, John Harvey of Concord, Vice-President, James Tufts, Jr., of Exeter, Secretary and Treasurer. The executive committee is composed of Robert T. Gould of Contoocook, Harold Hardy of Hollis and Chester Randlett of Laconia.

In few words, the writer believes that the New Hampshire exhibit at the Eastern Apple Exposition was a decided success and that the individuals and organizations as well as the farmers who contributed fruit should be congratulated upon the showing made.

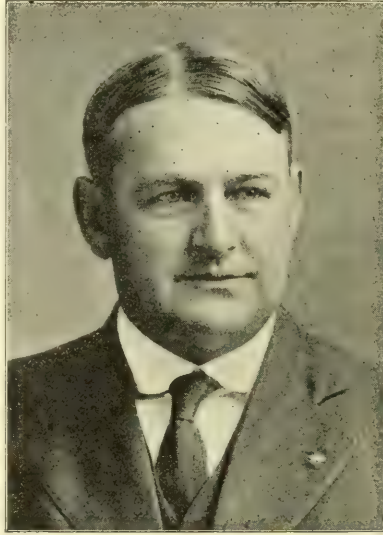


Prof. S. F. Potter  
&

# COMMISSIONER "FRED" EVERETT'S THREE FAVORITE STORIES

It is always interesting to know the favorite stories and anecdotes of famous men, especially those public speakers who have a large fund at their command. This page of stories by some prominent New Hampshire figure will be a feature of the Granite Monthly.

**F**RED EVERETT, New Hampshire's genial and good natured highway commissioner, is one of the most popular men in the Granite State. Besides being known throughout the state because of his position at the head of the Highway Department he is also prominent in fraternal life, holding the position of Grand Master of New Hampshire Masons. His happy smile and pleasant manner cause him to be in great demand at public gatherings in all parts of the state.



As an argument for constant care of roads already built he tells the story of a county fair in one of our New Hampshire villages. Among the specimens of handiwork exhibited was a pair of home knit stockings, upon which was a placard with the motto, "Have been in constant use since 1878." Upon inquiry as to the method used to make them last so long, the old lady who performed the work, replied as follows:

"You see, it is this way. Every year I knit new feet upon the stockings and every other year new legs."

Another favorite of Mr. Everett's is the one about the darkey boy who after attending his first circus applied to the

manager for a job. After the preliminary conversation it developed that the only vacancy was that of a lion tamer. The boy looked at the lion and trembling withdrew his request for employment.

"Why, what's the matter, boy?" said the manager. "These lions are tame. Why, all we feed them is milk."

"That's all right, boss," replied the lad, "they used to feed me milk but I eat meat now."

One of the commissioner's most popular stories is his account of an incident which occurred in the late senatorial election of Minnesota. Highway Commissioner Babcock travelling through the state met a Swedish farmer by the roadside and wondering if he were a supporter of Magnus Johnson, inquired of him if he were interested in the approaching election.

"Ah guess not," replied the farmer, "I can't take much interest in politics. My family is too much split up."

"Split up," said the commissioner, "what do you mean, 'split up?'"

"Why you see, my wife's a Democrat, I'm a Republican, the baby's vet, and the cows are dry."—W. R. H.



# "YOUNG BLOOD"

## Can Find Ample Opportunity in New Hampshire

BY MAJOR FRANK KNOX

A crying need—perhaps the most vital need of the State of New Hampshire, agriculturally—is young blood. The proportion of men over 55 years of age who are living and operating New Hampshire farms, is between three and four times as great as the average the country over. Every man who has made even the most trifling study of farm conditions in New Hampshire has been struck by the number of farmers of advanced years on New Hampshire farms. In many cases these men, while still classified as "farmers," have either reduced their farm operations to the minimum, or practically abandoned them altogether, merely using their farm as a place of residence. No comprehensive and permanently successful plan for agricultural rehabilitation in this state has any chance of success which does not take this factor into consideration and grant it first-rate importance.

This condition is one not difficult to understand. Ever since the Civil War, New Hampshire has been the breeding ground for young men and young women who have gone forth to be leaders and participants in the building of other states and other commonwealths. This practice, under which New Hampshire bore all of the expense of rearing her sons and daughters, feeding, clothing and educating them until they reached the years of productivity, only to lose them to other states, is readily explained,

Beginning in 1865, and for a half century thereafter, the door of opportunity for young men and women in this country was more widely open in the West than in the East. In the Mississippi Valley and beyond, lay an empire, with

millions of acres of rich, virgin soil, much of it ready for the plow. The period of expansion of agriculture in that region, due to cheap lands, constituted one of the epochs in American history, and inevitably, along with such agricultural expansion, went the swift upbuilding of cities and towns, offering unexcelled opportunities for young men of business and of the professions to swiftly realize their ambitions. Thus both country-side and city called, and the youth of New Hampshire



Major Frank Knox

responded.

This process, continued for a half century, left New Hampshire bled white. It is said, and I have no doubt, with truth, that more men and women born in New Hampshire, are to-day living without its borders than there are within.

If we stopped the summary here it would be discouraging enough; but happily, we may readily discover if we look, a swift change in economic conditions, come about within the past decade; a change which will operate most distinctly to our advantage if we are awake to the opportunity and have the virility to seize upon it.

There is no longer any "West" with

beckoning hands. The West is now a settled and developed community. No more cheap lands lie ready for the questing home-seeker. Lands which in 1865 in the Valley of the Mississippi sold for \$1.25 an acre, are to-day commanding a price anywhere from \$300 to \$600 an acre. Expansion of agricultural life has halted; and with its stoppage has come a similar check in the growth of cities. No longer does the Great West offer opportunity to youth, save that opportunity which every settled community provides. The economic tides which flowed against us for a half century have changed and are slowly beginning to ebb.

A distinctly apparent swing of the current in our favor is obvious. Coupled with the disadvantage of high cost land in the West goes an even greater disadvantage, due to heightened transportation charges. In some commodities, freight rates have advanced 500 per cent. Transportation of every description is more than twice as costly as before the War.

Thus the combined influence of high-priced lands and high transportation costs, has served to subtract from the opportunities the West once offered, to such a degree that it may be said without fear of successful contradiction, that actually greater opportunities for the farm home-seeking young man and young woman are to be found here in New England, and especially in New Hampshire, than anywhere else in the country.

Then we can with entire accuracy, add to this advantage of cheap land, a number of other advantages which the West never had. We may say with truth,

to the young man looking hither for a home, "You may buy a farm in New Hampshire at a very moderate cost, and the produce of that farm can be sold in easily accessible markets, the greatest markets for food products in the country."

Not only may a farm be purchased at a moderate figure, and not only are markets available, but New Hampshire boasts the most ambitious, and up-to-date, the most successful experiment in co-operative marketing in Eastern United States.

Then to these advantages of cheap land, of nearby markets, and of marketing machinery already set up, we may add the advantage of good roads, already built; of schools already established, of churches, of social life and community activity, long since established, and affording to the families of our farmers a rich, varied and interesting life.

Here, then, is our situation: We need young men on our farms. Changes in economic conditions have given us again an advantage we lost long ago. Whether we shall get young men on these farms under these new conditions, depends upon ourselves. If we are men worthy to be the descendents of the men who first tamed the wilderness, built homes, cleared farms, and built towns and cities within our commonwealth, if we are worthy sons of these, perhaps, then, we can, if we will, restore New Hampshire to the list of growing, prosperous commonwealths by an infusion of new and young blood. The question to ask ourselves is, "Are we men enough to meet this new crisis and this new opportunity?"

## ANNOUNCEMENT

The results of the High School contest conducted by the GRANITE MONTHLY, together with prize awards will appear in the March number.

A great deal of interest has been shown by High School pupils all over the state, and many essays have been

received upon the three subjects: "Why New Hampshire Appeals to Me," "My Greatest Ambition" and "My Most Thrilling Adventure," as well as on other subjects selected by the contestants themselves. Watch for this interesting feature,  
—Editor.

# OUR FIVE LEADING CITIZENS

The Granite Monthly's Referendum as to who are our leading citizens has attracted notice and comment from nearly the entire state press, from the Boston Herald and the New York Times.

Here is the final result:

“**W**HO in your opinion are the five men or women in this state who lead in constructive patriotic service and thought?” “Who are the five most patriotic, intelligent and efficient leaders?” So ran the questions the GRANITE MONTHLY asked of some 150 representative New Hampshire citizens.

The result of the poll conducted by the GRANITE MONTHLY showed that President Ernest M. Hopkins, Ex-Governor Robert P. Bass, Hon. Huntley N. Spaulding, President Ralph D. Hetzel, and Senator George H. Moses are the five leaders. President Hopkins of Dartmouth College and Ex-Governor Bass each received approximately sixty percent of all the votes cast.

Huntley Spaulding fifty percent, President Hetzel of the University of New Hampshire twenty-six percent, while Senator Moses received twenty-five percent.

“But who are these 150 New Hampshire citizens to whom you wrote and asked to vote on our five leading citi-

zens?” asked an inquiring friend. “How did you select the names for your list?” We did not choose ourselves, we explained, any of the persons who were to vote in this contest. The list was made up entirely from names supplied us from different well-known New Hampshire organizations.

We desired to make this list fair and representative of all the different interests and points of view in the state, so we wrote to seventeen organizations. (“Note”) Such as the manufacturer’s association, the State Grange, and the State Chamber of Commerce, etc., and asked them each to send us ten names of persons to whom we might write for an opinion on this matter. Of course some names were duplicated but we

were nevertheless able to make up a total list from the names thus received of approximately 150 persons to whom the questionnaires were sent. The response was remarkably fine and extremely interesting.

In addition to the five leading citizens mentioned above, many other prominent

## THE FIVE AND WHY

“The reasons for the choices were practically the same in most of the answers. A remarkable coincidence.”

PRESIDENT ERNEST M. HOPKINS—“courageous”—“patriotic”—“one of the greatest college presidents”—“no other citizen approaches him in intellectual grasp of the greatest questions of the day.”

EX-GOVERNOR ROBERT P. BASS—“sincere”—“for his staunch fight for conservation”—“for reform along conservative lines”—“for his work for water power and the farming industry”—“for his political and moral leadership.”

HON. HUNTLEY N. SPAULDING—“benevolent”—“efficient”—“unselfish and able devotion to public service”—“splendid War record”—“for his philanthropic and educational work.”

PRESIDENT RALPH D. HETZEL—“educational leader”—“splendid record in the advancement of the educational interests of the state”—“patriotic service and interest in the welfare of all people.”

SENATOR GEORGE H. MOSES—“for patriotic service in the Senate”—“a brilliant leader”—“for distinguished and able statesmanship.”



New Hampshire persons received votes in the poll. Among these were George M. Putnam, President of the State Farm Bureau Federation, Ex-Congressman Raymond B. Stevens, Major Frank Knox and Captain John G. Winant, who each received about the same number of votes and came very near to being included as one of the five. Others polling a large and substantial number of votes were Senator Henry W. Keyes, Judge Robert Peaslee, Rev. Burton Lockhart, Governor Fred H. Brown, Congressman William Rogers, Commissioner Andrew L. Felker, Commissioner E. W. Butterfield, Hon. Clarence E. Carr, Ex-Governor Rolland Spaulding, Ex-Governor Albert O. Brown, Ex-President Tucker of Dartmouth, Rev. J. H. Robbins, W. S. Rossiter, Mrs. Alta McDuffee, Mrs. Mary I. Wood, Mrs. William Schofield, and Mrs. Lilian Streeter.

An interesting part of many answers were the reasons given for the choices. One postal for instance after naming five men, ends by saying, "Of course if you want the most distinguished, able and patriotic leader in statesmanship, there is obviously no one anywhere near the class of Senator Moses." While another says of Senator Moses, "I dislike some of his methods (he is a politician at times in its worst meaning) but he certainly is keeping New Hampshire on the map, and must be regarded as a leading citizen."

Of Ex-Governor Bass one writes, "Those who have differed most widely from some of Robert P. Bass's ideals have been obliged to concede that he possesses a great intellectual ability—and is leading the state with wisdom—

in developing her water power." Another very brief and terse gentleman after naming Senator Moses and Major Knox as his choices, declares, "What other men with true leadership in their systems are there?" "I know of none."

We received also a number of interesting refusals. "I have so many friends," writes one, "who think they are leading citizens that I would not like to discriminate between them," in fact, he pessimistically concludes, "I do not know of five who pre-eminently lead." Another suggests if we had but given him a choice of fifty he might have attempted the task.

The most philosophical view, however, and perhaps the wisest came from George A. Wood of Portsmouth. "There ain't no such such five animals," he emphatically writes.

There are thousands in New Hampshire doing their task. Some one may occupy a more prominent place on the front pages of the papers. This proves nothing. To assert that Mr. A. is more intelligent than Mr. B. is futile. True, President Coolidge is more intelligent than the ditch-digger, but when we get out of the ditch there is not such great divergence between people to admit of a measure that can be accurately applied.

And, patriotism, my dear Mr. Cotton! The ditch-digger may schedule many points above the college professor. In fact, I think the war developed fully as much patriotism among the ditch-diggers, proportionally, as among the professors.

And efficiency! Isn't it the one who best does his own job? May not the wood-chopper be as efficient as the chap who removes your appendix?

You really mean, "Who are the five most popular men or women in New Hampshire." And here we are swayed by our loves and our resentments. My adored hero may be your most detested person.

And so: it can't be did."

NOTE—New Hampshire Manufacturers' Association, the State Chamber of Commerce, the State Grange, New Hampshire Farm Bureau, New Hampshire Federation of Women's Clubs, New Hampshire League of Women Voters, the Women's Christian Temperance Union, New Hampshire Civic Association, Democratic Bulletin, New Hampshire Republican League, New Hampshire Weekly Publishers Association, University of New Hampshire, Dartmouth College, New Hampshire Federation of Labor, Society for the Protection of New Hampshire Forests, New Hampshire Medical Association and the New Hampshire Bar Association.

# THE NEXT CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION

BY RAYMOND B. STEVENS

"There are at least three changes in our constitution which are desirable and one which is of vital importance to the welfare of the State."

**A**T the election next fall there will appear on the ballot the following question:

"Are you in favor of calling a Constitutional Convention to submit amendments to the Constitution?"

To many voters undoubtedly it will seem strange that this question of amending the constitution should again be raised so quickly in view of the recent votes upon the amendments submitted by the last Constitutional Convention. The tendency therefore will be to vote "no" unless there is considerable discussion previous to the election. It is a provision in the Constitution itself which raises at this time the question of whether a Constitutional Convention shall be convened. Art. 99 of the Constitution provides that every seven years at least the sense of the people as to a revision of the Constitution and calling a convention for that purpose shall be taken.

There are at least three changes in our constitution which are desirable and one which is of vital importance to the welfare of the State.

The provision of the present constitution that Senatorial Districts should be based upon taxable property rather than population is in theory contrary to democratic principles and in practice an obstacle to orderly advance in accordance with the popular will. This is clearly shown in the records of the last Legislature. The House was Democratic, the Senate Republican by vote of two to one and yet in the Senatorial districts as a whole, the Democratic candidates received 5000 more votes than the Republican candidates. As a result the minority

was able to block the will of a majority of the people and a number of important and beneficial measures passed by the House were killed in the Senate.

The Governor's council should be abolished. In our State some of the most important functions of the executive are divided among six men, the Governor and his council. We have, so to speak, six governors, rather than one. Divided responsibility, especially in an executive, is contrary to sound theories of government. Where the Governor is of one party and a majority of the council of another, this divided responsibility has led to partisan and personal bickering in which the public welfare is well-nigh forgotten.

The method of amending the constitution should be liberalized. Obviously the constitution should not be frequently changed. We should aim at stability, not rigidity. The present requirements are too severe and give a minority opposed to any change too great power. A careful examination of the various amendments which have been submitted by the different conventions which have secured a substantial majority of the voters of the State and yet failed through the rule providing a 2-3 vote, clearly proves that it would be beneficial to have a less severe standard.

Undoubtedly a considerable difference of opinion exists concerning the desirability of these three changes above discussed and if these were the only particulars in which the constitution ought to be amended, there is not sufficient interest at present to warrant calling a convention for these pur-

poses only, but there is one matter in which there is a very general opinion in favor of a change. This has to do with the taxing power of the Legislature.

The question of taxation is the most important one considered by the last two Conventions. The last convention practically confined itself to matters of taxation. The Convention called in 1913 submitted three proposals enlarging the power of the Legislature to levy taxes. All three amendments were defeated at the election, although each amendment received almost the necessary 2-3 majority. The last Constitutional Convention convened three times and three times submitted amendments dealing with the question of taxes. The first time it submitted two amendments, one providing for the graduated tax on inheritances and one on a graduated income tax. Both failed of adoption, although each one received a very substantial majority. These two questions were again submitted in 1923 and again both failed, but this time a substantial majority voted against both proposals.

The Convention re-convened a third time and submitted one general amendment striking out the word "proportional." This amendment not only failed to secure the necessary 2-3 majority but there was practically a 2-3 vote against it. This brief summary of the result of the attempts made to revise the constitution, enlarge or change the power conferred by the constitution to levy taxes, clearly discloses two things: First, a persistent and wide-spread interest in the question of taxation and a very wide divergence of opinion concerning the form which such an amendment should take. It is important to analyze as carefully as possible these two phases of the situation. The wide interest in the question of the taxing power of the Legislature due to the fact, that our present tax system is

clearly antiquated and unjust in its operation as between different taxpayers and is distinctly injurious to the welfare of the state as a whole. It has long been accepted as one of the fundamental principles of taxation that its burden should be distributed over the citizens in proportion to their ability to bear the burden. No one who is at all familiar with the situation would dispute the statement that in New Hampshire our system of taxation for many years, in fact, has violated this principle. Many classes of people pay more than their share of the public burden and other classes escape. Nearly the entire burden falls on real estate and certain classes of tangibles such as livestock, stock in trade, and yet it is generally admitted that the amount of wealth owned in the state, other than real estate and tangible property is at least equal if it does not exceed the total of real estate and tangible property. This is an injustice as between individual citizens and in at least two particulars has caused serious general results.

Farming as an industry in New Hampshire has been on the decline for a good many years. Many of the causes of this decline are beyond the power of the State of New Hampshire to control and are due to general economic and agricultural conditions throughout the whole United States. It is consequently of the utmost importance that the State itself should not increase the difficulties and burdens of agriculture. The result of placing the tax burden almost entirely upon real estate and tangible property is to throw upon the industry of agriculture an unjust burden. It is highly important to the social and industrial welfare of the State that agriculture should prosper and the least the State can do is to see that agriculture is not overtaxed.

The forests of New Hampshire are one of the few natural advantages



which New Hampshire has. The taxation of timber lands, which have no income value except when stripped of the standing timber at their full cash value has encouraged the cutting of immature stands and in many instances has made such cutting imperative. This is due to the fact that immature timber can be used for lumber and pulp. If such lands are taxed at their full value the burden of interest and taxation is much greater than the increased value from growth. Obviously it is for the distinct advantage of New Hampshire to have a method of taxing timber lands which would yield a reasonable revenue and yet encourage the growing of timber. It would be generally admitted that real estate and tangible property should be relieved of some of the excessive burdens now laid upon it and that this can only be done by shifting some of that burden to classes of wealth which now escape and furthermore that growing timber should be classified and taxed in some other manner than that real estate which has a value for use and income. It is this situation and the quite general recognition of the disadvantages of our present system of taxation which has lead to much agitation in the last 20 years for some change in our constitution because it is everywhere recognized that the changes which ought to be made in our tax laws cannot be made under the constitution as it now stands.

Probably the greatest difficulty in the situation is due to the wide divergence of opinion as to the particular form which the amendment should take. That difficulty is much increased, if not largely created by the fact that the restrictions which now prevent the Legislature from acting are to be found, not in any explicit, specific limitations in our constitution, but has grown out of a long line of decisions of our Court construing the general language in the original

constitution. It may be forcibly argued that the language of the original constitution, if read in the light of its common meaning and broadly and liberally construed by the Court, would confer upon the Legislature all the power it needs to remedy the injustice of our present tax laws. This situation has made the question of the form of any proposed amendment exceedingly difficult. The words, out of which the restriction has grown, seem to the man unfamiliar with legal reasoning and Court decisions to be highly desirable words. The chief restriction has grown out of the word "proportional." The requirement that taxes shall be proportional, if construed to mean in proportion to the ability to pay, states a sound principle of taxation. The construction by the Court that the word "proportional" requires a uniform treatment of property or, as stated in one of the opinions, that the same amount of property in the same taxable district should pay the same share of taxes, has lead in fact to a dis-proportionate result. This can best be shown by a brief example of the application of this construction:

We will take three men living in the same town or taxing district. One owns real estate of the value of \$5,000, one a \$5,000 bond paying 5% interest, and one \$5,000 of corporate stock and paying 6% interest. The rate of tax in this community we will assume to be 2½%. Under the statutes before the last session of the Legislature these three men were taxed as follows: The man with the real estate paid a tax of \$125.00, the bond owner was taxed \$125.00 and the owner of stock was taxed nothing because the Court had ruled that shares of stock being merely paper evidences of ownership or interest in property that taxation of the property and the taxation again of the stock would be double taxation and therefore un-proportional. As the tax on the bond holder

would take  $\frac{1}{2}$  of his income of \$250 from the bond, the result was either to compel him to sell the bond or not disclose it for purposes of taxation, but the final result was that of the three men the owner of real estate was the only one who paid any tax. This is obviously unjust.

The last Legislature took the only step that can be now taken under the constitution to remedy this situation. It first asked the Supreme Court whether the income from securities was taxable under our constitution and the Court said such a tax might be levied as a property tax on income from both bonds and stock if levied at the same rate of taxation imposed upon other property. Consequently the Legislature repealed the old law, taxing money on hand at full value as property and in place enacted a measure levying a tax at the average rate on the income from dividends from stocks and bonds, with an exemption of \$200. This is an improvement on the old law, since it places the bond holder and stockholder on an equality but an examination of the results show that little has been done to relieve the owner of real estate from his burden.

The bond owner and the stock owner now stand on an equality. Both buy something. But their contribution is so small little relief is afforded to the owner of real estate. He now pays ten times as much as they do.

Both experience and theory prove that securities cannot be taxed at their full value as property and the attempt to do so has always been evaded. When, however, we drop from taxing the face value of the security to the income of the security, we have made such a large reduction in the value of the thing taxed that we ought, to secure justice, to impose a higher rate of taxation than that imposed on other property. It is clearly shown by the experience of other states that a greater tax than  $2\frac{1}{2}\%$

can be levied on the income from securities without driving such securities out of the State or into hiding.

The imposition of a special rate on income from securities cannot be made under the ruling of the Court without amending the Constitution. Moreover, the present law passed by the last Legislature, imposing a tax on incomes, may be overturned by the Court when actually brought to a test case, since the Court is divided on the question of whether such a tax could be imposed at all. Three members of the Court held income to be property within the meaning of the Constitution, two members were of the opinion that to tax incomes was unconstitutional because it was not a property tax but an excise tax. Of the three members who were of the opinion that the law was constitutional, two retire from the Court on account of age limit in the near future.

New Hampshire, in common with most every state in the Union has had, up to the last session of the Legislature, a graded inheritance tax which placed a heavier rate of taxation upon larger estates. There had always been some doubt about the constitutionality of the graded feature of this tax and as the last legislature had in mind increasing the rates and extending the graded rates on direct as well as collateral heirs, it decided it was wise to ask in the first instance the opinion of the Supreme Court on the legality of the graded tax. The Court declared the tax on inheritances was in fact a property tax and the rule of proportion laid down by the Court required that the same amount of property should pay the same as every other amount. As a result of these decisions the State will probably lose some of the revenue collected under the old law. Moreover, it had to repeal the existing statutes and pass a new law levying a flat rate on inheritances. This rate was necessarily low because there is a general feeling

against heavy rates on small estates and under the rule of the Court the ability of the small estate to pay had to be taken for the standard of all estates, both great and small. It is also this limited construction of the word proportional that made it impossible to deal with timber lands along the lines of sound public policy. Under the constitution as it is construed today timber lands must be taxed at their full value or be exempted from all taxes. The feeling against exempting timber lands altogether is both wide-spread and sound. If the land and the timber while growing were exempt, it would still be possible to tax the timber when cut but under the rule of uniformity, the tax would have to be at the same rate as levied upon other property. As a practical matter this can never be done and it ought not to be done. If timber while growing is to be exempt from any burden, the crop when harvested should be taxed at a much higher rate than other property which is taxed every year. Therefore, no substantial change in our present method of taxing timber lands is possible without an amendment to the constitution.

This brings us to the difficult question as to the form that the amendment or amendments that may be proposed should take. There are two different methods of approaching the problem and both methods have been attempted by past constitutional conventions. One is to let the language in the constitution from which the restrictions have grown, remain in the constitution and to enlarge the power of the Legislature by specific amendments for instance for a graded inheritance tax, the classification and special taxation of timber lands, the levying of excise taxes, the imposition of a graded income tax upon income from securities. These specific amendments have all failed of adoption, though

many have secured a large majority in their favor. The other method is to remove from the constitution those words which have become by Court interpretation, rather than by inherent meaning, a restriction upon the Legislature. This latter method is theoretically a sounder one as a constitution ought to be a general grant of power rather than a list of specific powers.

I am still of the opinion that the amendment last submitted was theoretically the better method and would have proved, if adopted, beneficial and sound. However, the heavy vote against the amendment quite clearly shows that it is the more difficult method of the two. The important and urgent matter is to secure just tax laws. This can only be secured through amendments to the constitution. I am much more interested in securing the needed laws than in the particular form of the amendment to the constitution, which will make those laws possible.

While many of the arguments advanced against the so-called broad amendment were unsound and some misleading and false, and while I believe in time these misrepresentations could be cleared away out of the public mind, I am more interested in securing immediate results than in the form of the amendment itself. While there are undoubtedly some selfish interests opposed to any change in taxation laws, many of those who were opposed to the last proposed amendment I believe to be genuinely in favor of tax reform. It is to be hoped that those who do favor tax reform may be able to agree upon some amendment to be submitted to the people to which they may give the united support necessary for its adoption. Personally, I am not wedded to any particular language and shall be willing to support any amendment or amendments that will give the people of this state just tax laws.



# AN ANTHOLOGY OF ONE POEM POETS

COMPILED BY ARTHUR JOHNSON

ILLUSTRATED BY ELIZABETH SHURTELEFF

## THE PORT OF SHIPS

BY C. H. MILLER

1841—1913

Behind him lay the gray Azores,  
 Behind the Gates of Hercules;  
 Before him not the ghost of shores,  
 Before him only shoreless seas.  
 The good mate said: "Now we must pray,  
 For lo! the very stars are gone.  
 Brave Adm'ral speak,—what shall I say?"  
 "Why, say, 'Sail on! Sail on! and on!'"

"My men grow mutinous day by day;  
 My men grow ghastly, wan and weak."  
 The stout mate thought of home; a spray  
 Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.  
 "What shall I say, brave Adm'ral, say,  
 If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"  
 "Why, you shall say, at break of day,  
 'Sail on! Sail on! Sail on! and on!'"

They sailed, and sailed, as winds might blow,  
 Until at last the blanched mate said:  
 "Why, now not even God would know  
 Should I and all my men fall dead.  
 These very winds forget their way,  
 For God from these dread seas is gone.  
 Now speak, brave Adm'ral; speak, and say——"  
 He said: "Sail on! Sail on! and on!"

They sailed! They sailed! Then spake the mate:  
 "This mad sea shows its teeth to-night;  
 He curls his lip, he lies in wait  
 With lifted teeth, as if to bite!  
 Brave Adm'ral, say but one good word,——  
 What shall we do when hope is gone?"  
 The words leaped as a leaping sword:  
 "Sail on! Sail on! Sail on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,  
 And peered through darkness. Ah, that night  
 Of all dark nights! And then a speck—  
 A light! A light! A light! A light!  
 It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!  
 It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.  
 He gained a world; he gave that world  
 Its grandest lesson: "On! sail on!"



## FLORENCE VANE

BY PHILIP PENDLETON COOKE

1816—1850

I loved thee long and dearly,  
 Florence Vane;  
 My life's bright dream and early  
 Hath come again;  
 I renew in my fond vision  
 My heart's dear pain,  
 My hopes and thy derision,  
 Florence Vane!

The ruin, lone and hoary,  
 The ruin old,  
 Where thou didst hark my story,  
 At even told,  
 That spot, the hues elysian  
 Of sky and plain  
 I treasure in my vision,  
 Florence Vane!

Thou wast lovelier than the roses  
 In their prime;  
 Thy voice excelled the closes  
 Of sweetest rhyme;  
 Thy heart was as a river  
 Without a main,  
 Would I had loved thee never,  
 Florence Vane.

But fairest, coldest wonder!  
 Thy glorious clay  
 Lieth the green sod under;  
 Alas the day!  
 And it boots not to remember  
 Thy disdain,  
 To quicken love's pale ember,  
 Florence Vane!

The lilies of the valley  
 By young graves weep,  
 The daisies love to dally  
 Where maidens sleep,  
 May their bloom, in beauty vying,  
 Never wane  
 Where thine earthly part is lying,  
 Florence Vane.



# A NEW ENGLAND DIPLOMAT

## Or

# JOHN QUINCY ADAMS AND THE GHENT TREATY

BY JOHN G. WINANT.

**I**N March, 1813, the Emperor of Russia offered his services as mediator, between the United States and Great Britain, with the hope of terminating the war then existing between these two nations. His probable object was to relieve England of the burden of war in America, so that she could concentrate her whole strength against Napoleon. The United States Government acceded at once to the proposition and dispatched as Commissioners Messrs. Gallatin and Bayard, who were to act jointly with Mr. Adams. The English Government, however, refused to mediate.

Gallatin and Bayard, allowed by Castlereagh's courtesy to visit England, crossed the Channel in April and established themselves in London where Gallatin remained until the middle of June "striving with tact, caution, and persistency to bring both governments on common ground; but the attempt was hopeless."

Some idea of the attitude of the English may be gathered from the London newspapers of the day. When commissioners to negotiate for peace with the United States were at last appointed, to meet American Commissioners at Ghent, the "Times" gave the following instructions "Our demands may be couched in a single word,—Submission!" The virulent invective heaped upon the mild Mr. Madison is hard for an American to understand. The vituperation reached such an extent that we find him habitually referred to as an "imposter," a "liar," "that contemptible wretch," and his actions described as "the lunatic ravings of the philosophic statesman at Washington," or, again, as "dirty swindling manoeuvres." This position

assumed by the British press gives us an idea of some of the difficulties that confronted our peace negotiation.

The United States had renewed the powers of Messrs. Adams, Bayard, and Gallatin and added Jonathan Russel, then minister to Sweden, and Henry Clay. England had deputed Lord Gambier, an admiral, Dr. Adams, a publicist, and Mr. Gaulburn, a member of Parliament and under Secretary of State. The Americans had reached Ghent the early part of July, but it was not until August 7th that the British delegation arrived.

Owing to the fact that the Senate had refused to confirm Mr. Gallatin's nomination until he had resigned his position as Secretary of the Treasury, his name appeared last upon the list of commissioners, while that of Mr. Adams stood first. This was an unfortunate incident, as Mr. Gallatin was peculiarly fitted to moderate the difference that must arise from so discordant a body as the American Commission. Furthermore he was the senior member of that body, a warm personal friend of the President, and from the beginning of the administration his most trusted advisor. Mr. Adams, on the contrary, was by temperament little suited to the position of moderator at any time, and peculiarly unfitted for the post on this occasion because his political proclivities represented no one but himself and a powerless minority.

The best sketch we have of the American delegation is given in the voluminous writings of John Quincy Adams. We know that in the beginning all the delegates were "in perfect good understanding and good humor with one an-



other." That at this time Mr. Adams considered Clay as one of "the most amiable and finest temper'd men in the world" and although he may never have retreated from his position as to the latter qualification, certainly he would have given a new interpretation to his words. It is at any rate between Mr. Adams and Mr. Clay that the greatest altercations took place, partly because of disposition, largely on account of the different interests each was compelled to support. "I dined again at the table d'hôte at one. The other gentlemen dined together at four. They sit after dinner, and drink bad wine and smoke again, which neither suits my habits nor my health, and absorbs time which I can ill spare." And again, writing in his journal some days later Adams notes, that "just before rising I heard Mr. Clay's company retiring from his chamber." We see underlying the following remarks the warring interests of the east and west: "Mr. Clay lost his temper, as he generally does whenever the right to navigate the Mississippi is discussed;" or, how "Mr. Clay, who was determined to foresee no public misfortune in our affairs, bears them with less temper, now they have come, than any of us; he rails at commerce and the people of Massachusetts, and tells us what wonders the people of Kentucky would do if they should be attacked." The Diary of James Gallatin gives us the picture. "Clay uses strong language to Adams, and Adams returns the compliment. Father looks calmly on with a twinkle in his eye," and then a few days later. "Father can no longer support Mr. Adams; he has tried his patience too far." Even Gallatin had his limitations. And yet for all that, in the midst of these wranglings Adams, in a letter to his wife, paints us in a few words perhaps the best contemporary portrait that we have of Clay, and at the same time gives us a clear insight into his own character. "The greatest diversities of sentiment and the most animated mutual oppositions have been

between this last gentleman (Mr. Clay) and your best friend. They are unquestionably the true members of the mission most under the influence of that irritability which we impute to Mr. Gaulburn: and perhaps it would be difficult to say which of them gives way to it the most. Whether Mr. Clay is as conscious of this infirmity as your friend, whether he has made it as much the study of his life to acquire a victory over it, and whether he feels with as much regret after it has passed every occasion when it proves too strong for him; he knows better than I do. There is the same dogmatical, overbearing manner, the same harshness of look and expression, and the same forgetfulness of the courtesies of society in both. An impartial person judging between them, I think, would say that one has the strongest, and the other the most cultivated understanding; that one has the most ardency, and the other the most experience of mankind; that one has a mind more gifted by nature, and the other a mind less cankered by prejudice. Mr. Clay is by ten years the younger man of the two, and as such has perhaps more claim to indulgence for irritability." And then he adds, and it has been corroborated by other members of the commission that "Nothing of this weakness has been shown in our conference with the British plenipotentiaries. From two of them, and particularly from Mr. Gaulburn, we have endured much; but I do not recollect that one expression has escaped the lips of anyone of us that we would wish to be recalled." We find him writing on September 27, "Mr. Gallatin keeps and increases his influence over us all. It would have been an irreparable loss if our country had been deprived of the benefit of his talents in this negotiation."

Both the character and attainments of the Chevalier Bayard, as well as those of Mr. Gallatin are summed up in the following paragraph: "I can scarcely express to you how much both he and Mr. Gallatin have risen in my esteem

since we have been here, living together. Mr. Gallatin has not quite so constant a supremacy over his own emotions; yet he seldom yields to an ebullition of temper, and recovers from it immediately. He has a faculty, when discussion grows too warm, of turning off its edge by a joke, which I envy him more than all his other talents, and he has in his character one of the most extraordinary combinations of stubbornness and of flexibility that I ever met within man. His greatest fault I think to be an ingenuity sometimes intrenching upon ingenuousness. Mr. Russell, the youngest member of the commission, was a man of lesser parts. We are told that he had "the greatest deference for the opinions of Mr. Clay."

In order to get some idea of Mr. Adams, we are forced to turn to a statement made some years later by Gallatin. "John Q. Adams is a virtuous man whose temper, which is not the best, might be overlooked; he has a very great and miscellaneous knowledge, and he is with his pen a powerful debator; but he wants, to a deplorable degree, that most essential quality, a sound and correct judgment." Not an opinion to be criticized in the same light as Andrew Jackson's ribald reference to "that damned old scoundrel J. Q. Adams;" but one that certainly does not do exact justice to the man who, for more than fifty years was in the employ of the United States Government and who, over that long period of service, held with honor and distinction the highest offices that it was within the power of the American people to bestow. Perhaps the only way we can get a correct understanding of the man is to turn to his Memoirs and there behind idiosyncrasies, clouded by irritability, and hidden under oddities and peculiarities there stands out a character of sterling firmness that grows as we read. In James Gallatin's Diary written December 27, three days after the mission had come to a successful close, we find a short reference to Adams. "At first I

did not like him, but now will be sorry when we part." Little to advantage could be added to this simple tribute.

Albert Gallatin had but a poor opinion of the English delegation and we are told on good authority "that he attached but little importance to them as they are but the puppets of Lords Castlereagh and Liverpool." Adams shows a higher regard for their abilities. "They are certainly not mean men, who have been opposed to us; but for extent and copiousness of information, for sagacity and shrewdness of comprehension, for vivacity of intellect, and fertility of resource, there is certainly not among them a man equal to Mr. Gallatin."

The London "Morning Chronicle" of August 9 probably echoed the surprise of the best informed of its readers at the appointment of Lord Gambier to head the mission "who was a post-captain in 1794, and happened to fight the "Defence" decently in Lord Howe's action; who slumbered for some time as a Junior Lord of the Admiralty; who sung psalms, said prayers, and assisted in the burning of Copenhagen, for which he was made a Lord." Henry Adams was undoubtedly right when he claimed "that what ever advantage diplomacy offered" Lord Castlereagh sacrificed. And Wellington's statement in the House of Lords afterward, that "in his opinion the American Commissioners had shown a most astonishing superiority over the British during the whole of the correspondence" is to be taken rather as a severe arraignment of the British diplomats than any attempt to compliment the American Delegation.

It was on the afternoon of August 8, that the first conference took place at the Hotel des Pays Bas, the Americans having declined to meet the English at their apartment. After the usual formalities had been gone through with, the Englishmen presented the points which they were authorized to discuss—(1) Impressment and allegiance; (2) the Indians and their boundary, a *sine qua non*; (3) the Canadian boundary;

(4) the privilege of landing and drying fish within British jurisdiction. The Americans we are told, not realizing the full extent of the English demands "were not so much surprised as unable to answer them." The next day, however, they made known the subjects on which they were instructed, which included the first and third points taken up by the British, a consideration of the subject of a definition of a blockade, also other neutral and belligerent rights, and to present claims for indemnities in certain cases of capture and seizure. They further stated that they had no instructions, although they expressed their willingness to discuss anything. In the conversation following it was found that the English *sine qua non* included the erection of an Indian Territory with the American Domain. This proposition the Americans refused to consider and the conference was postponed until the English Commissions could receive further instructions. On August 19, the Commissioners again met the English having received a reply from their government. These supplementary instructions included, however, in the *sine qua non*, not only the demand for an Indian Domain, but that the United States should have no armed force of any kind on the Great Lakes, and that a part of Maine should be ceded to Canada without "any views to an acquisition of territory as such, but for the purpose of securing her possessions and preventing future disputes." To which the Americans replied with "a unanimous and decided negative." It is at this time that we find Gallatin writing to Dallas: "Our negotiations may be considered as at an end" and Adams of the same opinion "Our reply will bring the negotiation very shortly to a close." Clay alone held out hopes, or as Adams expressed it, "had an inconceivable idea that they will recede from the ground they have taken." At any rate the negotiations stood still for more than a month. At the end of that time the English had retracted their position in regard to the

Indian territory, the United States having expressed their willingness to recognize the Indians as an independent nation, although refusing to include them in the treaty. This plan was accepted by the English ministry. The removal of the difficulty together with instructions from Monroe written as early as June 27, allowing the delegates "to omit any stipulation on the subject of impressment" gave new hope of success.

In the Diary of James Gallatin there is recorded for September 4th the following "Father is quite convinced that Mr. Gaulburn has made some serious mistakes and that he has been reprimanded," and in a confidential dispatch from the Duke of Wellington which Gallatin received November 28 we find this suspicion corroborated. "Mr. Gaulburn has made grave errors and Lord Castlereagh has read him a sharp lesson," and just above it, "I now feel that peace is shortly in view." It is interesting in that it shows Gallatin's keen penetration; but more particularly as it was probably the first reliable assurance that the Americans received that England seriously intended to make peace.

The British Commissions sent a note on the 21st of October claiming that all negotiations be conducted on the basis of *uti possidatis*. The American Commissions answered in a note three days later refusing to treat on the basis of *uti possidatis* but only on the basis of *status qua ante bellum*. The stand thus assumed by the Americans angered the British ministry, and caused them serious embarrassment. The British expedition had been a great disappointment. The Czar's conduct at Vienna had alarmed Europe. France was in an unsettled state, the rate of marine insurance caused by the war was a daily irritation, and both Liverpool and Castlereagh realized that 'the continuance of the American war would entail a prodigious expense.' It was decided to refer the matter to the Duke of Wellington and in a reply which had great weight with the British ministry he



stated his opinions: "In regard to your present negotiation, I confess that I think you have no right, from the state of the war, to demand any concession of territory from America.... You cannot on any principle of equality in negotiation claim a concession of territory excepting in exchange for other advantages which you have in your power..... Then, if this reasoning be true, why stipulate for the *uti possidatis*? You can get no territory; indeed, the state of your military operations, however creditable does not entitle you to demand any." A position to which the English Government quickly retracted. From this time forward peace was assured, provided Gallatin could keep in line Henry Clay, representative of Western interests, and John Q. Adams, in a peculiar sense a son of New England. The Treaty of 1783 had recognized the American fishing rights in British waters, and acknowledged the right of England to navigate the Mississippi. The latter grant was caused by a misunderstanding of the Canadian boundary line which was supposed to touch upon the headwaters of that river, while the American grant had been given over by Great Britain on the insistent demands of the elder Adams. Even now as we find the son wrangling and rowing to maintain this right, the father was writing to William Cranch "Our fisheries have not been abandoned. They cannot be abandoned. They shall not be abandoned. We hold them by no grant, gift, bargain, sale, or last will and testament ...but from God and our own swords."

The Canadians, on the other hand, had insisted that their government could not "too often urge the important policy ....of wholly excluding foreigners from sharing again in the advantages of the fisheries." Clay was apt to belittle New England's interest in this matter, and further argued "that now that the whole course of the Mississippi is known and admitted to be within the well defined limits of the United States

there is no more reason for England to claim equal rights upon the Mississippi than for the United States to claim equal rights in the navigation of the Thames." It was the tact of Gallatin, together with Adams' tenacity of purpose that prevented the cancelling of these two privileges. In the end both matters were excluded from the Treaty "to be referred to further negotiations."

On December 24th the Treaty of Peace was accepted and signed by the Commissions of both powers and later ratified by their Governments.

The war had been waged because of interference with our trade, right of search and impressment, the alleged British intrigues with the Indians and other similar causes no one of which is mentioned in the Treaty. It did little more than proclaim "a firm and universal peace between His Britannic Majesty and the United States, and between their respective countries." Clay, in his impetuous way, annoyed because of the omission of the Mississippi clause, pronounced it "a damn bad treaty." But older and perhaps wiser heads thought differently. Madison in forwarding the Treaty to the Senate congratulates that body "and our constituents upon an event which is highly honorable to the nation, and terminates with peculiar facility a campaign signalized by the most brilliant success." John Adams, writing to Floyd limits his enthusiasm "In your note of the 13th you congratulate me on the 'news of the day.' On the news from New Orleans, I reciprocate your congratulations. On the news of peace, I say 'rejoice always in all things.'" But it is not to the ardent Kentuckian, nor to Mr. Adams, or even to President Madison that we must turn for the opinion of the wiser men of that day; but rather to a single line addressed to the chief executive, by the aged Jefferson, the Sage of Montecello. "I sincerely congratulate you on the peace, and more especially on the eclat with which the war closed."

# SHALL IT BE "THREE FOR ONE" OR "ONE FOR THREE?"

The Legislature of 1921 enacted a statute providing that towns should elect one selectman each year to serve for a term of three years, instead of selecting three selectmen at each town meeting. A great deal of dissatisfaction has been shown by various towns under the new system and in the legislature of 1923 a determined attempt was made to repeal the law. As the fourth in its series of controversies the GRANITE MONTHLY presents below the opinions of two men, each a citizen of a small New Hampshire town, who differ upon this question.

## The Advantages of the New System

*"The present system marks a great step in advance in New Hampshire town government. It is sane, reasonable and conservative—it should be given a fair trial."*

*To the Editor of the Granite Monthly:*

THE Legislature of 1921 enacted a law which should be extremely beneficial to the towns of this state. This law directed that each town should elect one selectman each year to serve a term of three years rather than to pursue the old method of electing the entire board every March. Considerable dissatisfaction has been expressed in various localities over this change, and a determined effort was made in the Legislature of 1923 to secure the passage of a bill repealing the former measure and leaving the entire matter optional with the towns themselves. Fortunately this attempt failed and the bill was killed by that group of executioners—the Senate.

The new system inaugurated by the Legislature of 1921 is immensely superior to the old from a business point of view, because it insures the continuance of experienced men in office and guards against sudden and radical changes in the policy of conducting business. The invariable custom in business enterprises of institutions which are conducted by boards of directors, trustees, or governors, is to arrange their terms of office to overlap in such a manner that only a small fraction of the board shall be chosen at each meeting or election. This precaution is consid-

ered necessary from a business standpoint to keep a majority of experienced men on the directing board. It is time that the people of New Hampshire realize that the selectmen of a town are supposed to be a business board of directors, conducting the business of the town in the most economical and expeditious manner possible. Success in this endeavor requires experience. To be sure under the old system there were many towns which kept the same board, or at least the same chairman, for many years in succession. But, on the other hand, the majority of communities were prone to become dissatisfied with the service of their officials, or shift the balance of their political sentiment and elect a green board of selectmen every year or so.

The new system is useful in that it precludes some of the political practices which were prevalent under the old. Nowhere on earth is there more politics played than in town affairs. The chief reason for which many advocate the return of the old system is the fact that under the old system there were more offices each year for them to disburse among their political henchmen. Moreover, the old system was largely responsible for the "one man" towns of New Hampshire. Some shrewd and astute village politician would establish himself like Jethro Bass as the "first se-

lectman" of the township and for many years reign as king of his rustic realm, creating puppets to serve in a minor capacity upon the board with him, but in reality he could say in the words of Louis XIV, "I am the state." The new system carries with it the custom of rotation of chairmen, each member of the board serving in that capacity during the third year of his term, having had the experience of the first two years under the leadership of others. This not only precludes the one man rule but trains a number of citizens in the duties of the office, which is of inestimable value to the community.

Supporters of the old system have often asserted that it aroused a more general interest in the town meeting and secured a larger attendance because of the larger number of officers to be elected and the numerous personal contests which resulted therefrom. It is hardly a potent argument for retaining a poor system to claim that a great many people come out "to see the fight." There was unquestionably a vivid interest in the town meeting in the days when New England rum flowed freely and in-

ebriated citizens were carried into the hall to cast their vote. Very few of us, however, would care to return to those days for the sake of added attendance at the March election.

In the last place, the weakest thing about the proposition of repealing the present law is the fact that it leaves the matter optional with the town. It is all very well to prate about home rule in a town but it is necessary that one system be followed consistently throughout the state to avoid hopeless confusion, and it is also true that the leaving of this matter optional would place a perpetual bone of contention in the town meeting, and many a town would be changing from one system to the other so rapidly that they would never know where they were at.

The present system marks a great step in advance in New Hampshire town government. It is sane, reasonable and conservative, and though there are those who clamor against it as they clamor against all improvements, it should be given a fair trial.

Respectfully yours,

JAMES M. BALDWIN.

## Why We Should Return to the Former System

*"It seems to me that this question concerning the election and term of office of selectmen might safely, and should by right, be left to the towns themselves to decide."*

*To the Editor of the Granite Monthly:*

**A**S the time of the town elections draws near, and the minds of the voters are turning to the selection of town officers, we are once more reminded of the question which was debated so hotly in the last legislature regarding the election of selectmen.

As the law now stands, the towns have no voice in determining the length of the term of office. I think that this, in itself, is radically wrong. The poli-

cy of the state of New Hampshire, throughout its history, has been to permit its towns to decide for themselves, all questions pertaining to local government which did not effect the state at large. During the last few years, the tide has seemed to set in the other direction and the tendency has been for the government at Concord to dictate to the towns along nearly every line of their activity. It seems to me that this question concerning the election and



term of office of selectmen might safely, and should by right, be left to the towns themselves to decide.

Personally, I believe that a one year term is preferable to a three year term for the following reasons:

In the first place, it brings a candidate to the attention of the voters more often and he will consequently follow their wishes more closely. Depending upon the fact that political memory is sometimes short in many cases a man elected for three years might feel less keenly the wishes of the voters with his next contest in the far distant future. Often times a board elected for three years are enabled to pursue a policy in direct opposition to the wishes of the town for a long period. Under the old system, an official of this character would be ousted, while on the other hand, if his conduct in office were satisfactory, he would be re-elected many times as is evidenced by the fact that there are many men in the state who have served upon boards of selectmen for twenty or more consecutive years.

Another reason why I believe in the one year term lies in the possibility it affords of retaining one chairman permanently. Under the new system, there has been inaugurated, the custom of automatically changing chairmen each year by assuming that the officer, serving his third year, shall be chairman. Obvious-

ly, this rotation is, in many cases, unfortunate, and greatly inferior to the old method of keeping an experienced man at the helm.

But there is one argument which to my mind outweighs all others. For many years, the New Hampshire town meeting has been a gathering of intense interest to the entire populace of the township. The custom has prevailed in many places of selecting the three candidates for the board of selectmen from different sections of the town. This meant that all the voters would turn out, each one having a candidate in his own locality to command his support. This general interest on the part of the voters has been of inestimable value to New Hampshire towns because the people once attracted to the meeting, by the contests of candidates, remained to register their judgment upon matters of town policy and the appropriation of money. The new method of electing only one selectman each year has in many cases made it impossible to interest the people of the whole town in the meeting and has resulted in a decrease of attendance. In many cases a handful of people living in the center of the village have transacted the business for the whole town.

Very respectfully yours,

GEORGE A. BLANCHARD.

## Opposition to Resurrection of Free Seeds

A press despatch from Washington, D. C., appearing in several of the Massachusetts newspapers has drawn fire from many of the leading farmers of New Hampshire. This despatch stated that there was a movement on foot in Washington to resurrect the old fraud of free government seeds. It states that representative Langley of Kentucky, Republican, thinks the situation is so important that Congress should

vote some garden seed measure at once and states that he will introduce a bill calling for \$500,000 to be available immediately. When this item was read by some of the good citizens of New Hampshire, it brought forth some very caustic, plain spoken statements for in New Hampshire the sentiment is practically 100% in opposition to any movement to resurrect this old political humbug.

# MY OLD NEW HAMPSHIRE HOME.

Words by  
ANDREW B. STERLING.

Music by  
HARRY VON TILZER.

*Andante.*

Introducción *p dolce.* *rit.*

1. Far a - way on the hills of old New Hamp- shire, Ma-ny  
2. In my dreams by the stream last night I wan- dered, And I

years a - go we part- ed, Ruth and I; By the stream where we wan-dered in the  
thought my love was stand- ing by my side; Once a - gain then I told her that I

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1. Far away on the hills of old New Hampshire,  
Many years ago we parted, Ruth and I;  
By the stream where we wandered in the gloaming,  
It was there I kissed my love a sad good-bye,  
She clung to me and trembled when I told her,  
And pleadingly she begged of me to stay;—  
We parted, and I left her broken hearted,  
In the old New Hampshire village far away,——

Refrain—Now the sunshine lin  
In the wild-wood wh  
In the village church  
On the hills of my o

NOTE—No sweeter ballad has ever been written than "My Old New Hampshire," "My Old Kentucky Home," "In the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia," and other New Hampshire's ballad is sung in nearly every state except New Hampshire, where would intensify loyalty to the Granite State more than the sound of this strain in h  
MONTHLY takes pleasure in presenting to its readers this copy of the old ballad, i  
It will be noted that the border drawn by Elizabeth Shurtleff represents New for use. A limited number of additional song sheets can be obtained on application.

gloom - ing, It was  
loved her, Once a

*Piu mos-*  
bye, She clung to  
bride; And as I

*Piu mos-*

*rit.*  
plead- ing-ly she begged of me to  
called her, but she was not there to

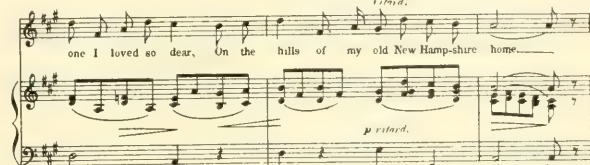
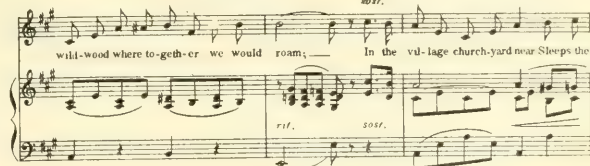
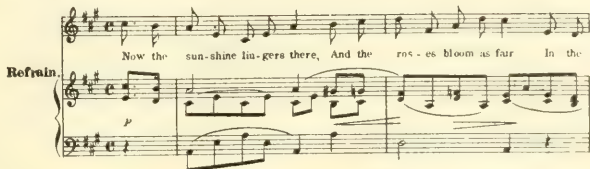
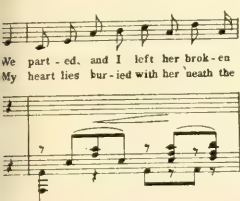
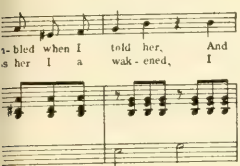
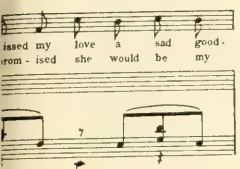
*rit.*

*roll.*  
heart- ed, In the old New  
wil - low, In the old New

*roll.*







2. In my dreams by the stream last night I wandered,  
And I thought my love was standing by my side;  
Once again then I told her that I loved her,  
Once again she promised she would be my bride;  
And as I stooped to kiss her I awakened,  
I called her, but she was not there to hear.—  
My heart lies buried with her 'neath the willow,  
In the old New Hampshire home I love so dear.—

ere, And the roses bloom as fair  
gether we would roam;—  
ear sleeps the one I loved so dear,  
w Hampshire home.—

ome." Many states have been famed in songs which are familiar to all of us.  
ge of like character have solidified the love of the sons of these commonwealths.  
ge to say, few people are familiar with more than its opening lines. Nothing  
and gatherings all over the state. As an act of state patriotism the GRANITE  
pes that it will be once more introduced to the singing public of New Hampshire.  
shshire's state flower, and the entire sheet can be readily taken from the magazine  
n the GRANITE MONTHLY.—The Editor.





## OSCAR E. BRADFUTE

Oscar E. Bradfute, president of the American Farm Bureau Federation, who spoke before the annual banquet of the New Hampshire Farm Bureau Federation in Concord, January 16th.

"**W**ON'T you smoke, Mr. Bradfute?" I asked.

"No," he replied, "I never smoke."

Now somehow he looked like a man who would enjoy smoking, and besides I had seen him take two whacking big cups of black coffee, and it is my experience that a man who likes strong coffee enjoys a strong cigar. At my exclamation of surprise, Mr. Bradfute looked up and smiling at my astonishment said, "Thereby hangs a story."

"When I was a boy of about ten years of age," he began, "my city cousin came down to visit us on the farm at Harvest time. Mother set us to stripping the roasting corn. Now my city cousin did not know much about farming but he knew about a lot of other things. He and I too for that matter thought the silk of the corn mighty pretty, and he judged that it would make good smoking. So we laid our plans.

Well—we tried the green silk first and it didn't work, but I knew where we could get some dry silk. We went over and climbed up into the corn rick and started in. Just as we got going mother called up and told us to take our play and go into the barn where we could keep an eye on my little sister of two years old. Of course, she did not know what we were doing. We went to the barn. Now the harvest was over and the barn was full of grain and hay and all the tools had been put away. It was brim full. Well, we started in smoking and the first thing I knew there were little flames shooting through the hay. We fanned them with our hats, hoping to put them out, and, of course, they got worse."

A silence followed. He drew a long breath and I could see all the terror and horror of that boyhood experience pass his face. "Yes," he said, "the barn went,

every bit of it," and he paused. "It was a Monday. The insurance had run out on Saturday—I cried myself to sleep that night, I could not think of any punishment too severe for what I had done. My father never said a word then but the next morning he called me to him. "Well," he said quietly, "I understand you know a whole lot about what happened yesterday."

"Yes sir."

"What do you think I ought to do?—give you a licking?"

"Yes sir," I said quickly, feeling very glad to get off so easily, but my father said, "That wouldn't do you any good. You feel as badly as you can about it. I tell you," he said, "I guess you have done more smoking in one day than most men do all their lives. Will you make me a promise—promise me you will never take a smoke." And I promised. It was a boy's promise to be sure, but I have kept it. Somehow my father was so decent, so kind about it I could never break it, but, he smiled, "I often get into groups where the men seem to enjoy their smoking so much that I sometimes think that it would be mighty nice if I could smoke. But I can't. It sank too deep."

And Mr. Bradfute looks like a man who would keep his promises. Standing, over six feet high, with a keen quick glance, he has the face of a fighter. His hands are the big, knotty hands of a farmer. For like all the presidents of the American Farm Bureau Federation, Mr. Bradfute is a "dirt farmer." His farm in Ohio has been in his family for 104 years. He is the third generation to work on the same land. His two sons who have both decided to keep on with the farm will make the fourth generation of father to son.

The Bradfutes have always been progressive farmers. As far back as in

1847 his grandfather brought to the farm one of the first Duroc Jersey hogs.

Mr. Bradfute has held many positions of trust in his own state, having served as President of the Ohio Farm Bureau Federation, trustee of the State Agricultural College and as a prominent official in the Grange.

Here are some of the high lights of Mr. Bradfute's address:

Agriculture is the biggest business in the world. It represents an invested capital of more than eighty billion dollars and doing

a business of more than fifteen billion dollars a year.

The Farmers of the nation must solve their own problems.

The Farm Bureau is in many ways a cafeteria lunch. You can go into it and sit still as long as you like and no one will bring you anything, but if you go into it and help yourself, you will reap all the benefits that others are reaping.

There is no place for radicals in our organization.

The Farm Bureau is your organization, was created and is now in existence, merely to help the farmers of this nation. When you realize this fact you will be a real member.

## CONCORD'S NEW MAYOR

BY H. STYLES BRIDGES

EVERYBODY knows of the man who stated that he would rather be right than President, but no one until recently has heard of a man who had rather find his lost dog than be elected mayor of the Capitol City of the State. This is a statement made by Hon. Willis H. Flint, Mayor-Elect of Concord, New Hampshire, a few days before the election and it is interesting to note that he not only found his dog but was elected by a good majority as Mayor of Concord.

Willis H. Flint, Mayor-Elect of Concord is a progressive and wide awake business man whom everyone has a good word for and a great tribute is passed him by citizens of the capitol city, when he is called "just one of the boys."

Mr. Flint was born in Orleans, Ver-

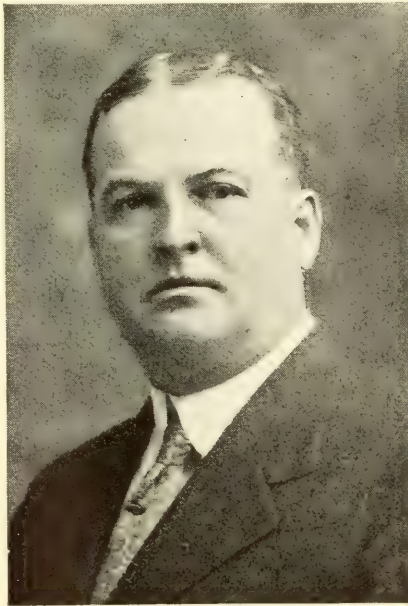
mont in 1873. His father died when he was one week old. His mother married again, his step-father being a prominent newspaper man in that town. He

was educated in the public schools of Orleans, being considered a pupil of above the average in his studies. When seventeen years of age, he left Orleans, going to Newport, Vermont, where he took a clerical position in a dry-goods store in that town. After a year or two in Newport he went to Barre, Vermont, where he took a similar position in a large store.

Mr. Flint then left Vermont, going to Massachusetts, in those days looked upon as the land of

opportunity in New England. He became one of Lowell's most successful business men.

For several years prior to his election



Hon. Willis H. Flint

as Mayor, Mr. Flint has been interested in politics. In 1922 he was the Democratic candidate for senator in district No. 15 and came within 89 votes of the total received by Benjamin Orr of Concord, who was elected. Although a Democrat in politics, Mr. Flint is open minded on all questions and was elected Mayor in a non-partisan election. He states that he will endeavor to conduct the city affairs on that basis during his term of office.

The old saying that we are a Democrat or a Republican because our father and grandfathers happened to be a Democrat or a Republican does not hold true with Willis Flint, for all of Mr. Flint's ancestors were Republicans in politics and Mr. Flint is the first of his family to raise the Democratic standards. He states that he is a Democrat because he

believes that the Common people of the state and nation have been best served by this party in the past and that their hopes in the future can best be realized with the Democrats in power.

The contest for Mayor in Concord, in which Mr. Flint was elected, was notable in the extent of the friendly feeling existing between the two candidates. When Mr. Flint was elected, the first to congratulate him was Mayor Chamberlin and since that time the retiring Mayor has extended his personal efforts to acquaint Mr. Flint with the details of the post.

In Willis H. Flint, Concord has its youngest mayor for many years, but she is confident that this aggressive and popular business man will give the city an excellent administration.

## LITTLE ROLLO'S LESSON IN POLITICS

BY HOBART PILLSBURY

"I see by the papers," said Little Rollo as he finished reading the New Hampshire Democratic Bulletin, "that Governor Brown is a candidate for vice president?"

"Which Governor Brown?" we asked.

"The papers don't say," replied Little Rollo, "but it must be the one that believes in eight hours. Well, anyway, he's been nominated for vice president by Robert Jackson."

"Not nominated, Rollo," we interrupted, "placed in nomination. There's a distinction."

"A distinction without a difference, I suppose?"

"Sometimes, there is a difference. Many are called, but few are chosen."

"You will recall," we explained to Little Rollo, "that Noah Webster, who wrote the dictionary, was a man who appreciated the fine distinctions of life. Drunk or sober, he never used a wrong word. Once his wife went away which gave him an opportunity to break loose from the conventionalities and, that

being in the pre-Volstead era, to mingle in the company of convivial friends in his own home.

"Mrs. Webster unexpectedly returned and found Noah in a sorry plight under the table.

"'Why, Noah,' she exclaimed, 'I'm surprised!'

"'No,' said the famous man, 'I'm surprised. You're astonished!'

"Well, its a great thing to be placed in nomination," said Little Rollo, seeking to draw us out.

"It is, indeed. And to nominate somebody for vice president is no small undertaking."

"How do you know?"

"From personal experience. We helped to place Hiram Noone of Peterborough in nomination for vice president in the last campaign. Major Noone was then fresh from his triumphs on the Mexican border where he had led his personally equipped regiment. It was three years in advance of the convention and naturally, it takes more



courage to nominate a man three years ahead than it does the day before."

"Did the nomination take?" asked Little Rollo.

"It took, but it didn't last. Major Noone was an ideal candidate for vice president. But before the convention met, he offered publicly to buy the Boston and Maine railroad. The public got scared of a candidate so reckless with his own money."

"Did you ever help nominate anybody where it took?"

"A great many, Rollo, a great many in the old days. I can remember when a round of ales in the old Bell-In-Hand would nominate anybody, with fair qualifications, to a seat in the New Hampshire legislature. A candidate who bought two rounds could not only be nominated but elected."

"There was once a man nominated for governor of New Hampshire in the bar-room of the Eagle Hotel by some traveling salesmen who didn't even vote in this state. The candidate didn't know that, however."

"What do you think of the governor's chances?" said Little Rollo.

"I understand he has excellent prospects. Rob Jackson is for him, in his usual quiet and reticent manner."

### The Bok Peace Prize

"What about Mr. Bok's peace plan?"

"Dartmouth college is for it, Rollo, and Senator Moses is having it investigated. The ministers are for it, and the New Hampshire League of Nations Association."

"I thought the League of Nations was dead," interrupted Little Rollo. "Seems to me I read where Mr. Coolidge said so."

"It is dead," we elucidated, "the same as the woman's poll tax. You will remember that in 1920 George Harvey proved to the United States that we were damned well out of the mess. We did nothing to help clean up the mess in 1921 and 1922. The mess was worse than ever in 1923. That proves that

we were damned well out of it."

"Governor Brown says he will not call the Con. Con. together again, don't he?" queried Little Rollo.

"You refer, no doubt to Amoskeag Brown, in this case, not to Silent Fred. It is true that Governor Brown, meaning the one who handled the Con. Con. for the people, has declined to assemble once more the delegates."

"Why not?"

"They have nearly all died off. And, besides, it would be hard work to pry their salaries loose from George Far-  
rand, the state treasurer."

"What is a Con. Con?"

"Contrary to the general understanding, Rollo, a Con. Con. has nothing whatever to do with a Con. game. The Con. Con. is quite serious business. It meets in between the Winter Carnivals and the baseball season and fixes up new income taxes and regulates the diameter of trees. It also reduces the size of the New Hampshire Legislature."

"Is that a good idea?"

"The people don't think so. They want the Legislature larger. There are lots of women, Rollo, who have never been to the Legislature. The men have all been, but if the Legislature were larger, the women could go, too."

"I see the Farm Bureaus say that taxation is the paramount issue."

"Yes, it is. You have heard of Paramount pictures? Well, a Paramount Issue is something that everybody gets excited about, like Eight Hours, or who shall be chairman of the Manchester Finance Commission. It is something fundamental."

"I don't believe in it."

"You believe in the New Hampshire Legislature, don't you?"

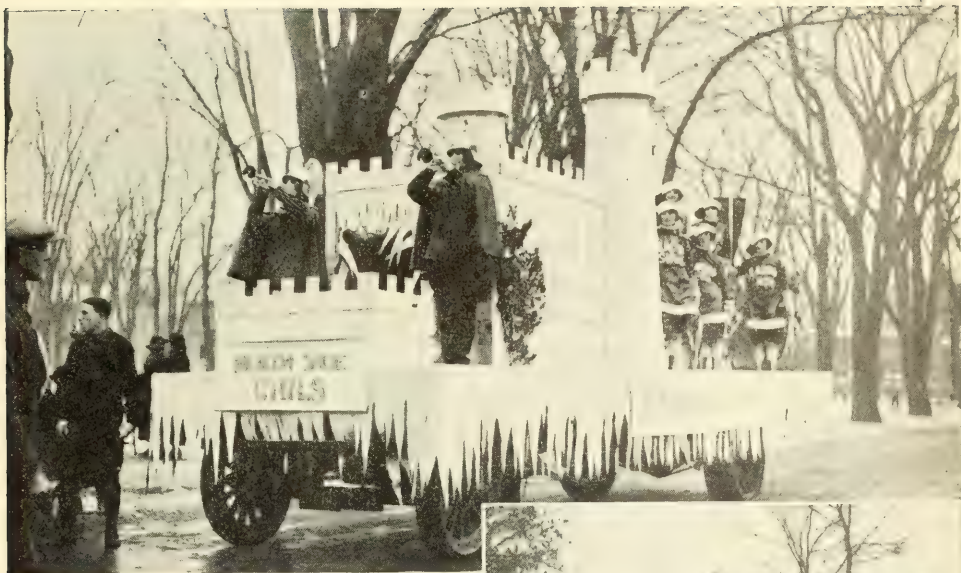
"Yes, but I don't believe all of us came from monkeys. George Sibley says that his folks came from down on the Kennebec."

Little Rollo dropped the conversation to begin reading an article by Warren Billings, entitled, "The Granite Monthly as an Immorale Magazine."

PICTURES OF THE MANCHESTER CARNIVAL







Left Page—

- (1) Corey-Williams Needle Company's float Photo—J. B. Varick Co.
- (2 and 3) Fancy Skating
- (4) "7-20-4 Girls"

Right Page—

- (1) Beacon Girls' float of the F. M. Hoyt Shoe Company, winners of first prize.
- (2) Champion Ski Jumper
- (3) Cigar Makers' Union Float.

All other photos by Union-Leader.





# CONGRESSIONAL CANDIDATES

## First District

THE political conflict which bids fair to be most hotly disputed in the coming election is the contest in the first congressional district. This particular election is extremely fascinating to those who love a real fight because indications are that it will be waged between young, vigorous and aggressive candidates. The complaint that New Hampshire politics are being played by old men, received its first check last year when "Bill" Rogers of Wakefield beat out the field and won his seat in Congress.

As a sportsman and a campaigner, Mr. Rogers has few equals in this or any other state. His career in New Hampshire politics has been almost meteoric. "Billy" Ahern and other veterans of the Legislature love to tell of the session when young Rogers came up from the little town of Wakefield. With a smile of reminiscence they described his first speech in the House, when he was almost physically propelled upon the floor by his friends, who desired to give the young man a chance, where he stood in helpless bewilderment scarcely able to frame the first halting sentences of his remarks. The smiles change to a glow of admiration, however, as they recount his rapid advancement which soon attracted the attention not only of the members of the House but the entire state. This advancement culminated, perhaps, with his famous speech upon Daniel Webster when in response to the urging of friends from

both parties, with scarcely any opportunity to prepare, he advocated the naming of the present Daniel Webster Highway. Even as William Jennings Bryan's "Cross of Gold and Crown of Thorns" speech instantly raised him from obscurity and made him the presidential nominee of his party, so the address of William N. Rogers sent him to Congress. Probably nobody on earth is more enured to the wiles of oratory,

or more accustomed to the lifting music of the human voice than the New Hampshire House of Representatives. But it is said that the entire House listened with rapt attention to the almost extemporaneous utterance of the young orator, while the galleries and aisles were thronged with visitors, similarly entranced. Rumor has it that even one state senator had enough human feeling still alive in his breast to be thrilled and that a tear was seen to glisten upon the eyelid of a corporation lawyer.



WILLIAM N. ROGERS

"His career in New Hampshire politics has been almost meteoric."

friends, who desired to give the young man a chance, where he stood in helpless bewilderment scarcely able to frame the first halting sentences of his remarks. The smiles change to a glow of admiration, however, as they recount his rapid advancement which soon attracted the attention not only of the members of the House but the entire state. This advancement culminated, perhaps, with his famous speech upon Daniel Webster when in response to the urging of friends from

Nominated for Congress by the Democrats of the first district, he made in 1922 one of the most spectacular campaigns in the history of New Hampshire politics. He carried the district by a large majority, receiving in the city of Manchester alone, some twelve thousand votes more than his opponent. Although a young minority member of the National House, he has received signal recognition and has been named upon important committees. An aggressive politician, a successful lawyer, an exceptional good fellow—it is no



FERNANDO W. HARTFORD

"He started his business life by selling newspapers on the street"

wonder that the Republicans of the first congressional district feel that they have a hard nut to crack.

The Republicans of this district are fully alive to the difficulty of the struggle ahead and are prepared to make every effort to gain the victory. Even as King Richard of old ground his teeth in agony at the sight of Jerusalem in the hands of infidel Saracens, so these Republicans view with horror the atrocity of having the district so long represented by "Cy Sulloway" in the hands of the Democrats.

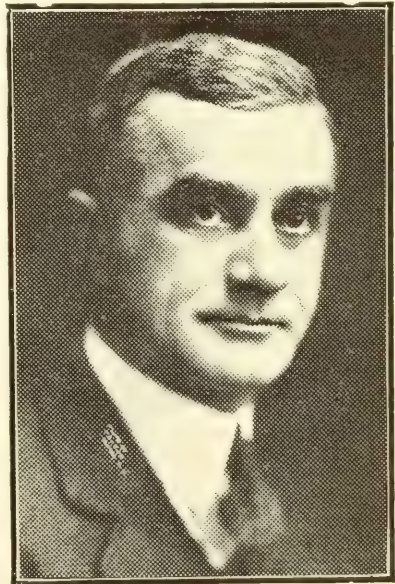
Be it understood that this comparison has no reference to Manchester.

Several strong candidates have been mentioned as likely material, to carry the Republican standard to victory. Those who complain that the Republican party has the tendency to cling to old men and turn its back upon youth should be appeased, for the candidates now discussed are all of them young and vigorous exponents of Republicanism.

Mayor Trudel of Manchester was discussed in connection with the congressional nomination but it is believed that he is not interested in securing it at this

time. Indeed why should a man descend from the throne of the Queen City where he is surrounded by such graceful courtiers as Chief Healey and "handsome" Guy Foster and where he can revel amidst the glamor of countless winter carnivals and spring tag days to assume the very insignificant role in the back seat of the only Legislative body in the world which is larger, more noisy, and more ridiculous than the New Hampshire Legislature.

The announced aspirants for the Republican nomination are the Hon. Fletcher Hale of Laconia and the Hon. Fernando W. Hartford of Portsmouth. Mr. Hale is one of the most popular young men in New Hampshire public life. After his graduation from college he studied law in Littleton, N. H. He could have selected no better school of politics, for Littleton, a town of 2300 voters is so closely divided that elections are lost and won many times by a margin of a dozen votes, and in those hotly disputed elections it is usually necessary to search the participants for concealed



FLETCHER HALE

"One of the most popular young men in New Hampshire public life."

weapons. After leaving Littleton Mr. Hale established himself in Laconia and there rapidly forged to the front in the field of his profession. He is now a member of the State Tax Commission, a post of extreme danger, and the fact that he has so long escaped assassination in his dealings with the tax payers of the state and has retained his popularity with the public is no small tribute to the winsomeness of his personality.

As an orator, Mr. Hale is well suited to match the prowess of Congressman Rogers. As a citizen, he is respected by the entire state. As a man, he is held in affectionate regard by all who know him. Politically he is said to be inclined toward the conservative but though he may be conservative in platform it is safe to assume that if nominated he will be aggressive and progressive in his methods.

Fernando W. Hartford, ex-Mayor of Portsmouth, has won success and wealth as a newspaper man. In the words of the Reepublican Statesman, "He started business life by selling newspapers on

the street and he continues in that line, but he transacts business now at a mahogany desk, instead of on a chilly brick sidewalk. He has been mayor of Portsmouth for two terms, has served as president of the Portsmouth Chamber of Commerce and is the owner of several very substantial brick blocks in the business section of his home city."

With these brilliant young men in the field the citizens of the first district may well look forward with interest to the coming struggle. It is almost certain to be a thrilling fight, accentuated by the fact that it is a presidential year. With clean candidates it will be fought strictly by Marquis of Queensbury rules, and no hitting below the belt. Those who have long found it necessary to turn to the sporting page of the morning paper for their daily thrill may sit back with a sigh of satisfaction knowing that the first congressional district will be replete with sensation and will be able to give points to Bob Fitzsimmons and Fighting Jim Jeffreys.

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## FEET OF CLAY

BY LILIAN HALL CROWLEY

This life I live is not the only living;  
 I know, for I have my visions fair,  
 Of wraith-like figures beckoning and smiling,  
 And calling me to join them over there.

And if I hesitate for just a moment,  
 And turn to where my tasks unfinished are,  
 Then turn again with anxious, eager yearning  
 To greet my spirit friends—they are too far.

When I shall feel the utter, utter longing  
 To haste when ghostly fingers beckon me:  
 When I no longer care for things all earthly,  
 Then—then I know my spirit shall be free!



# POLITICAL DEVELOPMENTS OF THE MONTH

By THOMAS CARENS

Did you ever feel the surge and thrill of a national convention? Could your eye pierce the heavy atmosphere and detect the eddys and ripples among the great and the near-great?

You can catch the vision of hard-fought conventions in the article by Thomas Carens, Political Editor of the Boston Herald.

It concerns New Hampshire politics. Read it.

**P**OLITICS, we are told by those who ought to know, cannot be discussed, written or played by any person who does not possess that indefinable something which for want of a better word is called "background."

The average reader of the *GRANITE MONTHLY*, aware of this fundamental rule, may naturally ask, therefore, by what right an intruder from a sister state presumes to write New Hampshire politics. Where is his background, you will ask. How can he know the wheels within the wheels in the greatest of all American avocations as it is played from Coos to the sea, in the teeming cities along the banks of the Merrimack or in the beautiful valley which forms the state's western border, which happens to be—and a Massachusetts visitor does not have to apologize for this opinion—one of the beauty spots of our land?

Fair questions, all of them. They demand some sort of answer. Let me say in the beginning, therefore, that my interest in New Hampshire politics did not begin in my visit to the state in the closing days of January, that the opinions and comments herein set forth were not gleaned in those hurried days, that the men and the women with whom I talked were not strangers, but old friends of some years' standing, who have had reason to know that Boston newspapers and Boston newspapermen have a genuine interest in New Hampshire politics and New Hampshire politicians.

There may be some opinions in these lines to which loyal sons and daughters of the Granite State can take exception? For lapses of that sort I bespeak for-

giveness in advance, urging the reader to reflect that after all these are the views of an outsider, and that in the lives of all of us there comes a time now and then when the advice and opinions of a disinterested outsider can be of value.

## The Coming Primary

During the month of February, barring the unexpected, politics in New Hampshire will be directed almost exclusively toward the objective of the presidential primary early in March. The highly picturesque campaign for the Republican nomination for Governor will of course proceed along its chartered course. The United States senatorship will be a frequent topic of discussion. The Democrats will continue their speculation as to the best ticket which they can present to the voters in November. But all these will be for the time being side-issues, not because they are to-day unimportant, but because in a sense these topics are dependent on the results of that March primary.

In New Hampshire, as I have been learning for many years, political events do not gradually evolve themselves. They happen, and very often in the same way that a bolt of lightning happens. They strike, and the thing is done before the rest of the world knows it. For this reason there is always a risk in writing an article for a magazine, which cannot be thrown together in a few hours, like a newspaper. In the several days which must necessarily elapse between the time that the last word is tapped out on the typewriter and

the finished product comes off the press, much can take place to upset well-founded opinions.

At the moment of writing, for instance, an interesting topic is the motive underlying the recent action of National Committeeman Fred W. Estabrook of Nashua in inducing several candidates who sought election as unpledged delegates to declare themselves as pledged to the nomination of President Coolidge. Had all the unpledged candidates changed over at once the explanation would have been one thing. But Mr. Estabrook made a very significant omission. He permitted the name of United States Senator George H. Moses to remain as an unpledged candidate.

It was assumed in Concord at the time that Senator Moses was aware of Mr. Estabrook's action and that he had interposed no objection. Yet 48 hours after these changes were made at Concord, Senator Moses was insisting to me over the wires that he had not known up to that time what I was talking about, and that he wouldn't know how it affected his future course until he had received "sufficient information."

Naturally Senator Moses would prefer to go to Cleveland in June as an unpledged delegate. He has been attending these quadrennial affairs for so many years that he knows that the pledged delegate, be he ever so important in the scheme of things, is inevitably swallowed up in the convention city by a large and somewhat unwieldy organization, whereas the unpledged delegate is an organization by himself for the time being, and as such attracts more attention and derives far more enjoyment out of the experience.

In this particular year, of course the distinction between pledged and unpledged will not be so great. The nomination of President Coolidge on the first ballot is about as absolute a certainty as anything in politics can be, and it matters little whether this well-earned tribute comes to our New England President by a majority made up of

pledged, unpledged, or a little bit of both. Even so in the early days of that week the unpledged delegate will have his innings. Let us picture Delegate Moses, pledged to Coolidge. He reports, with as much meekness as he can command, to the Coolidge headquarters, and Mr. Butler or Mr. Stearns will say, "George, you sit here," or "George, you stand there," or "George, you do this," and our senior senator, perhaps with inward misgivings, will "sit," "stand" or "do" and await further orders. But Delegate Moses, unpledged? Ah, that is a different matter. He may report to the Coolidge headquarters, and then again he may not. And until the balloting actually begins the "sitting," "standing" or "doing" will follow orders issued exclusively by Senator George H. Moses.

Some are asking whether Estabrook's recent action indicates a "falling out" with Moses. The answer to that must come from one of the two most vitally affected. It is assumed that the national committeeman, who has served in that capacity now for 16 years, would like to retain that highly influential post. It has been assumed also, until quite recently, that this would be in accord with Senator Moses's wishes, for since he vaulted into the leadership upon the death of Senator Gallinger, he has had little occasion to find fault with the national committeeman.

From Washington, however, comes evidence of a gradual change in the personnel of the national committee. Before the great schism of 1912 that august body was really an appendage to the United States Senate. Senators held both jobs, thus controlling not only the legislative policies of the party, but all other policies, too. The Progressive division sent many of these men down in defeat, and lo! a new national committee emerged, in which senators no longer held the balance of power.

Since the Republican recovery of 1918 a reaction has set in. The league of nations fight convinced the Republican

members of the United States Senate that they were the chosen leaders not only of their own party but of the nation. That convention in Chicago four years ago next June was technically a gathering of Republican clans; actually it was a caucus of the Republican senators, who not only wrote a platform which pleased them and offended many conscientious members of their party, but ended up by permitting the convention to select a number of their own club to stand upon it.

In the intervening years the trend of senatorial usurpation of party affairs has not been checked. With the nomination of 1924 already assured, the eyes of many now turn toward 1928. In that year the field will again be open to Republican hopefuls, for President Coolidge, if elected, will not be a candidate, and if defeated next November, will of course be through politically. It is in years when the fight is wide open that the national committee looms up in all its potency. It makes up the temporary roll of the convention, it seats and unseats delegates with a high hand, and we have only to turn back to 1912 to learn what can happen when it really makes up its mind.

For all we know Senator Moses may have his eye on the national committee. He has not said so. He has even confided to friends that he has not the slightest desire to take the post. But even a confidence to a friend is subject to reservations, particularly if the one who imparts the confidence has shown in the past his friendship, nay affection, for reservations, of any sort, color or shape.

### With the Democrats

There is undoubted sentiment for McAdoo among Democrats in the rural sections of the state, based on the belief that he is the strongest man in the field and the one most likely to give the Republicans a run for their money in the autumn. On the other hand Manchester, the state's metropolis, betrays

a great affection for Gov. Alfred E. Smith of New York, not only because he is the personification of opposition to prohibition and the Volstead act, but because he has really been a successful chief executive of the nation's largest state. There are others, even if not numerically large, who would probably prefer Senator Oscar W. Underwood, Alabama's strong senator, to either Smith or McAdoo, and still others who see weaknesses in McAdoo, Smith and Underwood, who believe party success will come in choosing a dark horse and who regard John W. Davis of West Virginia as the most likely of that group.

But there is no preference section in the primary, and the voters in choosing delegates will probably have no thought whatever of presidential candidates. Raymond B. Stevens, for instance, is for McAdoo, but there are any number of "Al" Smith men who have voted for Ray Stevens every time they could find his name on the ballot, and who do not intend to make an exception in March. Gordon Woodbury, also for McAdoo, will be personally acceptable to Underwood, Smith or non-committal Democrats. It is even possible that the Manchester men who finally go in as candidates with announced "Al" Smith leanings will get the votes of many who think it is idle to discuss Smith's candidacy with such general agreement, even among his own friends, that he cannot be nominated.

### The State Campaign

Massachusetts men familiar with the ins and outs of New Hampshire politics often express wonder that so large a percentage of the population displays an intense interest in candidates and issues. The Bay State has its exciting campaigns, to be sure, but a very large proportion of the electorate goes through the business of voting without any display of emotion. In the Granite State the voter seems to project his entire per-



sonality into the campaign and into his own part on election day.

I think I have found an answer to this. It lies in the relative size of the two states. Massachusetts now has more than 4,000,000 inhabitants. New Hampshire, by the last census, has only a little more than one-tenth that number. And political interest, by some curious negation in the science of mathematics, seems to increase as the population decreases. For the game, after all, holds its greatest attractiveness when the choice is one of personalities and in making himself known to the voters the candidate in the small state has a tremendous advantage over the candidate in a large state. If, in a campaign extending over several months, a candidate for Governor in Massachusetts speaks to 20,000 voters, he is really only reaching directly two per cent of those who will go to the polls on election day. But the New Hampshire candidate who shows himself to 20,000 voters is reaching 20 per cent of the total electorate.

This is one of the reasons why the campaign for the Republican nomination for Governor this year is much more picturesque than anything Massachusetts will have. Maj. Frank Knox and Capt. John G. Winant, to begin with, are colorful personalities. Both have been conspicuously successful in business, but neither has reached his present eminence in that respect through the ordinary humdrum of business life. The life story of each has a romantic flavor which appeals to anyone who begins a study of the campaign they are making.

I am assuming now that they will fight it out for the nomination without a third candidacy cutting into either. Wesley Adams probably believes that he can appeal to a certain element of the electorate which has not yet betrayed enthusiasm for either Knox or Winant, but of the many political experts with whom I talked recently none would take an Adams candidacy seriously. They believe that if he should run he would finish third, and that he would not ma-

terially affect the result, taking as many votes from Knox as from Winant.

But if late-January indications are borne out as the months speed by, the Republican voters are really going to have a choice in September. It is apparent already that Capt. Winant is persona non grata to Senator Moses and his very conservative organization. For members of the same political party they are about as far apart on issues and political methods as it is possible for two men to be, and their differences are so fundamental that there is little prospect of any rapprochement before the primary. Winant knows this.

Knox, on the other hand, is probably counting on the senator's support. There is evidence aplenty that he is not the Moses candidate, that his announcement was not received with whoops of joy by the senator, and that if someone should bob up who showed promise of distancing both Knox and Winant, Moses would be sorely tempted to declare himself on the governorship. In spite of these considerations, however, Moses will be able to support Knox without any wrench to his feelings. They have "played ball" together many times in the past. They were mortal enemies before the war, and I have reason to believe that had Knox not been in Europe in the fall of 1918 the columns of the Manchester Union would have said things about George H. Moses, then a candidate for senator, which could never be forgiven. Moses knew this and when Knox came home from the wars he took steps to line up the state's most important newspaper on his side.

The political events of 1919 and 1920 helped him. On the league of nations question Knox, to his delight but perhaps not to his surprise, found Moses in Washington taking the same attitude that Knox was taking in the columns of the Union. The Leonard Wood candidacy for the presidency also contributed. Knox was an original Wood man, as most of the old Roosevelt followers

were. Moses, who at one time hated the whole Roosevelt crowd, was probably not so keen for Wood, but knew that his play was to support New Hampshire's native son and he, too, joined the Wood organization. Men who found their minds running along so well together could hardly afford to keep up a personal grudge. They were in each other's company constantly at Chicago, and one of my vivid recollections of that historic Saturday night in the Coliseum is the sight of Frank Knox and George Moses, standing shoulder to shoulder just under the platform, chagrin written plainly on their faces as the Leonard Wood campaign was collapsing under the Harding stampede.

They had their differences in the past, and within the last year have probably had no other differences. A year ago Knox had no thought of running for the Governorship, but did have his eye on the seat in the United States Senate which Henry W. Keyes now fills with such dignity. He had hopes then, perhaps, that in some manner he could get Moses to declare for him against Keyes, but the senior senator did not permit any such thought to rest long. Knox began to understand this. He also began to understand that his candidacy would inevitably bring either Huntley or Rolland Spaulding into the contest. In such a line-up Keyes would probably win the nomination, but the type of campaign would probably have made it worthless against an aggressive Democratic candidate.

It is not uncharitable to assert that Moses is a great deal more interested in 1926 than he is in 1924. He knows now, two years in advance, that he will have opposition in the primary of that year. It probably will not come from Huntley Spaulding, with whom he has made his peace, and while Rolland Spauldings' dislike for the senator is probably as keen to-day as it ever was, his desire to go to the United States Senate is growing less keen with the passing years. Moses is very suspicious of the return to the political arena of former

Gov. Robert P. Bass. He wonders, with other Republicans, whether Bass would care for a seat in the Senate. He looks upon John Winant as a friend of Bass, and for that reason he would not like to see Winant in the Governor's chair when the campaign of 1926 begins to get up steam.

As to the senatorship, Harry Keyes now seems assured of his re-nomination without contest. For this he is probably grateful. He likes his place in the Senate, he likes to feel that he is part of the history there making, but he has never liked the business of campaigning forced upon a candidate in a party primary.

### Democratic Candidates

A great many Republicans in New Hampshire these days are wondering how much the party's nominations will be worth by the time November rolls around. They have not yet recovered from the shock of 1922, and except for the Manchester mayoralty result, which wiped out the huge Democratic majority of the 1922 state election there have been few indications of a reversal of sentiment.

Ever since Gov. Fred H. Brown stepped into the office he has been regarded as a probable candidate for the Senate against Keyes. With that wonderful facility which the Governor has for keeping his business to himself no one is able to say authoritatively that he would or would not like to go to the Senate, but there are mighty few men in this or other states who would hesitate long if they had their choice of a place with the great and near-great at Washington or a fairly attractive law practice in the city of Somersworth, N. H. The nomination is Brown's for the asking, and in good time he will probably ask.

For nearly the same length of time Raymond B. Stevens of Landaff has been regarded as the probable Democratic candidate for Governor. Perhaps he would prefer the senatorship,

but he is willing to concede the prior claim which Brown has in that direction. At the time Capt. Winant announced his candidacy for Governor many believed it indicated the removal of Stevens from the gubernatorial field, for in spite of party differences the two are warm personal friends and business associates. This does not necessarily constitute an objection, however. Some of the most exciting campaigns in American history have been conducted by men no farther apart personally than Winant and Stevens. Tennessee still recalls with pleasure the famous campaign of the Taylor brothers, "Alf" and "Fiddling Bob" which for nearly a year kept that state intensely interested and brought about an era of good feeling among all partisans from which the state undoubtedly profited.

Governor Brown's administration is well thought of in New Hampshire and much sympathy is expressed on all sides for his candidacy for Vice President.

New Hampshire, however, should not take this too seriously. Robert Jackson may have received all kinds of assurances at Washington a few weeks ago, but experience has shown that few men have obtained second place on a national ticket by going after it. That doubtful honor almost always goes to a disappointed seeker for first place, or to someone who bobs up overnight on the last day of the convention.

Recent Democratic history bears this out. In 1912, Thomas R. Marshall was not a candidate for vice-president. He was a serious candidate for the presidential nomination,

and for many days the Taggart machine had hopes that the Champ Clark-Woodrow Wilson deadlock would last long enough to start delegates casting their eyes about. In 1920, there were half a dozen candidates for second nomination. They were campaigning for weeks in the convention hall, and in the lobbies of the Palace and St. Francis hotels. Meanwhile a virile member of the New York delegation was minding his own business, and disputing with "Charlie" Murphy the right to boss the delegation. Cox was nominated at quarter of two in the morning, and as the delegates left the hall perhaps not one in a hundred could have named his running-mate on the ticket. And yet when the convention came in at noon everybody knew that it was to be Franklin D. Roosevelt. The other candidates permitted their names to go before the convention and then "Al" Smith walked to the platform, and while the band blared out "The Sidewalks of New York" presented Roosevelt's name. The others withdrew, and it was all over.

Those who would like to see such an honor as the vice-presidential nomination come New Hampshire's way ought to learn something from this. It is best to wait until the presidential candidate is chosen. There will then be a few hours' respite in which whatever claims, geographical or otherwise, Gov. Brown may have, can be considered. And let it be remembered also that the presidential candidate himself will have a lot to do with the choice, and that until his identity is known preliminary campaigning will be more or less wasted effort.

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Another article by Mr. Carens will appear in the March Granite Monthly.



# BE BROAD MINDED

## A Comment Upon the Policy of the Granite Monthly

BY PRES. ERNEST M. HOPKINS OF DARTMOUTH COLLEGE

A French philosopher has said that each time a child is born the world undergoes the tremendous hazard that this child may become a thinker. Man has been provided with a mind and it is through possession and utilization of a mind that man has become distinguished from other forms of life. It seems to be a fact, however, that the more complicated the affairs of life become and the more involved the problems which must be settled, the less usefulness has to conserve his own safety by that which alone, in earlier and more simple times, gave him preeminence among living things.

The destruction of the war was only in part physical, and the devastated areas of mind are perhaps of deeper significance than anything else, so far as the future of mankind is concerned. As a result of world-wide catastrophe, we are called upon to examine and to correct the working hypothesis of life and we are given a def-

inite time limit within which this can be done with any advantage. We know that conditions cannot endure as they are. It is intolerable that we should consider going back to the organization of the world, which allowed the outcome

of the war. We are forced to seek a new position and we have no formula which is even approximate and no directions which are clear by which to discover this.

One of the great astronomers in this country has said that at the time the world was young, before the day of lenses or telescopes, when men could look at the heavens only with the naked eye, they saw that certain things happened with regularity in the solar sys-



President Ernest M. Hopkins

**"The mind tolerant of the opinions of others and open to conviction in the presence of new knowledge is more liberal than that of the bigot, regardless of the beliefs of either."**

tem, and they began to evolve a theory which should account for it. Thus they deduced formulae which were perfectly good for every conceivable phenomenon of the heavens they were then capable of seeing or knowing. When, however, the lens was discovered, when the first

telescope was developed, new reaches of the solar system were opened up, and men looked out upon these, and they found within those reaches and within those areas that accepted formulae which had applied with exactness to the lesser distances no longer applied exactly, and that the heavenly body which was supposed to be in one place was in a slightly different place at the prescribed time.

So a revision of the formulae immediately began, and man, through assiduous and painstaking labor, and careful observation year in and year out, perfected a new set of formulae which applied to the area which was then observable through the telescope. The process was repeated as the telescope grew larger, until finally to the time of the great telescope of the present day, when we are again finding certain things that cannot be accounted for under the laws that have been accepted. Now, new laws have to be established, and we have perhaps the Einstein theory or perhaps some other theory that is to determine what the new formula is to be.

I have from time to time asked the men of Dartmouth College how many among them had ever made conscious and deliberate attempt to have a thought. What do we mean when we say "I think?" We hold opinions, some of us with great intensity, and most of us with great tenacity. But to what extent are these the product of thought? Whence do they come? How are they derived? On what basis do we judge their worth? How sincere are we in our eagerness to possess those of genuine value? In the whole range of attainments possible to man there is no one so definitely divine as the ability to think. Yet taken in the large there is no capacity for which we have less conscious longing, to say nothing of the fact that there is none for which we less eagerly seek. We crave authority for opinions which by accident have become ours. We give little heed to how valid opinions best may be acquired.

There are two convictions which are

generally held which soothe the human mind, but which are without substantiation in fact either in the circumstances of the past or present. The first of these is the theory of automatic progress which implies that the world will constantly become better, regardless of the efforts of man. This belief has never had any substantiation in fact and the most casual reading of history illustrates that time and again the world has had definite periods of darkness and retrogression from which there is no reason to believe that it would have recovered except for the zeal, energy and intelligence of human effort at subsequent times. The second conviction to which I have referred is that man is possessed of an instinct for truth and that left to himself his mind and soul naturally gravitate toward truth as a goal. On the contrary, this so far from fact that it is being stated again and again by the best thinkers of the day that the desire to know truth and to do it is an acquired characteristic rather than a natural one and that the characteristic is only acquired by the utmost of effort.

Man acquires opinions as a result of the working of such forces as heredity, environment and self-interest, and his instinctive desire is to substantiate the opinions thus acquired, rather than to devote the definite and painstaking effort necessary to the mental threshing of any newly garnered store. Obviously, if we follow common practice and read only those periodicals or treatises which argue for what we hold, or listen only to those who say what we maintain, or associate only with those who believe what we suppose, we cannot know the truth, even if we happen accidentally to become affiliated with it from time to time.

I am very much interested in the obvious intention of the GRANITE MONTHLY to present varying points of view. Moreover, I foresee grave difficulties in carrying out your policy, for the unfortunate fact is that the most conspicuous absentee among qualities of the

present generation is tolerance. It thus comes about in truth as Chesterton said long ago in effect, that "orthodoxy is my doxy and heterodoxy is your doxy." In association with this attitude it likewise follows, with the prevailing temper of the times, that liberalism, progressivism and various other like "isms" to which many of us have committed ourselves in times past, prove, in stress, to be no more liberal than the mental attitudes of the most closed-minded of the reactionaries. In other words, the same opposition arises from them, if argument and fact are presented which controvert their point of view, that arises from any other group under like circumstances. Consequently, the open forum, either of the written word or of the spoken word, tends to lack friends in any camp except as it definitely becomes partisan one way or another.

The marvelous scientific advances of recent decades by which material prosperity has been so greatly enhanced and by which achievement little short of miraculous has been accomplished, would never have been possible with an attitude on the part of scientists toward truth that most of us adopt in regard to our social and political thinking. The real scientist will not allow himself to accept any conviction as of permanent worth until he has assembled all possible data and has sought new data wherever this might possibly be found. He recognizes the principle that no fact is important in itself as apart from other facts and correlates one with another, eliminating irrelevant matter and classifying all other data according to its relative importance. Even then, when the principle would seem to the lay mind to be established, the true scientist merely adopts it as a working hypothesis, constantly checking and correcting it, and when necessary completely modifying it. It has been by such an attitude that the great discoveries have been made of scientific principles which have transformed the age in which we live.

The world has never seen a time,

however, when it was so important to apply some such method as that of the scientist to the devising of working formulae for the relationships of one man with another as at the present time. This is alike true of political, social and industrial relations. Meanwhile, there has probably never been a period when agencies for obscuring truth and making fact unattainable were as active and as overwhelming as now.

The word "propaganda" has not always carried the connotations with which it is burdened at the present time; and no longer ago than the war many a devoted citizen and scholarly gentleman was enlisted under its banner and worked with noble purpose and high ideals. Nevertheless these were not the predominating influence, and it was the war fever and its aftermath in the perverted efforts of the peace that did for this word, and left it an influence futile when not pernicious, distrusted when not despised!

There were the statesmanlike and scholarly campaigns of education designed, for instance, to separate the consciousness of the German people from the spirit of Prussianism inspired by their rulers to cultivate the instinct to nationalism against the invader among the lesser states, to arouse the spirit of loyalty of subject races to self-expression as against the dictates of their conquerors. But also there were the faked photographs, showing not only things that never happened but sometimes, by skillful reversing of the scene, showing the havoc wrought against the enemy by the wild impulses of one party as having been wrought against this party by the enemy. There were the counterfeit newspapers designed as moral breakers, distributed from the clouds over hostile forces or covertly introduced otherwise mythical victories of the one side and into their midst, with minute details of the colossal losses of the other. And there were the romances which were written by all the nations, for consumption at home and among their allies, of



impossible accomplishments already achieved and of those about to become effective.

The multitude and fallibility of these latter kinds of effort completely submerged the integrity and intelligence of the former type. Likewise by the patent untrustworthiness of the methods of the one type of effort, which soon stood revealed, the effect of the trustworthiness of the other type was largely neutralized. And finally the whole significance of the word "propaganda" came to be that of deviousness, indirection, and deceit, in which sense, newer than the dictionaries, even, it continues to be used, and perhaps always will be.

Thus it comes about that we have familiarity with and acceptance of a deleterious process to knowing truth, and that partisanship and specialized interest have available an instrument of unprecedented effectiveness for including reality and for verifying fallacy. It was long ago said that an error was dangerous in proportion to the amount of truth it contained. It is well for us to remember this in these days when the standard method of propaganda is to substantiate special pleading, not so much by falsehood as by incomplete truths or by truths plus a medium of error.

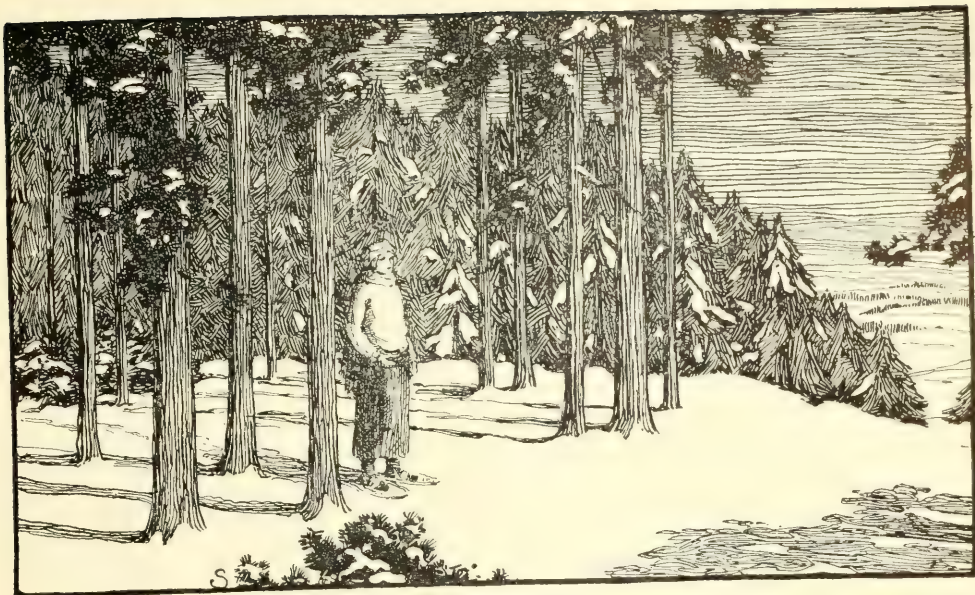
All in all, there is no one thing so necessary for us as a preliminary to fulfilling our functions as trustees of the generation in which we live as that we shall avoid bigotry, divorce ourselves from intolerance, and not only accept, but seek data bearing upon the social and political relations of life. Only so can we intelligently pass any judgment on the validity of the beliefs which we hold or the desirability of replacing these with new convictions to which we can commit ourselves with assurance and with whole-heartedness.

To this end those who control the

printed word, those who speak for the church, and those who teach in educational institutions, need especially to consecrate themselves to the search for reality and attention needs more even to be given to the spirit in which opinion is expressed than to the content of the opinion itself. The mind tolerant of the opinions of others and open to conviction in the presence of new knowledge is more liberal than that of the bigot, regardless of the beliefs of either.

At the present time an illustration is being offered in *THE SPECTATOR* in London of an attitude of this kind. This conservative weekly has opened in its columns a department called "The Other Side" and in this department not only the liberals but the radicals as well are being given the freest opportunity for expression of their own theories and policies even when these are in direct conflict with the traditional and present policies of *THE SPECTATOR* itself. Recently, in the same issue in which the editor announced the support of the publication for Mr. Baldwin, like opportunity was given to Ramsay MacDonald to publish the arguments for the Labor Party.

Independence of judgment and sanity of view have, from earliest times, been associated with physical topography, in which either arms of the sea or mountain ranges and river valleys divided people into smaller groups, more isolated than they would be elsewhere. It would be not only a boon to our own people and an aid to our own accuracy of thinking, but it would make New Hampshire distinctive if it could be established among us that in magazine and newspaper, church and school, recognition should be given to the fact that only by the assembling and consideration of conflicting opinions of men can rightness of judgment be established.



"I stood on top of the trunk studded hill."

## A WINTER EVENING WANDERING

By JESSIE DOE

I shut the book for the moon would not be denied. Through the uncurtained window she spread before me the loveliness of the winter night. The story would wait, the fire burn again, but all winter such another radiant evening might not illumine a snow-girt earth. I said what I was going to do. It was only half understood, but a kindly warning not to wander too far was not meant to discourage.

Strapping on snowshoes at the door, for our century old home has around it the unfurling of field and forest, I looked about to choose a way. How different from other seasons of the year, when fences, rivers, and even brooks and swamps are each unconsciously considered and possibilities narrow to roads and bridges, paths and gates or unbarbed fences, with dry pasture lands free from the dreaded bull. Now the world lay open before me, North, South, East or West, web-footed I could go. The month

was February. Running waters had long ceased to feel the sun. Fences were packed away in snow, and cattle endured their winter prisons. Everywhere was the open way.

So from the sprinkled shadows of the old family elms I entered upon the untouched covering of the field, our hay field in summer, our coasting field in childhood's winter; sleeping tonight under three feet of moon-soaked snow. I stood a moment tuning the instrument of my being to the pitch of the night. The adjustment made, the small human bark containing my soul slipped out upon the broad white sea under the broader, brighter heavens. Down the hill to the low meadow lands, half floating, so easily the wide framed shoes carried me. Over there the dog-tooth violets will be blooming in June. This is as far as the red sled ever could go, though the brown one went further. I remember here the wild strawberries grew thickest in summer and here the

mowed grass lay so thin, the horse-rake failed to gather a winrow. Are those the realities or is this?

Crossing the turnpike road that lies between neighbor Garvin's field and ours, scarcely able to believe in the fences beneath me, lost in their winter packing, I coursed up the hill to the edge of the pasture woods. I had intended to keep in the open; but somehow there it was too bright under the resplendent moon and over the glowing snow. So mingling my shadow with those of the forest, I sat on the tail of my snowshoe and slid down among the pines to the hollow through which an unseen brook was winding secretly to the pond. Picking myself up in an alder thicket, I climbed a steep pitch to the tall timber covering the rounded hill. It was not nearly so dark as I had expected. The moon looked down from the top of the tallest tree and her beneficence went everywhere, crossed, but not thwarted by the evergreens and reflected by the snow.

I stood on top of the trunk studded hill. The night was quiet. In the distance a stray wind was soughing

in far away branches; but close at hand it was the stillness that I felt, a stillness broken by one continuous high pitched grinding sound above, as two old settlers vied for supremacy in a duel of their toughest branches. Two swords, clashed in unceasing combat, and although I could not see the conflict, I marked the opposing parties.

For several minutes I stood there among the silhouetted trees and shadows, a thousand miles in mood and in thought from the routine of daily cares. Then that persistent being, conscience, appeared to warn me homeward. With a friendly glance toward the moon I swung down another way, through the dark pillars and plunged into soft snow at the bottom that sent me sprawling in happy abandon among low hemlock branches. I lay there a moment, all warm in the cool snow, the moon-light all about me. Then up and away to firmer footing, and the open field again. There were my outward tracks and the warm red light behind the elms on the hill, telling of a waiting mother's thought.

## BOOKS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

### My Garden of Memory

BY KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN

Conducted by Vivian Savacool

Mrs. Wiggin's autobiography is the most entrancing book I have read for many a day. Everyone who is familiar with her work can guess why, and surmise what smiles and tears the account of her varied experiences must hold for us, the eager readers. Lovers of scintillating Rebecca, Mother Carey and her glowing daughter, Nancy, Penelope, and all the

other creations of Mrs. Wiggin will love these people even more after reading her autobiography in which she herself seems to embody all their loveableness and which contains the cumulative charm, warmth, and color that have been her claim to love and admiration where ever books are read. It is a well-known fact that Mrs. Wiggin's work has a quality peculiar to itself which produces happiness in the

(HOUGHTON  
MIFFLIN CO.  
\$5.00)



hearts of her readers and which, therefore, makes it of universal appeal to old and young. All of it glimmers with humor, pathos, reality, and imagination enhanced by extreme simplicity of plot and treatment, and all these quaint ideas, the whimsical wit, vividness and tears are intermingled in the last story Mrs. Wiggin tells, this time about herself, just before her death last fall. One of the pleasant things about the book is the feeling of having made a new friend, but, what is even more valuable, it adds to our understanding of the richness to be found in a life of service, of joy, of never-failing enthusiasm and of interest in people.

Among the earliest memories of Mrs. Wiggin's were those of her childhood home in Hollis, Maine, on the banks of the Saco River, which was so dear to her that in later life she bought an old house in the little town and spent many summers there, living the life of delight we have come to know in "Mother Carey's Chickens." Here for the first time we catch a glimpse of Rebecca, although for many years after this Mrs. Wiggin felt no desire and showed no ability for writing. At this point in her child life occurs an incident, the account of which would alone make the book interesting, her chance journey with Charles Dickens, an experience which drives us frantic with envy even while enthraling us by bringing the beloved idol a little nearer to those who, like the small, impulsive girl, long for a more intimate knowledge of genius. From this epoch on her life unfolds with singular attractiveness but with many hard struggles through kindergarten work in California, in which she was a pioneer, through life in New

York, travels at home and abroad, and friendships with celebrated people in this country and in Europe.

Mrs. Wiggin's life seemed full of turning points given her "not by decree, but for choice, perhaps;—and in one's choice lies all the difference." Talent in many lines brings frequent choices, of course, but confronting all of us are disturbing crossroads necessitating decisions which shape our destiny. Mrs. Wiggin, it seems, had the happy faculty of choosing wisely, in such a way that she really found the work she could do best, be happiest in doing, and use to the fullest the gifts she had. The success of her decisions, it seems to me, rested on the fact that she was able to resist the glamour and the temptation of the easier, more brilliant path and be content to energetically plod along doing an obscure and exhausting work because she felt it to be truly her work, until, at last, she had won her way to world fame. For, in refusing a career on the stage and keeping to the work of teaching in free kindergartens at a time when the educational world was critical, even hostile to the theories she upheld so valiantly, she found, through contact with the children, the inspiration she needed to make her one of the foremost women authors of America.

Mrs. Wiggin's style is always inimitable in its ease and grace, its sparkling glints, and depths of feeling and it is most matchless in this, the crowning book of her career for which she draws from the best of memories to give us those which will most truly entertain, amuse, win our hearts and minds, and help us to find the joy which she felt and dispensed so lavishly in her living and in her work.

## THE EDITOR STOPS TO TALK

A student of history is often impressed by the prevalence of the figure 3. In the golden days of antiquity when the Greeks accumulated their beautiful store of mythology this principle was always in evidence. There were three Graces, three Virtues, and three Sirens. When Paul wrote the 13th Chapter of 1st Corinthians, he summed up the desirable attributes of human character as three—Faith, Hope and Charity. The realm of literature has been affected by the same rule, for Shakespeare pictures his Macbeth being greeted and warned by three witches, and Dumas weaves his military romance about Three Musketeers. There are three periods in a man's life, youth, manhood and old age, marked by the three events of his career—birth, marriage and death. In the great American game there are the first, second and third bases, and it is a matter of record that when Babe Ruth stands by the home plate with his mighty stick he has but three strikes with which to do or die. In addition to the above data there is always the classic illustration of the famous song, "Three Blind Mice."

---

The rule of three would seem to hold good in New Hampshire life to-day. It will be recalled that the Three Musketeers were Athos, Porthos and Aramis. Athos was one of nature's noblemen whose life had become so embittered by a misfortune in his mysterious past that he had become reserved and taciturn, seldom engaging in the revelries of his friends. Porthos was a huge, jovial, good hearted fellow, mighty at feast or in fight, and popular for his bluff good nature. Aramis was a peculiar combination of a soldier and a theologian, refined, immaculate and a favorite with the other sex. Deeply interested in theological matters, he was always on the point of laying aside his uniform and donning the vest-

ments of priesthood. But at the first smell of powder (gun powder we mean) his religious tendencies were thrown to the winds and he was back into the fray.

In the Granite State newspaper world we have three splendid impersonators of Athos, Porthos and Aramis. Who could be a more worthy imitator of Athos than that calm and silent journalist, Warren Billings, whose newspaper office at Laconia is noted for restrained utterance, and who has, like his famous predecessor, the scent of mystery about him, as to the identity of the person or persons who are back of his journalistic endeavors.

Porthos is best impersonated by that doughty wielder of the pen, Olin Chase, who is supposed to be the author of various literary efforts which appear weekly in the Republican Champion. Like Porthos of old, he knows no fear and respects no holy ground. The Ku Klux Klan, the Democratic party, and even the GRANITE MONTHLY are constantly subjected to his bluff (note that word "bluff") attack.

The modern reproduction of Aramis is unquestionably the Hon. Henry H. Metcalf, who admits that the ladies like him, who is exceedingly prominent and enthusiastic in the Universalist denomination, but who periodically ceases his protests that there is no Hell and proceeds to demonstrate to the Republicans that there is one.

---

One of the most famous examples of the working of the rule of three in political history is the defeat of James G. Blaine for the presidency by his three R's (Rum, Rebellion and Romanism).

It would not be difficult to find three R's which may prove the undoing of various people and work havoc in many quarters today.

---

Our first R stands for Resolutions.

Resolutions is the name given to a breed of parasites which has been doing damage for many years. It has attacked all kinds of public bodies which are supposed to function for the good of the state and nation. The Legislature has been developing year by year a most acute case of the Resolutions malady. It has "Resolved" about taxes, "Resolved" about law enforcement and "Resolved" about various eminent people who have died. In fact, any cause or measure could well be considered dead as soon as the "Resolutions" started. Various Boards of Trade and Chambers of Commerce have had the "Resolving" habit. We have in mind one town where land set apart to be used as a public park was made instead a dumping ground and rubbish heap. Every year the Board of Trade had a glorious time cleaning it off by means of "Resolutions." The last time we passed through the town we noticed that the ground was in a worse condition than ever, its hideousness aggravated by heaps of waste paper blowing about. Upon inquiry we found that the waste paper was largely composed of copies of the "Resolutions" passed by the public spirited citizens. When Governor Brown made his famous statement, "To Hell with Resolutions" he coined an epigram which, according to President Hetzel, ranks with General Sherman's "War is Hell."

Our second R stands for "Reservations." "Reservations" were invented soon after the close of the World War by Henry Cabot Lodge, though some authorities claim that they were much more ancient, having been originated by Moses. They were first used in reference to the League of Nations but have since been employed in a more general way. We first used them in our school days when we promised our mother or the teacher that we would do or refrain from doing something. At that time we ac-

companied them by crossing our fingers. This particular brand of "Reservations" is known as "Mental Reservations" and though they are not always accompanied by crossed fingers their use has never been changed. For instance, President Coolidge is for the World Court—with "Reservations." Senator Moses is for Coolidge—with "Reservations;" New Hampshire is for Moses—with "Reservations." "Mental Reservations" are also useful in filling out income tax blanks.

Our third R stands for "Resurrections." This R is the most dangerous of all. "Resurrections" are always disconcerting. Whenever we have heard preachers picturing the glorious "Resurrection" of the dead our minds have wandered to certain people with whom we had relations in boyhood days and we thought we would scarcely like to have them "Resurrected" too near us. The League of Nations, which was killed some four years ago, seems to have been "Resurrected," and may prove embarrassing to those who expected to climb to fame over its tombstone. Certain oil deals have risen from the dead past and are causing terrible carnage in the United States Senate. The Tax Amendment which was effectively killed and buried by the Manchester Union last winter, is beginning to stir in its shroud as is evidenced by the last meeting of the Farm Bureau. Beware of "Resurrections."

Considering these various groups of three, and listening to the noise of conflict between groups in both political parties, Knox and Winant among the Republicans and the Smith delegates and McAdoo delegates among the Democrats, the people of New Hampshire may well paraphrase an old adage of their school days:

"The rule of three  
It puzzles me,  
And factions drive me mad."



# CURRENT OPINION IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

## Clippings From the State Press

### Fletcher Hale

We feel like giving three cheers for Hon. Fletcher Hale's announcement of his candidacy for the congressional nomination in the First District. He says "I shall seek election as a Republican on the Republican platform adopted under his (Coolidge's) leadership." Here is no "Radical" Republican, "Liberal" Republican, nor "Progressive" Republican neither is there any personal platform attempting to remedy every conceivable political ail, real or imaginary. He bids for no factional votes within the party nor for support of any self-seeking class. Like the late David B. Hill with his celebrated "I am a Democrat" he proposes to run as a Republican on the regular platform of his party and let the voters judge of his fitness to represent them by his well known character, ability and industry. More power to him!

—*Plymouth Record*

Our worst objection to him is his tendency to side with the ultra-conservative section of the party. We are not radical ourselves but we do not like the hide-bound partisanship which refuses to see any good whatever in anything proposed by any person not in the fold, which lives in the days of the civil war and not in this rapidly moving twentieth century, which refuses to lift a finger to help the world in its distress for fear that in some way or other we might involve ourselves in something a little unpleasant, which shuts its eyes to the fact that the world, including America itself, is standing to-day on the edge of a precipice, whose depths no eye can penetrate. We want somewhere a representative from New Hampshire, in one branch or the other of congress, whose idealism has not been entirely shattered, who does not give up in a cynical despair of ever finding some method of

outlawing war, who has his face turned toward the morning.

—*Rochester Courier*

### Mellon Tax Reduction Plan

The sentiment of the country in favor of tax reduction along the line of Secretary Mellon's plan is growing stronger and stronger daily. The passage of that wise and carefully prepared measure would have a tendency to free capital and send it into the industrial development, and would lift an oppressive burden from the shoulders of business. And it ought not to be made a political question. Patriotic men in all parties may support it consistently as a question above partisan consideration, and one affecting the welfare and prosperity of our country.

—*Somersworth Free Press*

His (Coolidge's) recent message to Congress advanced no constructive ideas along any line, and only manifested a disposition to conform to the desires and purposes of the great capitalistic interests to which the Republican party has always catered, and upon whose substantial aid it has always depended for success. He favors the "Mellon plan" of tax reduction for the wealthy or well to do; opposes any revision of the tariff in the interests of the great consuming public, and opposes the soldiers' bonus, not from principle, so far as is apparent, but because it would interfere with the Mellon plan of taxation reduction for the rich.—*Democratic Quarterly Review*

### Governor Brown

Governor Fred H. Brown may well feel pleased with the manner in which his name is being mentioned in connection with the democratic nomination to the office of Vice-President. Governor Brown is popular,

but there is wisdom in waiting. He is young and full of promise, but to start in now on a voyage toward the White House he might find the sailing like that proposed for the Shenandoah to the North Pole, rather hazardous. This Cool-Age that we are entering is likely to make democratic flying rather unsatisfactory.

—*Monadnock Breeze*

When a party gets about half way into power through an election, it has to be a compromise most of the time. Gov. Brown probably has noticed how Senator Smith slipped into the interstate commerce chairmanship in the federal senate, a case where the republicans could not have their way, in a similar kind of circumstance maybe our governor will not be able to have his way.

The beauty in these conditions is where the contending parties patch up their differences. One-sided partisanship in government never did much good.

—*The News & Critic, Laconia*

## The Bok Peace Plan

The Bok world peace plan is the subject uppermost in the minds of the people of this country to-day. It is very evident that the judges are in favor of the League of Nations and that they propose to test the sentiment of the people again. Mr. Bok may be able to resurrect an issue that has been dead for four years, but he is paying an awful price for it. Is it possible that the world has become so impregnated with the League idea that out of 22,165 plans from 22 countries that the judges could not find a real LIVE one. Mr. Bok may be satisfied with what he is getting, but we are reminded of the small boy who remarked when he saw an old wagon being sold for \$15:

"Taint worth it." The only benefit that we can see that can come from this plan will be an honest discussion that in time may lead "to the light."

—*Monadnock Breeze*

The great news of the past week was the announcement of the plan which has won the Bok prize for the best course of action on the part of this country to promote world peace.

Well, as far as we are concerned, we believe the question of doing away with war is the greatest one ever presented to mankind. We believe that our civilization and perhaps human life on this earth is in peril. Another war will certainly wipe out a large portion of the race. Shall we sit idly by and make no move to prevent it? We are willing to lend our adherence to any plan that offers even a remote possibility of substituting something else than war for the settlement of national differences. We are even entirely willing to do this in the face of some national risk, because we have already been taught that a policy of isolation is not sufficient to keep us out of conflicts that involve the rest of the world. Therefore, we shall certainly vote yes for the adoption of the present plan, which at all events endeavors to make use of the only existing means towards the end which we feel is essential to humanity.

—*Rochester Courier*

## But Do They Deserve Hanging?

The dingy corridor of the court house at Dover has been brightened up recently by group pictures of Strafford County delegations in State legislatures beginning with that of 1907. *The hanging of this interesting collection* was under the supervision of Register of Probate Alvan P. Place.

—*Somersworth Free Press*

# NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

## HON. EDWARD N. PEARSON

Edward Nathan Pearson, born in Webster, September 7, 1859; died in Concord, January 26, 1924.

He was the son of John C. and Elizabeth (Colby) Pearson, was educated in the public schools, Warner High School, Kimball Union Academy and Dartmouth College, graduating from the latter, with Phi Beta Kappa and commencement orator rank in the class of 1881.

Following a year's service as a teacher in the schools of Washington, D. C., he joined the staff of the Concord Evening Monitor and Independent Statesman, serving successively as city editor, associate editor, managing editor and business manager, from 1882 to 1898. In the latter year he became business manager of the Rumford Printing Co. (now the Rumford Press) from which position he retired in March, 1899, to accept the office of Secretary of State, to which he had been elected by the Legislature, and which he filled with ability and distinction, until May 1915, when he resigned to become Cashier of the First National Bank of Concord, serving as Vice-President, and later as President, succeeding Gen. William F. Thayer upon the death of the latter in 1920, which latter position he held until his resignation a few months since, following serious illness from which he never recovered.

Mr. Pearson was a Republican in politics, but never known as a "practical politician." He was never an office seeker and had little connection with party intrigue or manipulation. During his connection with the Republican Press Association, publishing the Monitor and Statesman, he held the position of public printer from 1893 to 1897. In the famous contest for the United States Senatorship in 1913, resulting in the choice of Henry F. Hollis, the Democratic candidate, after protracted balloting, he was the nominee of the Republican legislative caucus, being regarded as the strongest and most popular candidate who could be named.

He had many interests outside his regular business life, evidencing his public spirited devotion to the welfare of the community and the state. He became chairman of the Executive Committee of the New Hampshire Old Home Week Association when it was instituted by Governor Rollins, serving for several years. He served as a member of Concord Board of Health and also as a director of the Board of Education; Peterborough and Hillsborough Railroad; the Concord Investment Co., the Concord Mutual Fire Insurance Co., and the New Hampshire Bible Society; as a trustee of Kimball Union Academy, of the New Hampshire Orphans' Home, and the New Hampshire Centennial Home for the

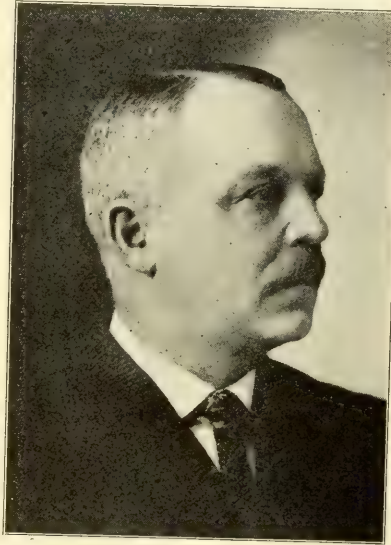
Aged; treasurer of the Margaret Pillsbury Hospital and the New Hampshire Co-operative Marketing Association. He was a member of the state "Committee of One Hundred" on Public Safety during the World War, was active in the various "drives" initiated for support of the government in the conflict, and treasurer of various funds. He was an attendant of the South Congregational Church and long an active member of the society; a member of Capital Grange, P. of H. and of the Wonalancet Club.

He married, December 6, 1882, Addie Maria Sargent of Lebanon, who survives, with three children, Edward N. Pearson, Jr., John Walter, and Mildred, (Mrs.

Howard A. Morrison), and three grandchildren. Another son, Robert H. (Dartmouth 1907) died in 1911. He is also survived by two brothers, John W., of Newton, Mass., and Harlan G. of Concord.

In the untimely death of Edward N. Pearson the state of New Hampshire loses one of its best known, most honored, and most loyal sons; the city of Concord one of its most faithful and public spirited citizens, and multitudes of men and women, here and elsewhere, a loved and trusted friend. Peace to his ashes, honor to his name, and lasting regard for his memory.

—Henry H. Metcalf



Hon. Edward N. Pearson



Vol. 56. No. 3

March 1924

# THE GRANITE MONTHLY



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Published Monthly at Concord, N. H.

By THE GRANITE MONTHLY COMPANY

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LILLIAN M. AINSWORTH, *Assistant Editor*

H. STYLES BRIDGES, *Contributing Editor*

#### *Associate Editors*

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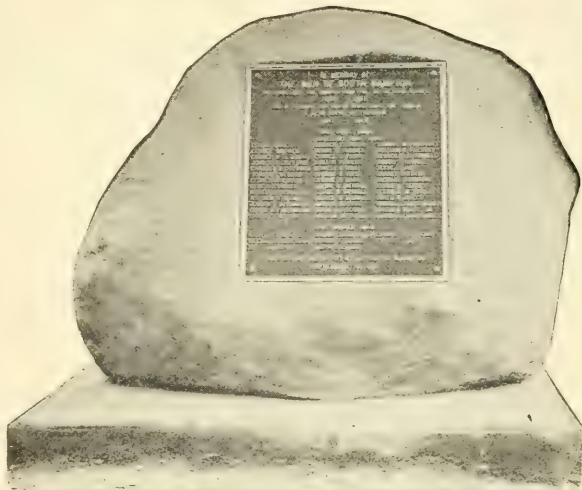
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WOODROW WILSON

28th President of the United States

Born Dec. 28, 1856 — Died Feb. 3, 1924

"Open covenants of peace, openly arrived at, after which there shall be no private international understandings of any kind, but diplomacy shall proceed always frankly and in the public view." First of the Fourteen Points.



## WHAT GRANITE STATE MEN SAID OF WILSON

GOVERNOR FRED H. BROWN

The greatest name inscribed on the casualty list of the World War is that of Woodrow Wilson. It was his action as president of the United States which brought to an end the most terrible conflict which history records. It was his desire to prevent forever the recurrence of such horrors which led him into endeavors that overtaxed his physique and plunged him into that invalidism which has made him as truly a martyr to a great cause as any man who fell on the battlefields of France. As the time passes and the holy ideal which President Wilson cherished to the last is seen in the clear and pure light which should surround it, his place in history will become secure, and just judgment will be passed upon the greatness and the goodness of his purpose for peace and his struggle for its international achievement.

SEC'Y OF STATE ENOS K. SAWYER

"Nothing that can be said by any of the sincere admirers and devoted followers of Woodrow Wilson can do justice to this sad occasion. His life has been one of wonderful achievement. His splendid spirit of resignation of charity and kindliness during his long illness has been most impressive. He never faltered in his loyalty to his ideals and to the last fought for his great ambition.

"His place in history will be firmly established. Nothing can detract from the honor he so richly deserves.

"He certainly is one of the commanding figures in the world's history."

STATE TREASURER GEORGE E. FARRAND

"Woodrow Wilson served as President during the most trying time of our country's history, through the period of the great World War, and our part in bringing that war to a successful conclusion is due in great measure to his leadership. His name will be included in the list of our great Presidents; will be always held in reverence, and as the fires of partisanship die, that reverence will increase. Remembering his war services, we do not forget the wise program of national legislation which he carried through during his term of office. Our leader in war, our leader in peace, he sacrificed himself for his country and his illustrious services will never be forgotten."

CONGRESSMAN WASON

Woodrow Wilson was a man of rare intellectual ability and power, a clear and

logical thinker, possessing rare fidelity in his adherence to his convictions.

"His public utterances and influence was directed towards the uplift of humanity and against the destruction of human life by force and combat.

"He tried to direct the world to everlasting peace. Our country already in mourning for a distinguished President, will deeply feel its loss in the death of our ex-president who will ever be remembered as our leader and guide during the great world war."

STATE DEMOCRATIC CHAIRMAN

ROBERT JACKSON

"He belonged with the great of all ages. His eyes beheld a great vision which he sought to realize with a nobility and constancy of purpose rarely excelled among men.

"As time gives up her perspective and clears the mist of partisanship from our gaze, he will loom steadily larger and larger upon the horizon of history."

JUDGE JAMES W. REMICK

"As truly as those who sleep beneath the white crosses in Flanders Field—as truly as the 'Unknown Soldier' whose resting place in Arlington Cemetery he helped to dedicate and consecrate, Woodrow Wilson died a victim of the World War but unlike theirs, his was a lingering death with years of inexpressible torture of soul and body—cruel aftermath of war—more hard to bear than wounds of shot and shell—harder than all the war burdens he carried so long and well.

After the Master was nailed to the cross, Christianity survived with more vitality; after John Brown's body was mouldering in the grave, his soul went marching on; after the assassination of Lincoln, those great safeguards of liberty, the Thirteenth, Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments, were written into the Constitution of the United States, by the death of Warren Harding, the World Court, for which he died pleading in the face of such heart and health breaking opposition, received new impetus. Let us believe that, true to historical precedent, 'the aspiration of humanity' for world co-operation for world disarmament and peace, to which Woodrow Wilson gave utterance \* \* \* with an eloquence which held the attention of all the earth and made America a new and enlarged influence in the destiny of mankind,' will be strengthened and its realization hastened by his tragic and pathetic martyrdom."



RESOURCE SURVEY CONFERENCE

(See opposite page)

# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

Vol. 56



No. 3

MARCH 1924

## THE MONTH IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

**F**EBRUARY, the midwinter month, brought to New Hampshire as usual perfect weather for the sports of the season and carnival time culminated on Washington's Birthday when more programs than ever before of snow and ice pleasures were enjoyed by the largest number of visitors of the winter. Over the week-end and the holiday the Appalachian Mountain Club conducted several excursions into the Granite State and a number of winter resort hotels put on special programs for their guests.

### Winter Sports Program

Winter sports of all sorts, ice hockey, skating, snowshoeing, ski racing and jumping, skijoring, dog team racing, horse racing, tobogganing, and so forth, were never so popular in New Hampshire as this season. Dartmouth and University of New Hampshire College boys and members of the Nansen Club of Berlin won many honors in these games at competitions within and without New England, and the city of Nashua supported for the first time a high-class hockey team. At the Laconia carnival an interscholastic competition in winter sports was a feature of the program and the athletic director of Concord's public schools established a hockey league for his boys.

While New Hampshire is only in its infancy as a winter resort, the fact that

the attractions of several sections on this line were recognized last month for the first time leads to the belief that the process of development of the state on this line of industry actually has begun and that the next generation may see almost as many visitors in New Hampshire at midwinter as at midsummer.

### Resource Survey Conference

One of the features of the month in New Hampshire was a conference, held in Manchester, Saturday, February 23, of the chairmen of the sub-committees having charge of the various aspects of the state-wide survey of resources now in progress. Those in attendance were Ralph D. Hetzel of the University of Hampshire, William S. Rossiter, Huntley N. Spaulding, John G. Winant, Frank Knox, Robert P. Bass, Andrew L. Felker, John H. Foster, Lyford A. Merrow, J. Ben Hart and John W. Pearson.

The chairmen of the committees on agriculture, manufactures, education, population, water power and recreation reported progress of the surveys in each of these subjects. Most of the sub-committees had held several meetings and reported substantial progress.

Commissioner Felker explained a survey he had just completed of the agricultural resources of one town and of its future farming prospects. Figures rela-



tive to changes in population are being compiled by Mr. Rossiter from federal census returns.

The conference met at 11 a. m., and was in continuous session until after 5 p. m. While individual reports were submitted by several of the chairmen lack of time prevented others from reporting to the committee what they had accomplished. The principal aim of the conference was to acquaint the members with what already has been done in order to prevent duplication of work.

---

### Patriotic Meetings

Some observances, other than in the line of sports and recreation, of the birthdays of Washington and Lincoln were held, largely by and in churches, and in several instances a memorial service for ex-President Wilson was combined with the patriotic gathering. Fathers and Sons banquets, under Y. M. C. A. auspices, were other gatherings that featured the month.

Alvin M. Owsley of Texas, former national commander of the American Legion, toured the state, explaining the adjusted compensation legislation for which the Legion, as representing the World War soldiers, asks.

---

### Big Business Transaction

The important business transaction of the month was the sale by the Parker-Young Company of its "lumber town" of Beebe River and thousands of acres of adjacent forest lands to the Draper Company of Hopedale, Mass., who will use the mills and the timber tract to supply bobbins for their great textile plant.

The One Big Union made its first appearance of importance in New Hampshire at Dover where labor troubles in the mills of the Pacific corporation continue.

The records for the month at the secretary of state's office gave signs of new business life, particularly in the matter of electrical power development.

Heads of various state departments gave interesting summaries during the month of work accomplished during the past year and plans for the coming year. The highway department, for instance, is making some progress in working out the grade crossing problem. The forestry department is renewing its nursery work, almost at a standstill during the war years. The insurance department is seeking to make its "blue sky law" a more effective protection of the people against investment in worthless securities. The fish and game department finds deer decreasing everywhere in the state save in its three northern counties. And this in spite of the fact that the doubled bounty on wildcats, chief enemy, next to man, of the deer, has resulted in a greatly increased slaughter of these animals.

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### War on Beaver Declared

Although the fish and game and agricultural departments found it impossible to work together in some of the cases of alleged damage to fruit trees by partridges, the former department has reached an agreement with another industry in the far North County, where, in the Connecticut Lake region, a great lumber company complained that the beaver, a protected animal, is doing much damage to their property by killing trees. Upon investigation this was found to be true and Fish and Game Commissioner Bartlett has designated a wellknown hunter and trapper of that country to thin out the beaver to an extent satisfactory to the lumber company which professes to have no desire for their extermination.

—H. C. P.

# NEW HAMPSHIRE CONNECTED BY RADIO

BY HOBART PILLSBURY

A man told me the other day that the radio will be a great thing for New Hampshire. He said every farm in Sullivan county except the abandoned farms is now equipped with radio. It is only a question of time when the abandoned farms will be also equipped. Think what it will mean to the old Granite State when abandoned farmers can sit in their abandoned farms and listen in on the most abandoned music with perfect abandon!

Of course the radio has its disadvantages. What modern convenience has not? A political club in Manchester had quite a debate over this the other night. It appears that the club was meeting in cold quarters and a motion was made to install a radiator in the assembly room.

"I am opposed to installin' one of them things," said an aggressive member. "We had one put in up to our house, and now every Sunday morning the kids have to listen to Methodist ministers when they should be studyin' their catechism."

But on the whole, the radio is a good thing. It is the only thing so far on which Governor Brown and the honorable council agree.

It is a great thing for the churches of New Hampshire. There is one town where four churches now have a combined attendance in person of 57 people and 600 are regular attendants via radio. One is a Scotchman who takes off the headphones every time the contribution box is announced.

Radio is a wonderful thing for education. The policy of Commissioner Butterfield and the state board of education in centralizing the rural schools into the urban schools may ultimately be extended to centralization of all the schools into one, with lessons by radio.

With all the pupils taking their education at home with the lessons coming over the radio, the problem of how to

give the rural children as good as the city children get and thus satisfy the Farm Bureau will be solved. Getting your schooling off an antenna is certainly putting education on a higher plane.

See, saw, Margery Daw,  
Borrowed some money off'n her paw,  
Bought the parts and made her a set,  
Hasn't heard a darn thing yet.

Radio is a great boon to prohibition. All the tubes run on dry cells now—who uses a wet battery?

Radio will work wonders in politics. Did you notice one of the broadcasting programs last week at Station NGNG?

6 p. m. Bedtime stories by Senator Moses—"The World Court is a Rag Doll of Diplomacy" and "Why the Volstead act is a jackass statute."

7 p. m. Song by the grand choir—"We're Oil Good Fellows Together."

8 p. m. "Eight Hours," sung by William H. Barry, John G. Winant and Ray Stevens.

9 p. m. Literary address by Governor Fred Brown—"To Hell with Resolutions, We Want Coal."

10 p. m.

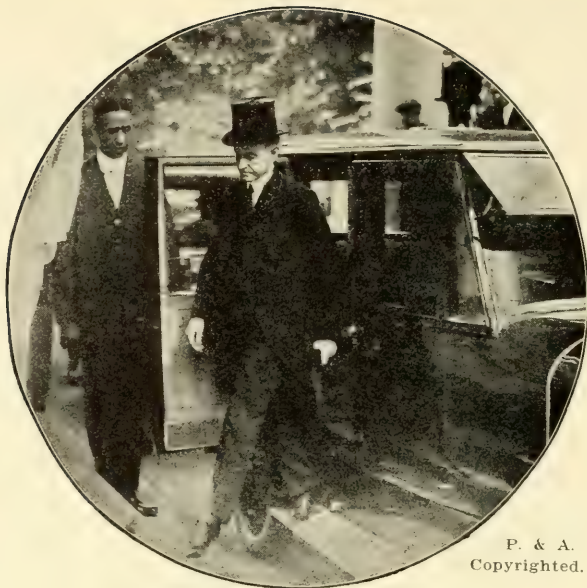
"O! McAdoo, my McAdoo,  
Why did you do  
What you did do,"

Rendered by the Democratic state committee.

11 p. m. "My experience With Poll Taxes," by Charles W. Tobey.

Radio is to be of immense benefit to other interests of the state. Take the tax reformers, for instance. By taking radio so much per meter or so much per broadcast it ought to be possible to obviate the rule of proportion and get at the intangibles. What is more intangible than a radio message? Take the radio taxes and put them into a fund to reimburse farmers for damage to apple trees caused by partridges.

The only danger I see in over-taxing radio is that a good many of these radios are already going into the hands of receivers,



P. & A.  
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*The Mightiest Ruler on Earth.*

## AN X-RAY OF CALVIN COOLIDGE

A Chapter from the Biography by R. M. Washburn

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*"For while the tired waves vainly breaking  
Seem here no painful inch to gain,  
Far back through creek and inlet making  
Comes silent flooding in, the main."*

—Clough.

THESE words symbolize his slow, sure advance. It is a story of progress and of patience, the story of the pendulum one tick at a time, the story of the ladder one round at a time, no jumps. It is a story of quality not quantity. It is a short story. In his inaugural to the Massachusetts Senate, the shortest in history, forty-four words, he said:

*"Be Brief."*

It is an honest story. It is a good deal of a story. The story of the boy is the story of the man.

He was a plain boy on a plain farm. As a boy farming was a part of his business. As a man it became his avocation. Hence he knows the plain people. He is one of them, for his atmosphere is a simple one.

\* \* \*

It has always been his purpose, in his own words, to do the day's work.

Not only this but with an eye for tomorrow. Hence, he has always been prepared, never unprepared. His attitude toward life has been a serious one, alive to its responsibilities. He has looked upon avocation as justified only as a method for recuperation for work. His only sports have been his love of nature and walking. His teachers say he was a good student. His father says that he never had to tell him what to do.

*When a small boy, he got up in the middle of the night, for he remembered that he had not filled the wood bin, one of his duties.*

When he studied law, it was in the independent atmosphere of a law office and not in a law school because he had more character than money. When he was a State Senator in 1913 he showed as great familiarity with a long, intricate railroad bill in his charge as the lawyers who were hired to pass it or defeat it. He had as intelligent and as detailed a knowledge of the bills he had to pass on as any man in the State House. He sees only one side of a question, its merits.



When he was on the stump for Vice-President he said that he longed to be at home and at work. His speeches he has always written in long hand before they were typed and delivered. He is the last to extemporize, so that what he says stands.

\* \* \*

*He is silent by inheritance. This quality he has made little effort to live down, for he has preferred a life of much thought to a life of any chatter.*

He is quick to act. There ought to be more men in the public service known not by what they say but by what they do, more thinkers and doers, fewer talkers. He talks only when he has something to say, but he listens respectfully whether there is something to hear or not. Those who think they interview him, simply interview themselves. He never writes when he can talk. He never talks when he can nod. Once when he sought by telephone the presence of his wife in Boston, he said simply: "Hop home." Those energies which many men throw into their mouths, he conserves for thought and for action.

He was originally diffident, which he has not completely lived down. When as a boy he heard stranger voices in the kitchen, he found it hard to go through the door to meet them. This is why some look upon him as cold. And yet when he became President, he wrote a love letter to James Lucey of which an emotional woman would have been proud. When Governor Cox succeeded him, he found tucked under his desk blotter at the State House a tender note from his predecessor. On the inside he is warm.

\* \* \*

He has always shown fidelity not only to his work but, more, to his two mothers, to his father, to his wife and to his sons. His greatest proclamation as Governor was his Lincoln Day proclamation, for he, too, had known the influence of a great mother and the atmosphere of a simple home.

He says that his folks are happy and contented, belong to themselves, live within their income and fear no man. It was his father whom he asked to administer to him the oath of office of President, by the light of a lamp in the little white cottage which will always live in history. His only words were to his wife: "Grace, get another lamp." And there was light. Greater power and greater distinction has never come to anyone among simpler surroundings. It is a symbol of the democracy of American institutions which will always live in history, that opportunity and honor are open to all.

*The little white cottage will never die. It staged a drama which will forever thrill every American citizen, from the plutocrat to the ploughman.*

His wife is a woman of cheer, tact and efficient cooperation. They met when she was a school teacher in Northampton. His boys have inherited the spirit of preparation. They were in the public schools at Northampton. To a playmate who wondered why the son of a President was at work on a tobacco plantation, the latter said: "Gee, I guess you'd work if you had my father." The other son was in 1923 at the Devens Camp, though under age.

Some look upon him, in the crude colloquial, as a political accident. In the thirty-one years since his majority, he has held public office twenty-two years. He is now in his fifteenth consecutive year. He has been appointed, nominated and elected to public office, forty times. He has never been defeated.

*He has always been led by Fate, which means simply that his opportunities have been great but that his capacity to see and to seize them has been greater.*

His epochal opportunities, in growing order, which he has been quick to see and to seize, have been five in number. First, it was John C. Hammond who happened to hear him deliver the Grove Oration at Amherst in 1895. He then

invited him into his office to study law. Second, the President of the State Senate was unexpectedly defeated for re-election in 1913. Within two days he was assured of the succession. Third, in 1914 Frank Waterman Stearns crossed his path. In 1915 he became His First Ally.

*Fourth, in 1919 came the Boston Police Strike.*

This issue in 1920, in the well-chosen words of the Reverend E. T. Sullivan, D. D., "revealed" him into the Vice-Presidency. Fifth, the death of Warren Harding made him President of the United States. The conditions sought him. He did not seek them. All men must recognize the merit of a man who has been honored by public office in the intelligent Commonwealth of Massachusetts, from the lowest to the highest, for eighteen years without a defeat. Chance did not make him what he is. No President has equalled his years in city and state government.

\* \* \*

*The police strike of 1919 gave him his great issue, law and order.*

The issue of the strike was the demand by the police of the right to affiliate with the American Federation of Labor and at the same time to hold their positions on the force. These demands were refused them. On this issue, two-thirds of the force had struck. The city was defenceless and helpless. Those only know the exigencies of the hour who lived in it. The Police Commissioner, Edwin Upton Curtis, and the Governor stood firm. The militia was called out. Law and order was re-established. These policemen were never reinstated. A largely new force, mostly world-war veterans, was created, which remains non-unionized. The splendid public service, at a crisis, of these two high public officers is generally recognized. Edwin Upton Curtis, now dead, did much to glorify the administration of the Governor. He became the second of the two allies.

It is significant that the Hon. Herbert

Parker, brilliant and with a fine sense of honor, then counsel to the Commissioner and zealous of the Commissioner's high public service and close to the situation, says of the Governor: "He stood revealed as a true leader of men, of patriotism, courage and wisdom, proven through the trial of faith and of conflict." Then Mr. Lodge, a master of diction unexcelled, said of him: "Here's to the pilot who weathered the storm." It was the police strike and its issue, law and order, as set out in his greatest words:

*"There is no right to strike against the public safety by anybody, anywhere, anytime."*

which revealed him into the Vice-Presidency. He showed a wise courage, here, as he later showed a wise courage in his first Presidential message, in his clean-cut, determined attitude towards bristling issues, which he is as zealous to establish as he is quick to enunciate.

He has lived out the words: "Seest thou a man diligent in his business. He shall stand before kings." The country has probably never seen a man prominent in public life like him. No one thinks of opposing him and his great honors have come to him, he has not sought them. He has never been known to make the usual moves towards political preferment. Most men impress one with trying to shape their own political fortunes, he appears indifferent. He has been content to rest his political hopes, if he has had any, on the political duties he has had to perform, however humble. His first political office, a Councilman in Northampton in 1829, the lowest under our form of government, interested him simply as a privilege to give and not as an opportunity to get. The great reason for his political success is his own personality, which appeals to one not for what it appears to be but for what it is. Unlike most politicians he does not play a part, he is himself. He moves quietly and efficiently.

\* \* \*

He has shown independence as a legis-

lator and is quick to stand by the weak when they are right and to leave power when it is wrong. When he was in the House in 1908, the press of his district said of him, that he was entitled to the thanks of the wage-earners for his manly defense of their interests. When he was Governor, the legislative representative of the trainmen said of him, that no man had been as fair as he. And yet at the same time big business also believes in him. He has had as little newspaper notice as any man of his prominence. This has been because he has avoided it. His speeches are unique and strong for their thought and for their epigrammatic brevity. His political strength has made the public curious to study the personality of the only man of that kind they have seen. The more of the man they studied, the more of a man they found. To him the atmosphere of a political office is not an atmosphere for stories and the distribution of cigars, but an atmosphere for work. To him a political opportunity is a business responsibility. He has a maximum of business, a minimum of froth. He has patience, tenacity and self-control.

As Lieutenant-Governor and as Vice-President he was loyal to his Chiefs to a degree too seldom found among his predecessors. When he was Lieutenant-Governor, Governor McCall said that the Lieutenant-Governor stood with him in the Council even when the votes were 8 to 2 against them.

*His loyalty to President Harding is a recent fact. He sat with the Cabinet by the characteristic courtesy of the President, for which opportunity of preparation he and the country are under a deep obligation to the wisdom of this Christian gentleman.*

His life has enabled him to know and to understand all sorts of men, for he has been of them. These men made him Governor, for they liked him for his originality, his modesty, his democracy and his ability. Most men are content to be honored by the office they seek. He gives a dignity to the many high

honors which have seemed naturally to come to him. He is more of an asset to public office than public office is an asset to him. He is a character exceeded by none in interest for study, still incomplete, probably always incomplete. He has the charm of mystery which appeals.

An issue hurried him into the Vice-Presidency. Greater responsibilities stimulate further analysis. He is a student of political economy. He is a student of philosophy. He is led by logic and not by emotion, by fidelity and not by ambition. He supplements leadership with cooperation. He sets his compass not only for to-day but also for to-morrow and for a course beyond the line of the horizon. Those who study him know him, turn to him, rely on him. They only know him, for his virtues he does not radio. The people see in him one of their own.

*The powerful turn to him because he is an intellectual aristocrat and the weak because he is also farm born.*

The man is a mixture of merit and modesty. He presents a unique, marked contrast, to a degree touched only by Lincoln in the history of the country. He is the mightiest ruler on earth and at the same time a plain citizen. In times when the strong too often yield to the temptation of arrogance, in him power and simplicity walk hand in hand, a too scarce virtue. Hence, the great and the small look upon him as one of their own. He met the great issue, law and order. He recognizes that law is but the will of the people which he successfully sets out to arouse. He has the strength of a deep running river. He has an inset religious faith.

Of such is he. He has made his five talents ten. Providence has led him on, made strong allies his handmaidens, made his paths straight. Law and order revealed him into the Vice-Presidency.

*He now holds the highest office on earth by virtue of a title greater than that of any electorate. God made him President.*



# VETERANS' ADJUSTED COMPENSATION ACT. TO BE OR NOT TO BE.

Feeling is running very high in New Hampshire as elsewhere upon the proposed adjusted compensation act, or as it is commonly, though incorrectly called, Bonus Bill. As the fifth in its series of controversies, the GRANITE MONTHLY presents the two articles which follow: The argument for the bill is presented by State Adjutant George W. Morrill of the American Legion. The Hon. Stephen M. Wheeler, representative from the town of Atkinson, and himself a member of the legion, states his reasons for opposing the act.

## For the Bill

BY ADJUTANT GEORGE W. MORRILL

*"George Washington has never been called a 'treasury raider,' yet he asked for and obtained for his soldiers an adjustment of compensation of \$100 each."*

ANY discussion for or against the Veterans' Adjusted Compensation Bill should be preceded by a brief statement as to the provisions of the measure. This is necessary in view of the general ignorance as to exactly what the bill contemplates, an ignorance which has, the writer of this article believes, been deliberately fostered and encouraged by an opposition which is acknowledged to be the strongest, financially, that has ever been opposed to any contemplated law, and which has never hesitated to twist facts and figures to fit any argument needed to accomplish its purpose. While possibly not one person in a thousand has read the bill itself, almost everybody has, at some time or other, read the misleading propaganda against the measure, which is being daily published in most of the leading newspapers and magazines of the country, and which never actually discusses the exact contents of the bill, but rather condemns the whole thing as robbery, and fosters the belief that if passed the bill provides for the payment, in cash, of some hundreds of dollars to every service man.

The Adjusted Compensation Bill is intended to accomplish the very purpose which is indicated by its title. The unofficial term "Bonus Bill" is not only unfair; it is misleading. The word "bonus" implies a gift, unearned. Nowhere in the bill itself, either in its phraseology or intent, is a gift implied.

The bill is intended to be an acknowledgement upon the part of the government that the wage paid the veteran was inadequate and not in proportion to the civilian wage scale or the unheard of advance in the cost of living. It is in short intended to correct an injustice suffered by the man whose very life was at stake during that same period. The veteran does not ask this adjustment as a gift; it is intended to be an actual adjustment of his wartime compensation, and the bonus viewpoint is in itself certain to make impossible an impartial consideration of the subject.

Here is a brief summary of the Adjusted Compensation Bill: It provides that each veteran shall receive for each day served in this country the sum of \$1.00, and for each day of foreign service, the sum of \$1.25, provided that in no case shall maximums of more than \$500 for domestic and \$625 for foreign service be paid. And provided further, that from any number of days so served, there shall be deducted 60 because of the \$60 bonus paid on discharge. This means that in order to draw the maximum, a soldier must have served a total of 560 days, or better than a year and a half. To be entitled to an adjustment of \$50, a veteran will have to have served 110 days. A great number of ex-service men were in the service less than sixty days, and consequently will not benefit by this measure. On the other hand, comparatively few men were in

uniform for a period of 560 days. The average number of days served is estimated by Congress to be approximately 290; considerably less than the figure which is brazenly used by the opposition, when it estimates the cost upon a basis of four and a half million men, each drawing the maximum.

The principal objection to the bill upon the part of the average citizen seems to be the payment to the veteran of all this cash in one sum. This citizen will undoubtedly be surprised to learn that no man draws cash unless he is entitled to the sum of \$50 or less, when he must take it. The bill provides for the adjustment to be paid under four options, as follows. Cash, to those entitled to fifty dollars or less, only; Adjusted Service Certificates, which are in effect, twenty year endowment policies. By this plan a veteran will receive a federal certificate which entitles him to the sum due as his adjustment of compensation, plus 25%, with  $4\frac{1}{2}\%$  compounded annually, and payable at the end of twenty years. This option carries borrowing privileges similar to a commercial endowment policy. The third option is the vocational training feature. It allows to each veteran the sum of \$1.75 for each day served, minus the 60, to be used in his education. The fourth option provides for farm or home aid; under this the veteran may elect to apply his compensation toward the purchase or improvement of a home or a farm. A consideration of these options will convince the reader that the cash feature is negligible, and every other choice offered the veteran cannot fail to benefit him and the community.

Is the claim a just one? Is it a fact that the veteran of the World War suffered financially because of his service? Does the country owe an obligation to the ex-service man? When the United States entered the war Congress immediately increased the pay of the private soldier from fifteen to thirty dollars a

month, because of the increased cost of living and the reduced purchasing power of the dollar. The soldier entered the service, he was required to allot fifteen dollars, or one-half of his pay to his dependants. He was obliged to pay around \$6.50 a month for his War Risk Insurance, and every soldier was required to carry payments upon at least one Liberty Bond at a time. As a result of these usual reductions, he probably averaged to draw a sum around four or five dollars per month. Upon discharge he received what pay was due him, plus a \$60 bonus which was insufficient for whatever purpose it might have been intended, and which by the way, is to be deducted as explained above. In the meantime, the \$15.00 which was deducted from his pay as an allotment, was matched by the government with a like amount, and forwarded to his dependant, who certainly could not exist upon any such sum without other income. The increase in the cost of living did not cease with the entry of the United States into the war; on the contrary, it grew by leaps and bounds, but the pay of the soldier remained the same.

The man who stayed at home did his bit to win the war. When the cost of living advanced, his wages or salary kept pace, and were sometimes increased out of all proportion. He came out of the war, in most cases, better off financially than at the beginning. He did his bit, and was financially rewarded. The soldier also did his bit, and was not only financially penalized, but in numerous cases returned from service only to find his position occupied, and himself consequently forced to make an entirely new start. The veteran has had to make a financial sacrifice in order to serve his country, and he has not been able to establish himself in that position which he would have occupied, had he not served.

The general conception, or rather misconception, of the Adjusted Compensation Bill seems to be that cash only

will be paid, that the country cannot afford to meet the obligation, that no tax reduction can be possible with it, and that the asking for it by the veteran is an attempt to commercialize patriotism. This article has already disillusioned the cash objectors. And that the country can now afford the amount is becoming more evident every day. In this connection it might be well to call attention to the fact that every one of our late allies, much poorer financially than we, has already recognized and met the obligation. Again let us not forget that immediately after the Armistice, Congress paid an adjustment of compensation to the railroads totalling \$824,000,000, adjusted the compensation of war contractors to the tune of \$700,000,000, and paid to civilian government employees a bonus which has totalled to date \$265,000,000. The Veterans' Adjusted Compensation Bill will cost \$80,000,000 a year, according to estimates of Treasury Department officials, accepted as correct by Congress.

The Mellon tax reduction program contemplates a reduction totalling \$329,000,000 annually. The veteran has been most careful to express no opinion as to the means of financing the bill. This tax program however will reduce the taxes of the millionaire class, those with yearly incomes of over \$50,000, by about \$83,000,000. It is to be presumed that possibly these incomes were at least not injured because of the war. That both tax reduction and the Adjusted Compensation Bill are possible, is the contention of certain congressional leaders.

The "commercialization of patriotism" argument is probably the most ridiculous of all. Never in the one hundred and forty years of the history of the United States has the principle of adjusted compensation for the veteran been questioned. George Washington has never been called a "treasury raider," yet he asked for and obtained for his soldiers an adjustment of compensation of \$100 each. Washington himself received

compensation which included \$64,000 in cash, 3,000 acres of land, and fifty shares of stock in the Potomac Canal Company, Lafayette received from Congress \$200,000 above all pay and allowances due him, and 200,000 acres of land in addition. Abraham Lincoln not only advocated and signed pension bills for the civil war veterans, he also applied for and received compensation for his own service as a captain in the Black Hawk War. Compensation in advance was the rule in the Civil War, bounties of \$100 and travel pay being allowed for a year's enlistment. Later in the war bounties as high as \$1,500 were paid. The veterans of every war in our history have received pensions, those for the Revolution equalling \$65,864,640, for the War of 1812 \$45,000,000, and for the Mexican War, \$33,000,000. Pretty respectable sums in those days.

The greatest enemy of the Adjusted Compensation Bill is and has been Mr. Andrew W. Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury. He has been largely responsible in the prevention of its passage, and in his efforts he has been guilty of some grievous "errors," errors which have nevertheless resulted in the accomplishment of his object. In January, 1922, he informed Congress, they were then considering this bill, that the fiscal year would show a deficit of 24,000,000. On June 30, the Treasury showed a surplus of \$313,000,000. He undoubtedly furnished the material for President Harding's veto message which stated that for the next fiscal year, and for four or five years to come, the country would have to face a deficit of \$650,000,000. That fiscal year ended with a surplus of \$309,000,000. In all, Mr. Mellon has made errors in his estimates, and always in opposition to adjusted compensation for the veteran, which reach the astounding total of \$1,596,000,000. The case of Mr. Mellon is cited as an indication of some of the methods being used by the opposition. It should also be mentioned that this gentleman, in view of his present surplus of \$313,-



000,000 per year, has now disputed the estimated cost of the bill, that of \$80,000,000 a year, a figure furnished by

experts and accepted without question for two years, and submits his own new estimate of something like \$225,000,000.

## Against the Bill

BY STEPHEN M. WHEELER

*"The bonus will come sometime in the form of pensions. If it came now it is only adding another burden onto an already unbearable load."*

IT would seem that the editor, in requesting from me an article in opposition to adjusted compensation desires not an argument such as some expert statistician trained in these matters might produce, but an honest opinion from a plain American citizen, who is sincere in his belief in voicing his opinion against the bonus.

The Adjusted Compensation bill which has been before Congress in its various forms nearly every session since the close of the war, has had a stormy career. I know of no other measure that has caused weak kneed congressmen and senators to endeavor to stand on both sides, side step and stand in the middle at the same time, than has the bonus bill. It is a bill which on its face has a tremendous appeal to the great masses of people, hence, Congress with its eyes on home pastures, played that good political game dubbed by George Duncan as "passing the buck."

The bill has been passed by the House on various occasions and passed to the Senate, the Senate finally passed the buck to President Harding, who did the most courageous act in his career by vetoing it, as he said he would if it carried no provisions for self financing.

Since the opening of the present session of Congress the bill has been introduced again—practically in the same form as when vetoed by President Harding. After Teapot Dome simmers down and tax reduction bills are out of the way the House will train its guns on Adjusted Compensation.

The bill for adjusted compensation has thousands of champions and thou-

sands of opponents. I believe that the champions of this measure are moved by no other motive than the best interests of the country. I believe also that the opponents of this bill should be accorded the same measure of fairness. I am opposed to a soldier's bonus for two reasons. First, because I believe the principle is wrong, and secondly, because I believe there is a growing demand for reduction of taxation.

What red blooded American citizen can read the pages of history without tingling with pride? American patriots have fought for one principle, from Bunker Hill to Flander's Fields, and the spirit of the immortal Paul Revere will ride forever. We have demonstrated to the world that we do not fight for conquest. American men have not fought and died because they were paid to do so or because they expected to receive further rewards. I acknowledge the debt we owe to our soldiers and sailors, but such a debt can never be balanced by dollars and cents. We still owe such debts to every American who has ever fought for liberty.

Thousands of men came out of the war broken in health and in spirit. There is no more important duty facing the government to-day, than the care of our disabled veterans. The care must be of the best, and generous compensation should be paid. The government has already spent over a billion in hospitalization and there are at present over 23,000 men under government care.

A great percentage of the men coming out of the service sound, mentally and physically are in the prime of life, ready

and willing to work and, I do not believe, desire to place themselves in the position of dependants to this country. I believe the time to reward these men should come when they are past labor. It seems to me that the real object of the bonus is to prepare for the future, but I can not help but believe it will defeat its real purpose. Thousands of men under the present system will turn their certificates into cash as soon as it is available. Youth never thinks of old age and I firmly believe a pension system later in life would be a more suitable reward than a bonus, the direct result of which financially no one can foretell to any certain degree at the present time.

During the war we were obliged to be the banker, butcher, baker and candlestick maker for the rest of the Allies. We came out of the war with a national debt of over \$24,000,000,000.00, which has been reduced to nearly \$22,000,000,000.00, or over \$200.00 for every man, woman and child in this country. To the average person who can read and write and can understand that two and two make four, the result is startling to say the least.

There has been a growing demand for a nation-wide reduction of taxes. The governors of nearly every state in the union are urging their legislatures to exercise the strictest of economy. It was estimated that under the bonus bill which was vetoed by President Harding, if all beneficiaries had taken certificates it proposed to issue the plan would cost annually \$225,000,000 for the first year and a total of \$5,400,000,000.00. Some men got rich over the war, hundreds of new millionaires were made. It is unfortunate that these men cannot be made to pay. The result of the situation is that the buck is passed again and it is the common people who carry the burden. Millions of hard working men and women, including thousands of ex-service men, already carry too great a burden of taxation and should begin to

realize that it is themselves who always pay the freight.

In order to meet a rapidly increasing foreign competition we must reduce our debt and shave our expenditures to the lowest possible hair.

Secretary Mellon of the Treasury declares we can reduce taxes, our budget \$323,000,000 this year, without the bonus. If the bonus is adopted it will retard any substantial reduction for many years to come. I believe there is no measure better calculated to promote the well being and happiness of the whole country than tax reduction.

To those of you who believe with all your heart in adjusted compensation I ask you to consider for a moment the conditions of the country and the world in general. During the war people got into the habit of thinking in terms of millions and billions. We read so much of the tremendous expenditures in the papers that it even began to have its effect within our own communities in our own personal affairs and in town affairs as well. Taxes in our towns and cities mounted higher and higher, the legislature taxed anything and everything, until at last people have begun to realize it is about time to get back to earth again. If we are going to reduce taxes let it be so substantial that even you and I will feel the effect. The bonus will come sometime, if it came now it is only adding another burden onto an already unbearable load. I ask any fair minded man if a country free from bonded indebtedness isn't a better present to hand down to the future generation, than the already heavy burden, plus added improvements?

Able bodied ex-service men do not need the bonus. It is far better to his welfare to reduce our taxes so an honest industry may live, and give an honest day's work to them who seek it, than to place a burden of taxation upon his shoulders that he and his children and his children's children will have to carry.

# STATE TREASURER FARRAND'S THREE FAVORITE STORIES

L. M. A.

It is always interesting to know the favorite stories and anecdotes of famous men, especially those public speakers who have a large fund at their command. This page of stories by some prominent New Hampshire figure will be a feature of the Granite Monthly.

**G**EORGE E. FARRAND, New Hampshire's state treasurer, can cease the grind of business long enough to enjoy a good yarn. He says he hasn't three favorite stories for when he hears a good one it doesn't remain in his memory long, but he gives the following which he said amused him when he heard them:



"When our present Governor was campaigning, he referred to the tremendous Republican majority of 1920 and Democratic expectation for the campaign then being fought. He told about two teams of colored players who were having a baseball game. A spectator arriving late, passing along the edge of the field carried on a conversation with the left fielder and the following dialogue took place: 'Hullo Sam, who's ahead?' Sam replied: 'They are, thirty-six to nothin'.' 'Gosh! You're gwine to get an awful beatin'.' 'I dunno,' said Sam, 'We ain't come to de bat yet.'" The story proved appropriate and prophetic, for when Governor Brown came to the bat, he succeeded in smashing out a victory.

"I recently met a colonel of a southern

regiment of engineers who spoke of his experiences in the Argonne and said that one day a heavy fusillade came over and they took the nearest refuge to be found. He was behind a tree and near him behind another tree was one of his doughboys who called out: 'Say, Colonel! There's something besides work that makes you sweat.'"

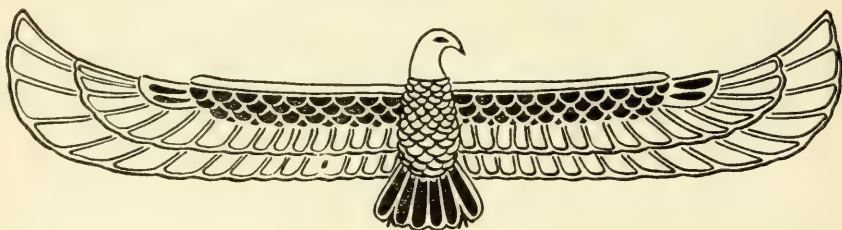
"My third story is about the chairman

of a meeting held in a western town at which various local speakers were to appear. It was decided to ask one of the boys who had been in France to speak. The young man chosen had a fine record for bravery, had been 'over the top' and had been decorated for his deeds of valor. He was, however, as modest as he was brave, and proved to be a very uninteresting speaker. While he was talking the audience began to straggle out. This lack of interest exasperated the chairman, and finally as several prepared to slip away he could contain himself no longer and arose, rapped noisily on the speaker's desk and said: 'Sit down gentlemen! This boy's gone through hell for us; we can do as much for him.'"



Compiled by ARTHUR JOHNSON

Illustrated by Elizabeth Shurtleff



## ANTHONY AND CLEOPATRA

By WILLIAM HAINES LYTLE

1826—1863

I am dying, Egypt, dying,  
 Ebbs the crimson life-tide fast,  
 And the dark Plutonian shadows  
 Gather on the evening blast;  
 Let thine arms, O Queen, infold me;  
 Hush thy sobs and bow thine ear;  
 Listen to the great heart-secrets,  
 Thou, and thou alone, must hear.

Though my scarred and veteran legions  
 Bear their eagles high no more,  
 And my wrecked and scattered galleys  
 Strew dark Actium's fatal shore;  
 Though no glittering guards surround me,  
 Prompt to do their master's will,  
 I must perish like a Roman,  
 Die the great Triumvir still.

Let not Caesar's servile minions  
 Mock the lion thus laid low;  
 'Twas no foeman's arm that felled him—  
 'Twas his own that struck the blow,—  
 His who, pillowed on thy bosom,  
 Turned aside from glory's ray—  
 His who, drunk with thy caresses,  
 Madly threw a world away.

Should the base plebeian rabble  
 Dare assail my name at Rome,  
 Where my noble spouse, Octavia,  
 Weeps within her widowed home,  
 Seek her; say the gods bear witness—  
 Altars, augurs, circling wings—  
 That her blood, with mine commingled,  
 Yet shall mount the throne of kings.

As for thee, star-eyed Egyptian!  
 Glorious sorceress of the Nile,  
 Light the path to Stygian horrors  
 With the splendors of thy smile.  
 Give the Caesar crowns and arches,  
 Let his brow the laurel twine;  
 I can scorn the Senate's triumphs,  
 Triumphant in love like thine.

I am dying, Egypt, dying;  
 Hark! the insulting foeman's cry.  
 They are coming! quick, my falchion  
 Let me front them ere I die.  
 Ah! no more amid the battle  
 Shall my heart exulting swell—  
 Isis and Osiris guard thee!  
 Cleopatra, Rome, farewell!





## A NIGHT PIECE

BY EDWARD SHANKS

Contemporary

Come out and walk. The last few drops of light  
Drain silently out of the cloudy blue;  
The trees are full of the dark-stooping night,  
The fields are wet with dew.

All's quiet in the wood but, far away,  
Down the hillside and out across the plain,  
Moves, with long trail of white that marks its way,  
The softly panting train.

Come through the clearing. Hardly now we see  
The flowers, save dark or light against the grass,  
Or glimmering silver on a scented tree  
That trembles as we pass.

Hark now! So far, so far...that distant song....  
Move not the rustling grasses with your feet.  
The dusk is full of sounds, that all along  
The muttering boughs repeat.

So far, so faint, we lift our heads in doubt.  
Wind, or the blood that beats within our ears,  
Has feigned a dubious and delusive note,  
Such as a dreamer hears.

Again...again! The faint sounds rise and fail.  
So far the enchanted tree, the song so low....  
A drowsy thrush? A waking nightingale?  
Silence. We do not know.

## A SIGH

1835—1921

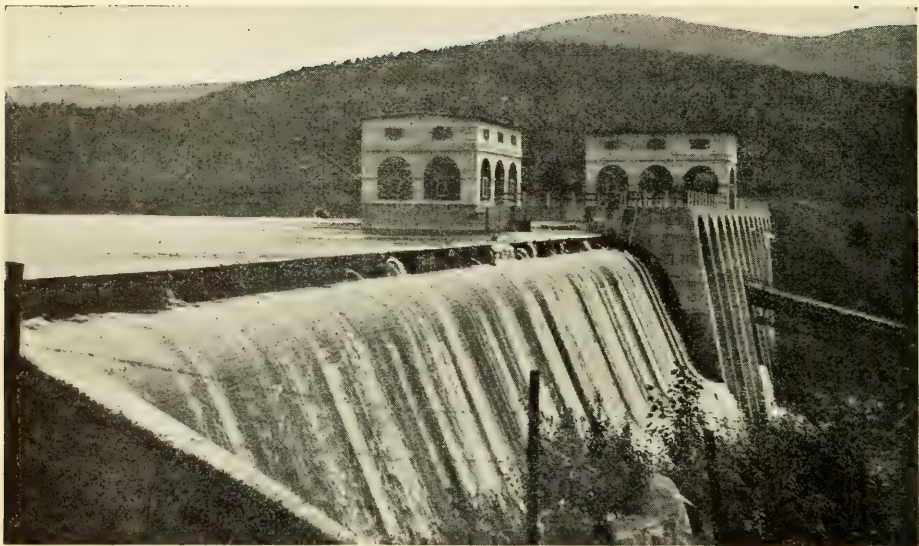
BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD

It was nothing but a rose I gave her  
Nothing but a rose  
Any wind might rob of half its savor,  
Any wind that blows.

When she took it from my trembling fingers  
With a hand as chill,—  
Ah, the flying touch upon them lingers,  
Stays, and thrills them still!

Withered, faded, pressed between the pages,  
Crumpled fold on fold,—  
Once it lay upon her breast, and ages  
Cannot make it old!





Aziscohos Dam—Where a storage of 9.6 billion cubic feet is obtained.

## WOOD AND WATER POWER

BY HELEN F. McMILLIN

### Introduction

BY BARBARA BEAN

At a time when much is being said about failure of our state in the race for economic competency we search with some misgiving for an answer to glib assurances that New Hampshire's situation, climate, soil and resources make success impossible for her.

One of New Hampshire's successful business men is quoted in a recent issue of the Granite Monthly as saying that, "It is no use. New England has seen her best days. It is only a question of time before our industries will disappear as fast as our farms are going at present."

A more constructive survey of conditions is that of Mr. William Sidney Rossiter in the Atlantic Monthly for July, 1923. But here we find that in the census returns of 1920, 179 of the 251 towns in New Hampshire showed a decrease in population; that Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont have large industrial interests, but that they returned in 1920 a value of manufactured products amounting to only 1-6 of the aggregate value of products of their southern neighbors.

Here is a rugged, mountainous state, of harsh climate, of relatively poor soil and of limited resources. What can we do to compete in the highly organized industrial life of the present, where, we are reminded, "there is a greater conformity to economic laws and less attention to individual initiative and ingenuity?" Must we accept obvious handicaps as meaning inevitable failure or are there some economic laws which with initiative and ingenuity, we can turn to our advantage?

If you were to pick out those things in which New Hampshire's supply takes precedence of her southern competitors what would you choose? Water—there is water power in New Hampshire to far outlast the capital we can raise for development—and lumber? Those were the two resources that attracted far sighted men to a small town in Coos County back in 1870, when Berlin had a population of 529 persons attendant upon a sawmill, a shingle mill and a grist mill. Here were power and raw material to compete with our more gifted neighbors and one man had the wit to use those resources, even though he had to *invent* a process.

And the result of his initiative and ingenuity continued through a period of half a century. The population of Berlin, instead of decreasing like that of 179 other towns of the state, is to-day 30 times its size of fifty years ago. The water power of the Androscoggin has undergone continual development until it now represents at Berlin the most completely regulated flow in the state. Power generated by this flow runs the Berlin plant of the International Paper Company, the largest producers of news print in the world, and the Brown Company with its enormous output of sulphite



pulp and kraft pulp with their various products. In addition to the power used by these two industries the river lends itself to a third development below Berlin, where the Twin State Electric Light and Power Company has a newly improved power plant that furnishes electricity to the townspeople at a primary rate that is 4c. to 5c. below the average for the state. This rate in itself is an excellent example of the advantage of hydro-electric power and of the economy of storage.

In 1881, the total valuation of all Berlin's real estate was set by the tax assessors at \$206,000 and in those early reports "real estate" was understood to include not only land and buildings but stock in trade and mills and machinery. To-day the valuation of mills and machinery alone is set at \$7,500,000. That commerce has kept pace with the industrial development is evidenced by the fact that stock in trade is valued today at \$3,500,000. Land and buildings are valued at \$8,700,000, making the gross inventory 60 times that of 40 years ago.

In a recent proposal for the progress of New Hampshire, ex-Governor Bass states that, "Our water power must be developed, those industries best adapted to our resources and markets must be encouraged." Berlin gives a concrete demonstration of the results of this sound program. The account of the development of one industry may well stand as an example to the people of the state of what a broader application of such principles might mean to New Hampshire.

"**H**ERE is something that will interest you," said the head of the Photographic Department of the Brown Company as we entered his office. "It is a panorama of the Rangeley Lakes from the top of Deer Mountain." On the long work table the photograph was almost complete, the various sections so fitted together that it seemed as though the

whole had been taken at one exposure. It was nearly ten feet long and two feet wide and its size gave the illusion that we were actually standing on a mountain in Maine and looking out over range upon range of thickly wooded hills, among which lay clear beautiful lakes, the Rangeleys, head waters of the Androscoggin river.

"Here," said our guide looking at



Cascade Mills, Berlin, N. H.

the picture. "is the whole story of the growth of the Brown Company. Timberlands and water power. These lakes with the artificial one formed by Aziscohos Dam form a wonderfully controlled water system. The flow is regulated by dams so that it is about 1600 cubic feet a second the year around, with no fluctuation due to drought or excessive rainfall, and these woodlands are our source of raw material; the business is founded on wood and water power."

Unquestionably this is the truth, but not the whole truth. To the natural resources must be added the courageous foresight of the man who built the business, who realized the advantages of the river and trees, and who dared to lay broad foundations. It is natural advantage plus human enterprise which has transformed Berlin from the little logging camp it was in the 1850's, when the Grand Trunk built its road through to Montreal, to the flourishing city of today; which has brought men from all parts of our country, Europe and Canada; and which keeps the business looking forward to ever greater development.

The well equipped Photographic Department which we have already mentioned is significant of this very quality. Here is equipment which furnishes means for studying fibre structure of woods, which brings the far corners of the company's property into the office of the chief. This department, the chemical research laboratories just below it in the same building, the chart room, where details of process are carefully recorded by graphs; these stand as the brain centers, interpreting and co-ordinating and directing the movements of the great organization which is the Brown Company.

To see that organization in action is an experience not soon to be forgotten.

We stood for a moment in the doorway of the sawmill, hearing the

scream of the saws and watching the great logs sawed into boards and beams and shot out to the loading platform, where men with leather pads on their shoulders waited to put them on the cars which should carry them to their destinations.

Here a sawmill of cement and steel has replaced the original overshot mill built on this site by Daniel Green at the head of the falls in 1828. Four sawmills have come and gone since that day on the same site, each larger than the last, and now they have been finally augmented by the growing pulp and paper mills of the Brown Company and the International Paper Company to make Berlin one of the industrial centers of New England.

Stepping out from the sawmill we stood on the bridge commanding a view of the whole plant. On both sides of the river rose high factory walls; long trains of freight cars moved to and fro among them; in an open space a little away from the buildings towered two huge piles of wood and 4-foot sticks of spruce and fir were tumbling onto the tops of them from carriers 80 feet high.

Much of this wood comes in cars from Canada, while immense amounts are consumed every year, the Brown Company does not stop there. As far as it is possible it practices conservation and maintains in the Rangeley Lake region one of the largest forest nurseries in New England. For the last two seasons it has produced more trees than it could plant, the surplus going to furnish the needs of the College and State Nurseries of Maine and New Hampshire. There are upwards of three million trees growing in its nursery at present.

Close to the sawmill stands the window frame mill, which uses white pine, of which there is a considerable quantity left in the North country and which is not suitable for pulp.

Beyond the window frame mill stands one of the sulphite mills.

"Sulphite pulp," explained our guide, "is the material of which high grade white paper is made, book paper and the like. The pulp is made white by a bleaching process at our bleachery. The materials for bleaching are made in our Chemical Mill, (indicating a large mill on the opposite bank of the river). By-products of the making of the bleach liquor are caustic soda and hydrogen. The latter is combined with peanut oil to produce a cooking fat known as Kream Krisp. From the bleach liquor is made chloroform. At the plant we also make muriatic acid, carbon tetra-chloride and sulphur chloride."

Further down the river stands the Riverside paper mill, the original paper mill owned by the Brown Company and which is now given over to the production of various colored papers and the production of an especially strong and durable paper towel made from Kraft pulp, a long fibered pulp, which makes the strongest wrapping paper known.

The uses of Kraft pulp seem to be endless, as it is sold to concerns making furniture, imitation leather, twine, bags, carpets, etc.

The Company also manufactures a pipe made of pulp. This industry was started during the war for the purpose of producing a strong and light powder container for the government and has lately developed into conduit for electric wires. This pipe is especially treated to make it water resistant, and is also used as water pipe.

A tour of the mills gives an impression which remains as a confused blur in an untechnical mind; immense paper machines through which an endless sheet wound its circuitous route from pulp to finished product; immense digesters in which the wood is cooked; row upon row of electrolytic cells—these and many other things impress one with the stupendous facilities of a modern manufac-

turing plant.

But one does not get the whole story when one has walked through the noisy, busy mills. Berlin has been changed from a village of about 500 people to a city of 16,000. In this the human element has been largely to the fore. A large accomplishment, it also entails a tremendous responsibility. The story of the way in which that responsibility is being met is a chapter in itself. We can only suggest it here by giving a few pen pictures.

First: A long, low room with bright curtains at the windows, figured with bunnies dear to the child's heart, with low round tables and miniature chairs, with sand boxes and toys, with the whole menagerie of Noah's ark parading decorously in a frieze around the walls. This is the kindergarten for the children of the Brown Company's employees, run along the lines of the most recent educational development.

Second: A red house across the river, a path from its back door leading down to the mill. Inside, pleasant, homelike room, a piano with music piled upon it, a table with good magazines, a sunny dining room, and best of all a kindly, capable woman to welcome us with instant friendliness.

"This is the Girls' Club," said our hostess. "It is maintained by the Brown Company, but it is not solely for their employees. It includes any girls who care to join from fourteen years of age until they are married. There are about 275 members now. Suppers, parties, showers, birthday parties, and at Christmas the greatest event of all, a Christmas dance, are held, but our Club is not just a recreation club. During the war we did all kinds of Red Cross work. We have all kinds of classes in all sorts of subjects, from cooking to psychology, and in addition we think our best service is in being an unofficial community house. That is the sort of thing we are here for."



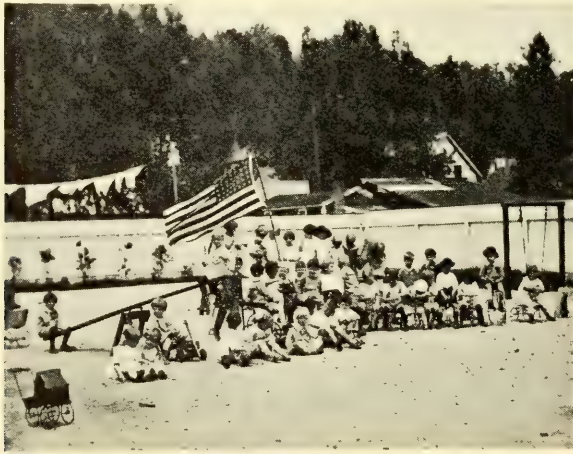
Third: A business-like office with an efficient woman in blue uniform at the desk, talking in a crisp voice over the telephone. Two other women in uniform also, ready with bags in hand to start off on a round of visits in a little car standing outside. The headquarters of the District Nurses. This also is a department of the Brown Company, and works in affiliation with an insurance company.

The woman at the desk finishes her telephone conversation and turns to speak to us.

"Yes, we are pretty busy here. There are five of us in the department but the work grows so rapidly that we shall soon have to add another nurse. Last year we gave first aid and treatment to many thousands. We have an infant welfare clinic in co-operation with the city Board of

Health. We are not by any means limited to the Brown Company employees, although of course they do form a large part of our patients. At the request of the school board we are branching out to do school health work in neighboring towns. We are planning on an opthalmic clinic this year in connection with this work, to be followed by a tonsil and adenoid clinic. Our present work is to correct under-nutrition.

Kindergarten, girls' club, district nursing, these are only three of many ways in which the responsibility which comes with the growth of the town is being met, and which makes the organization not simply a great business machine but a human association and a force for community welfare.



Kindergarten, Brown Company

# A NEW ENGLAND TOWN MEETING

By N. H. C.

IT was Governor Yates, the sturdy old Civil War governor of Illinois, who loved to talk about democracy. His speeches were replete with glowing references to the term. One evening while returning from a public appearance, his wife confessed her ignorance and inquired of him just what he meant by democracy. The Governor elevating his eyebrows in surprise at her astounding stupidity replied, "Why democracy is—er—ah—er—why dammit, madam, democracy is democracy."

Many of us without realizing it have as little an idea of that much vaunted democracy as had the governor. Many of us have the notion that our government is a democracy. As a matter of fact, it is nothing of the kind. The United States is a Republic, having a representative form of government, and the only democracy in all the world is that democracy which will take place in the towns of New England on the 11th day of March, in the year of our Lord, one thousand nine hundred twenty-four, namely, a New England town meeting.

Long years ago in the days of ancient Greece there existed a beautiful city which was a democracy. Periodically the people gathered to elect directly those who should administer their government. Each citizen had a voice and a vote in the affairs of state. Being swayed by the popular frenzies of approval and of blame, their varying moods made the lives of their public men exceedingly interesting. One day they took great delight in showering every known honor upon one of their leaders. The next day they scratched his name upon a shell and ostracized him for the next ten years. The time came, however, when the gathering war-clouds from the north took form in a great Macedonian invasion and the final curtain

was drawn on the true democracies of sunny Greece.

Centuries passed and as if to demonstrate once more the supreme irony of fate the flower which had last flourished on the beautiful and luxuriant shores of the Mediterranean sprang up in rock bound and storm swept old New England, in the shape of the first town meeting. It was a newer and safer and saner democracy. Far different from the varying moods of the impulsive and hot-blooded Grecian was the stern and self contained judgment of the New England Puritan. The years have passed however, some of the Puritanical traits have disappeared, but the loss has been in a measure atoned by the growth of custom and precedent which have made the town meeting a familiar and known factor in the life of a New England village.

It is a familiar and known factor because of the fact that all town meetings seem to be alike and to arouse about the same passions and bring forward about the same characters. The first familiar figure in the town meeting is the moderator. Citizens of the central or western states frown with puzzled perplexity when a New Englander refers to the "moderator." The only mental picture which they have is of some religious official in the Presbyterian church. In New Hampshire towns, however, the moderator is an old and familiar character. He is usually a person who in youth was pointed out as a future Daniel Webster or Chauncey Depew, but who in later life failed to soar to the expected heights and has found solace in being monarch of all he surveyed on the second Tuesday of each March. Moderators do not always fail to rise, however, for there are two members of the United States Senate today who were once moderators of New England town meetings, and one can eas-

ily believe that during the last few days of the Senate's debate they could lean back in their chairs, close their eyes, and imagine themselves once more in the stormy meetings of their youth. One characteristic, however, is common to all moderators, great or small. It originated in the days of Bradford and Brewster and will probably persist throughout the aeons of eternity.—the moderator talks through his nose, and on the morning of Tuesday next in scores of New Hampshire towns, elongated and angular village deacons, tufts of whiskers upon their chins, and nasal twang to their voices, will arise with overpowering dignity and announce, "l-a-d-i-e-s and g-e-n-tlemen, if you will give me your attention I will read you your warrant." The town meeting is now on.

First in the order of business is the election of town officers. In towns where the Australian ballot has been adopted this will be accomplished without undue fuss and feathers, but in the towns where they have retained the good old-fashioned meeting it will require the constable and both policemen to keep reasonable order, and ere the dinner hour is reached many an aspirant for political fame will have been plunged in the dust. (That word dust is metaphorical since the entrance of women into the town meeting. Previous to that time it would be more literal to say sawdust in view of the custom of covering the floor with the by-products of a saw mill for protection against rapid fire expectoration.)

After the stormy morning session is over and the baked bean dinner has been served by the Ladies' Aid of the village church, the company again assembles with the exception of a few who have found it impossible to balance more than twenty beans on a knife blade at one scoop and are consequently somewhat delayed. It is in the afternoon that the real gymnastics of the meeting occur and that full

play is given to the local lights of statecraft.

Perhaps the most important matter from the point of view of both the town and the state is the consideration of the road problem. There is a very ill defined conception in the minds of most people regarding the relations of the town and state in this field. A confusing group of terms—state roads, state aid roads, state road maintenance and state aid road maintenance revolve about in our minds. Consequently the article in the warrant "To see if the town will vote to accept state aid" is regarded with rather dazed and suspicious ignorance as to its real intent.

At this point in the meeting another local character as old and as typically New England as the moderator makes his appearance. This character is the local squire. He is usually a man of extremely statesmanlike bearing, that is, he wears a Gladstone collar. There ever lurks in his mind the conviction that if he had only started right in life, that is, if he hadn't got married at the age of seventeen and gone to work in a livery stable, he would have been one of the country's leading jurists. Having failed in this ambition, however, he has compromised by becoming justice of the peace, notary public, truant officer, and dog killer. He is looked upon in the light of general adviser by the people of the countryside and makes most of their wills and deeds, likewise performs some of their marriage ceremonies. He keeps most of the lawyers in town busy unravelling his legal eccentricities. Like the moderator the great day of his year is town meeting day. As we said before, he arises at this point in the meeting, clears his throat, addresses the chair. Very ponderously he begins, "My fellow townsmen, it is well—ah—to consider this matter with some care before proceeding farther. In fact, I should suggest, yea, strongly urge, that this article be



left *in status quo* until we can weigh the conflicting elements of the situation. The matter of accepting state aid is extremely delicate and should be handled with all the caution which ever characterized the author of those great words, 'Lex non scripta.' In fact, it may be one of those pitfalls which line the path of life, while on the other hand, it may have great and far reaching influences for the good of mankind."

As a matter of fact, the above picture is somewhat overdrawn, and the inhabitants of our towns are becoming quite well versed in the facts of the road situation which are about as follows: There are three kinds of state roads—state roads which are maintained wholly by the state, extending through a few small regions where there are no real townships; state roads which are maintained by the state, assisted in a small degree by the towns through which they run (the trunk line boulevards;) and the so called state aid roads which the towns themselves build and maintain, assisted by the state. This last group of roads is not a part of the main trunk lines but must be connecting roads between townships. The State Highway Department informs the town as to the amount of the aid which will be rendered to construct these roads and the amount which will be furnished each year toward their maintenance when constructed. To protect the investment of the state it is specified that these roads must be built to answer the requirements of the state engineer and maintained to meet his approval. By this process a network of road has been constructed and added to each year, gradually furnishing good access to every town in the state. The only question is as to the advisability of some of the poorer towns whose taxable property is decreasing in value assuming the burden of meeting the engineer's

specifications as to maintenance throughout the future years. The State Department has, however, been considerate of the financial condition of the town and will probably be so in the future.

Another question which will be bitterly fought out in some of the coming town meetings is the raising of money to combat the white pine blister rust. The State Forestry Department has a county organization in each section of the state engaged in the work of staying this enemy of the pine by pulling up currant and gooseberry bushes which are declared to be the medium through which the parasite attacks the forest. Towns are asked to raise money to carry on the work and for each dollar they raise the state adds a dollar for use within their town. There has been a gradually diminishing opposition on the part of various town chieftains who refuse to believe that the white pine blister rust is actually a menace. It is believed and hoped, however, that little of this opposition will be met with on the 11th of March because common-sense will lead the people of New Hampshire to accept the verdict of forestry experts, even as they accept the opinion of a physician in the affairs of medicine or that of a lawyer in legal matters. Various private owners of the state, including Senator Henry W. Keyes of Haverhill, have recognized the danger and expended their own money in combatting the disease among their own pines.

The last event of the town meeting will be the selection of hog reeve, an office which is generally filled by some recently married man. This will be accomplished amid some laughter. Then the gavel will fall, the moderator and clerk will mournfully gather up their papers preparatory to retiring into obscurity for another twelve months, and the town meeting of 1924 will be a matter of history.

# DELEGATES TO THE DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION

By N. H. C.

When the fish creep over dry land,  
And mules on velocipedes ride;  
When foxes lay eggs in the sand,  
And women in dress take no pride;  
When Dutchmen no longer drink beer,  
And girls get to preaching on time;  
When the billy-goat butts from the rear,  
And treason no longer is crime:  
When the humming-bird brays like an ass,  
And limburger smells like cologne,  
When ploughshares are made out of glass,  
And hearts of Tennesseans are stone;  
When sense grows in Republican heads,  
And wool on the hydraulic ram;  
Then the Democratic party will be dead,  
And this country not worth a damn.

**T**HESE were the words of John Wesley Gaines, member of Congress from Tennessee in 1906. He produced the parody when the Republicans were strongly entrenched in power and many people were saying that the Democratic donkey was dead.

Looking at the political situation in New Hampshire one is compelled to admit that Mr. Gaines' hopeful spirit was justified, for the Democratic corpse has risen and overturned the politics of a state which has been strongly Republican for half a century.

When the Democratic cohorts gather in the city of Hylan and Hearst next summer there will be found among them a group of jubilant sun-crowned warriors bearing fresh laurels of victory, who will be as "solid" as the solid South, as resourceful as

Tammany Hall and as omnipotent as the Almighty.

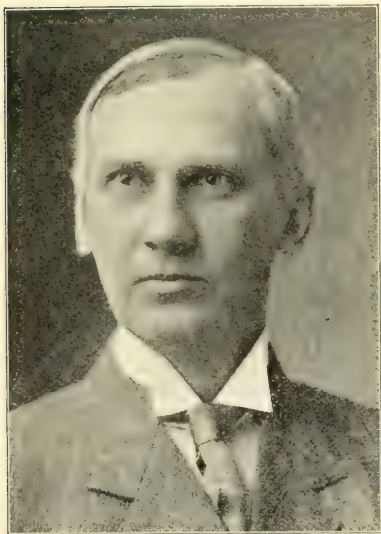
Let the Southern states plead for their native sons. Let Ohio strive to maintain her copyright on the presidential candidates. There is a cold breeze from the snow-clad summit of the White Mountains that can congeal them all and do more to alleviate the sweltering heat of a crowded convention hall than all the light wines

of New York or the near beers of New Jersey. New Hampshire is in a position to play a real part in shaping the plans of national democracy, for New Hampshire has entered the ranks of the "fighting" states. Not only that but New Hampshire may have a candidate for the Vice-Presidency in the person of her governor. Moreover she will have an exceptionally talented delegation to support him.



Major James F. Brennan

Robert Jackson whose organization overturned the state is not to be despised by any Southern colonel. The eloquence of Ray Stevens can be as pleasing to the ears of democracy as that of Bryan himself. There is not an ex-policeman in greater New York who can put anything over on Sheriff O'Dowd of Manchester and there are those who believe that Ovide J. Coulombe of Berlin can show Tammany



Hon. Gordon Woodbury

cards and spades. Surely as a candidate "Laconic Fred" could dispute New England with "Silent Cal."

There will be eight Democratic delegates at large from New Hampshire, each of whom will exercise the rather limited power of half a vote. There will be no dispute over these places as only eight have filed, seven men and one woman. There has been no controversy among the Democrats over the matter of pledging. There are probably two reasons for this. In the first place, the Democratic national situation differs from that of the Republicans in that there are no settled candidates narrowing the fight to two men, and consequently, the Democratic party of New Hampshire is probably very much divided and uncertain in its presidential preference. In the second place, those who have filed as delegates are representative Democrats of high calibre who are trusted by their colleagues to exercise due discrimination.

In reply to a query by the GRANITE MONTHLY the various delegates very courteously and frankly stated their stand on various questions of interest to their party. Their statements regarding presidential pre-

ference revealed the fact that most of them are still open minded watching the situation and that their opinion has not crystallized in regard to who would be the strongest candidate for the party. William G. McAdoo was the name most mentioned, though many spoke favorably of Governor Al Smith. Major James F. Brennan of Peterborough says, "I could not, with my power of discernment, at this distance from June say that my mind had become settled on which if any of the able men you mention (McAdoo, Smith or Underwood) I am in favor of. The field might indeed be extended to include ex-Senator Pomerene of Ohio; former Ambassador to Great Britain John W. Davis of West Virginia; Senator Copeland of New York; ex-Justice of the U. S. Supreme Court; John H. Clark of Ohio; and many other able Democratic statesmen." Arthur J. Rutledge of Portsmouth states, "If elected I shall go unpledged," but I favor the candidacy of Mr. McAdoo, because his public record is uniformly progressive and he fully represents the principles of democracy." John S. Hurley of Manchester, also a candidate for district delegate, after stating that the dele-



Major Robert C. Murchie



gation should be unpledged says, "Governor Smith of New York is my choice and to my mind the outstanding figure in the Democratic party, because of his accomplishments as an executive, his conception of state rights which are being encroached upon more and more each year by the Federal powers, which condition is the cause of much dissatisfaction, and his undoubted ability to win votes, as demonstrated by his record in the State of New York." Other responses were non-committal, ranging from the statement of Robert C. Murchie to the effect that of the three names mentioned he preferred McAdoo but that he did not care to definitely declare for any candidate, to that of Francis Keefe of Dover, who makes the laconic reply, "I have no favorites."

Senator Ovide J. Coulombe of Berlin, Mr. Robert Gould of Newport, and John S. Hurley are for the repeal of the two thirds rule which has always prevailed in Democratic conventions. Mr. Seth Jones states that his mind is open on the question. The rest of the delegates desire that the rule be retained.

Almost the entire delegation was enthusiastic over the prospect of nominating Governor Fred H. Brown for the vice-presidency. Mr. Hurley, however, stands out alone against the project:

"I do not favor an organized move on the part of the New Hampshire delegates in support of Governor

Brown for the Vice-Presidency. While it would be gratifying to have a New Hampshire man named, I feel that the strength of the ticket should be paramount to any other consideration. If the nomination of Governor Brown as Vice-President would strengthen the ticket the convention will recognize the fact without any organized effort on the part of the New Hampshire delegates."

As has been before stated, the personnel of the delegation will be very creditable to the state. Candidates for delegates-at-large are as follows: Ex-Congressman Raymond B. Stevens of Landaff who has long been prominent in New Hampshire politics, having run ahead of his ticket again and again as a candidate for the United States Senate. Robert Jackson has made his mark in the political annals of the state as Democratic chairman. Robert C. Murchie is national committeeman for New Hampshire. John T. O'Dowd



State Senator Ovide Coulombe

is sheriff of Hillsborough County. Seth W. Jones, James F. Brennan, State Senator Coulombe are well known Democratic war horses. Dr. Anna B. Parker of Gilmanton is prominent in the New Hampshire League of Women Voters. Among the candidates for district delegate, John S. Hurley of Manchester, F. C. Keefe of Dover, Gordon Woodbury of Bedford, Robert Doyle of Nashua, and John J. Landers of Keene are well known state figures. Mary J. Connor of Manchester is the daughter and sister of prominent Democrats.

# POLITICAL DEVELOPMENTS OF THE MONTH

By THOMAS CARENS

"Well, what do you know?" is the invariable question with which one newspaper man greets another.

What "Tommy" Carens doesn't know about politics isn't worth knowing. If you want to know what is seething beneath the political surface in the old Granite State read his article.

THE Republicans of New Hampshire approach the presidential primary of March 11 with some uncertainty as to the best method of expressing their political convictions—and all because of another demonstration by Senator George H. Moses of that obstinacy and disregard for the rights of others which have from time to time marred his public career.

As the first of the primary states to make its opinions articulate, New Hampshire had a chance this year to strengthen the hand of the President in the White House in the difficult task before him by electing a delegation solidly pledged to the nomination of Calvin Coolidge at the Cleveland convention next June. Such a decision, carried to the four corners of the land, would have removed any lingering doubts as to the President's claims to a nomination which he has clearly earned.

And now the whole situation is in confusion. The President's enemies in the Republican party—who are few, it is true, but who can make themselves very noisy—and the sharpshooters in the opposition party who are not too fussy as to the kind of ammunition they employ for their purposes, are rejoicing, for they believe that they will have an opportunity on the morning of March 11 to interpret the New Hampshire primary in a manner uncomplimentary to the President.

The anti-Coolidge forces will be happiest, of course, if Senator Moses should lead the ticket, but they will be able to extract comfort enough

for their purposes if he wins a place, and no one with an ounce of political brains believes that the senator will finish eighth in the field of eight. (They will also be cheered if one of the two women candidates is crowded out of a place on the delegation. How grateful they must be to Senator Moses for giving them this opportunity.)

During February political interest in the state concentrated on the long-drawn out attempt to force Moses to pledge himself to Coolidge. When National Committeeman Fred W. Estabrook, late in January, called at the secretary of state's office and transferred from unpledged to pledged a group of the delegates, leaving Moses out in the cold alone, it was assumed that the senator would hasten to put himself in step with other party leaders. It was apparent at that time that Estabrook would not have taken such a step without direct authority from President Coolidge's campaign manager, William M. Butler, and this was borne out in February in Butler's telegram to former Gov. Robert P. Bass in favor of pledged delegates.

Within a week after Estabrook's visit to Concord Moses was issuing a pugnacious statement in Washington that "no one could jam a pledge" down his throat. This came as a shock to the Coolidge workers in Washington and in New Hampshire, for it did not seem to bear out the senator's declaration that an entente cordiale—a "perfect understanding," I think he called it—existed between

himself and the Coolidge leaders. What actually happened, we now learn, is that Butler suggested to Estabrook that he make a personal appeal to Moses, that the national committeeman, with some reluctance, agreed to do so, and that the senator, whose relations with Estabrook have never been particularly chummy, used the incident to demonstrate to the people of his state that he would take neither orders nor suggestions from anyone.

When that happened former Gov. Robert P. Bass and other sincere friends of President Coolidge in New Hampshire made a last attempt to save the situation. Spurred on by an obviously inspired story in the Manchester Union to the effect that President Coolidge personally approved of Moses's stand, Bass immediately got in touch with Manager Butler, and the upshot was a telegram which put the Coolidge organization definitely on record for pledged delegates. It was a rebuke to the senator which even he must have been able to see.

It was too late then, however, to meet the situation in any practical manner. Bass and another former Governor, Rolland H. Spaulding, conferred and at first they considered the feasibility of entering Spaulding's name for the purpose of making a personal drive against Moses. They realized, however, that there was not time enough for the sort of campaign necessary to acquaint all the voters with the issue, that the net result probably would have been the defeat of one of the two women candidates. (Spaulding did not file, therefore, while Frank H. Challis of Manchester did file, completing the slate of pledged delegates as an anti-Moses candidate, there is no expectation that he can win.)

Moses probably thought when he made his grand-stand play at Washington that he would be able to jolly the public along, and make it seem like a tempest in a teapot. He knew

that many of the editors of the weekly newspapers of the state, which help to form public opinion, have been friendly with him in the past, and expected them to stand with him. What must have been his amazement, therefore, when nearly 90 per cent of the newspapers of the state unqualifiedly endorsed the activities of Bass and Spaulding, and condemned Moses for his obstinacy! Only two or three ventured to take his side of the controversy, and their expressions did not take the form of endorsing him, but consisted mainly of attacks on Bass for which they revived all the antagonisms of the Roosevelt era of 12 years ago.

Now there may be Republicans in New Hampshire who look upon this controversy as much ado about nothing. Has not Senator Moses said he is for Coolidge? they ask. Is not this a sufficient guarantee that the President's interests are protected? Has it not been customary in the past to send unpledged delegations?

Were there no ancient political history to rise up behind George Moses's figure these friends might be justified in their questions. But it so happens that incidents of other years make some Republicans a bit suspicious of Senator Moses's position this year. It may be recalled that in 1908 the Republicans of New Hampshire were about as solidly for Taft as they are today for Coolidge. The understanding that year, when the delegates were chosen, was that they would be for Taft, but they were sent unpledged. George Moses was an alternate on the delegation, and it so happened that on the first and only ballot of the convention he had a chance to cast a vote for New Hampshire. And he voted, not for Taft, whose nomination had already been assured, but for Charles W. Fairbanks, who was known as a genial and kindly soul, without transcendent ability, and for whom there was not the



slightest sentiment among the people of New Hampshire.

We skip over the intervening years and come down to 1920. New Hampshire was for Leonard Wood, a native son, and there were persons who thought it would be safe enough to send an unpledged delegation, knowing that no New Hampshire delegate would dare withhold a vote for Wood. But Moses and Frank Knox, who were running the Wood campaign, insisted on a pledged delegation, and presented a slate to the voters with that in mind. The people indicated that year that they approved the principle of pledging in such cases. The people have not changed their minds since, but Moses has. Wherefore the embarrassment he is causing many of his friends.

It is pertinent to ask, at this point, what the Republicans of New Hampshire are going to do about it. (It is unfortunate, but none the less true, that the average voter has not yet educated himself to the point where he accepts the principle of sex equality in politics in the seclusion of the voting booth. There is grave danger, therefore, that when he is asked to make seven crosses in a list of names including six men and two women that he will use his crosses first on the men.)

It is not too much to ask that each of the six men submit a personal appeal to the voters with this succinct advice: "Vote for the ladies first; and for me later." Senator Moses, even if not yet reconciled to woman suffrage, certainly is not anxious to give his political opponents two years hence an opportunity to say that his refusal to play the game had cost a woman a seat on the delegation.

During the closing days of February there appeared to be indications that Moses's friends would meet the campaign against him by advising all his supporters to "bullet" for him in the primary. For the benefit of the un-

initiated let us explain what a "bullet" is. When two or more candidates are to be elected to a certain office, and the voter has the right to make as many crosses as there are places to be filled, the friends of a candidate with a certain weakness vote for him alone, thus making certain that their votes will count only one way—for him and for nobody else. The danger of "bullets" on March 11 is that they may put Moses at the top of the list, thus giving President Coolidge's opponents a license to say that New Hampshire had selected for unusual honor the only man who refused to pledge himself to the Presidency. If the "bulleters" want this to happen they have an undoubted right to vote for Moses alone, but if Coolidge suffers in consequence they cannot wash their hands of blame.

To the Democrats of New Hampshire the most significant development of the month was the practical elimination of William G. McAdoo as a serious contender for the presidential nomination at the New York convention. As I write the McAdoo men who have been working like beavers for months, and who hate to see all their labors go for naught, are still insisting that their leader has not been disqualified because he accepted huge retainers from one of the sinister figures in the oil scandal, but that in due time he will justify those retainers, from the point of view of ethics as well as he has already justified the legality of the transaction.

It is not easy to determine just how these disclosures have affected the opinions of the New Hampshire Democrats. Most of them had open minds as to the presidential candidate of their party, and probably still have. Two incidents may serve as straws, however, to indicate how the wind is blowing. Gordon Woodbury, a candidate for delegate in the first district, recently announced that his first choice was Senator Underwood of

Alabama. Now it had been supposed that as a former official of the Wilson administration, and a subordinate to Josephus Daniels, one of the outstanding McAdoo leaders, Woodbury was favorable to the former secretary of the treasury. Perhaps this supposition was not well-founded. Perhaps Underwood has been his first choice all along. But it is significant that he lost no time, after McAdoo's name had been linked with Doheny, in removing any impression that he is for McAdoo.

Another instance of the state of mind was furnished by National Committeeman Robert C. Murchie. He, too, has been regarded as a McAdoo man, and the leaders in the national organization have been counting on him. When the storm broke, therefore, they communicated with him at once. They asked that he make public the explanation of McAdoo, and couple with it a statement from himself that the disclosures had not affected his opinion. Murchie made public the McAdoo explanation, but he refused to fill the other half of the order. Apparently he is by no means convinced as are McAdoo himself and his managers that the incident can be winked at.

There will be absolutely no means of determining, when the Democratic votes are counted on the night of March 11, whether one presidential candidate or another has derived any advantage, and probably the line-up of the delegation will not be known until the first ballot at New York. Very often something comes up in the convention at the last moment which sways delegates, and the old-timers have a horror of taking a position months in advance. The average man in politics dislikes above all things to swallow his own words.

On this McAdoo issue the Democrats in Washington are not stamping themselves as jewels of consistency. They insist that McAdoo's legal af-

filiations with Doheny do not disqualify him. Yet the same senators who hold this view forced President Coolidge to withdraw his selection of Thomas W. Gregory as one of the oil scandal prosecutors because he had once received \$2,000 from an oil concern as a retainer and they subsequently forced the withdrawal of the name of Silas Strawn because a bank of which he was a director had received large deposits from a subsidiary of the Standard Oil. If these remote connections were regarded as so important, how can the same men honestly declare that McAdoo's very tangible association with the Doheny interests leaves his candidacy unimpaired?

Perhaps in another month, with all these primary questions determined, the Republicans will be able to settle down and give some attention to the contest between John G. Winant and Frank Knox for the gubernatorial nomination in the September primary. Both candidates have been busy during February, filling speaking engagements, here, there and every-where, and vying in the most friendly fashion for the favor of the voters.

To the unprejudiced observer the campaign to date is somewhat of a problem, because it lacks a real, live issue, and is based on the personal appeal of the two men. Much has been said in the past of the similarities between the two. They were both Roosevelt men, they were both members of the liberal wing of the party, they are both young, compared with other leaders in New Hampshire politics in recent years. As the campaign proceeds, however, these similarities will begin to fade out, and the differences will inevitably appear.

Winant is undoubtedly stronger as March opens than he was a month ago, though it would hardly be fair to say that Knox is correspondingly weaker. But the Concord man's added strength has come in the indica-

tions that Senator Moses, who is for Knox, will be unable to swing his entire organization in that direction.

The Moses organization is the conservative element in the party. As has been said before its members have no particular affection for Knox, but it has been assumed that they would accept him in preference to Winant, whose earnestness is something they could not fathom.

But the conservatives are not going over in a body to Knox, nor will they in the weeks to come. Many of them have already come out openly for Winant, and his enthusiastic campaign managers whisper that the list is by no means complete and that before summer arrives the eyes of Knox and Senator Moses will be opened when they learn how many they could not hold.

Winant's campaign has been helped materially by the addition to his campaign committee of such a prom-

inent member as Dr. John R. Gile of Hanover, nationally known as a surgeon. Then there is Ben Worcester of Manchester, president of the Rotary Club of that city and very prominent politically. He and Senator Moses are intimate friends, and that combined with his residence in Knox's own city might lead persons to believe that he would be in that camp. Yet he is to head Winant's campaign committee. Charles H. Tobey of Manchester, a former speaker of the House of Representatives, is in the same position.

Meanwhile Knox has not been idle and the columns of his newspaper from time to time announce that this or that prominent party leader has come out for him. The Manchester editor has brought into the campaign the enthusiasm with which he attacks every project before him, and is extremely confident today, even with the primary a half-year in the future.

## THE BUD OF MINSTRELSY

BY ALICE SARGENT KRIKORIAN

It seemed that grief would never go from me,  
That joy and song forevermore were dead,  
Until I plucked from out my garden bed  
A tiny, yellow bud of minstrelsy.  
Closely I pressed it to my eager hand  
(Gone was my grieving by its potency),  
Its gleaming beauty made me understand  
The thoughts of him who walks in Arcady.  
The joyous little rose, like beaten gold,  
Shone on my spirit with a light divine  
Telling to me the song the lotus told  
To Cleopatra, o'er the sparkling wine.  
I, too, was Queen for just a little while,  
Like her, who reigned beside the dreaming Nile.



# KEEP THE COUNCIL

BY JESSE M. BARTON

The desire of the *GRANITE MONTHLY* to make itself a forum for New Hampshire opinion by presenting monthly controversies has met with favorable response. Out of our controversy upon the Governor's Council have come the two articles which follow. The first one, a further argument for the council by Judge Barton of Newport, and the second one, an article upon the subject of representation in the State Senate, by Norman Alexander, an instructor at the University of New Hampshire.

ARTICLES 59 to 65 inclusive, Part Second of the Constitution of New Hampshire provide for the election of a Council whose duty in general terms is stated to be "Advising the Governor in the executive part of the government."

This provision has been in the Constitution since 1793 and prior to that date, back as far as 1679, at no time has New Hampshire had a Governor without a Council to advise him. Indeed, for one hundred years before our chief executive was styled "governor," the Council was in active operation assisting the president of the state and constituting a vital force in the executive's family. Certainly, if age is entitled to respect, all should lift their hats to the Council.

Until within a short time no voice could be heard suggesting that the constitutional provisions for a Council were any less desirable than those relating to the election of the Governor, but the nervous mind of recent years has discovered something in this venerable governmental agency which calls for its elimination from the Constitution.

In the late, long suffered Constitutional Convention, a resolution was introduced by a member thereof, seeking to abolish the Council. The Committee to whom the resolution was referred, after considering the same, reported adversely to its adoption—a small minority making recommendations to the contrary. As its author arose to speak in favor of adopting the report of the minority, he attempted to quell the laughter in his audience with these words: "Mr. President and Gentleman: This is no laughing matter." Later in

his remarks the speaker described the Council as "Absolutely useless"..... "Meeting no good purposes".... "Nothing but a drag and an encumbrance"..... "A kindergarten for training governors." The speakers following, leaders of the Convention, sensing the temper of their audience, took advantage of the occasion for witty speeches dealing historically with state politics. The debate closed with the recitation of several stanzas of poetry written in French Canadian dialect.

The vote was so strong against the Resolution that no division was asked.

Certainly, on him who offers a resolution to abolish the Council rests the burden of proof. It is "up to him" so to speak, to show why his resolution ought to be adopted. On the occasion above referred to the proponent and his assistant failed to raise the theme above the level of a good joke, to say nothing of reaching the point of argument.

To my mind nothing in the Constitution speaks more eloquently for democracy than does the arrangement whereby even the executive is held in check by his official family. One-man power had been tried for centuries before New Hampshire was even a royal province, and the Fathers were determined that not a branch of our government should be controlled by any single individual. Hence the Governor's Council.

New Hampshire has five councilor districts and from each there is a representative all the time in the Council Chamber where the business of our state executive is transacted. It often appears that one does not know the Governor, but seldom that our Councilor is

not known to us or some of our near friends, and through the Councilor who knows local conditions better than the Governor, the various parts and interests of the state are recognized and provided for.

Likewise, in case the Governor is about to make some appointment or approve some measure contrary to the best interests of the state we might in vain approach the chief executive whom we know not, and protest or offer suggestions, but to our Councilor whom we know and who knows us and local conditions we may go and tell the whole story and he will present the matter to the Governor with telling effect.

The Governor, if he is a good man, will try to do what is right and for the best interests of the entire state. To act thus requires information from reliable sources. How can he better obtain this knowledge than through the five men elected from different districts of the State for the very purpose of "advising the Governor in the Executive part of the government."

The need of an advisory board is so apparent that if the Council were abolished, one of the first things a Governor would do upon taking office, would be to select and appoint certain individuals for the very purpose of helping and keeping him informed of local conditions and investigating matters of importance prior to his official action thereon.

We therefore, must choose which method of securing advice for the Governor is best for all the people, i. e. our system of electing Councilors, or the practice of allowing the Governor to pick a secret or semi-secret squad from among his friends.

Undoubtedly the Council is a preparatory school for Governors. Possibly it is the "kindergarten." This fact raised in ridicule of the office, I am inclined to treat seriously and to advocate the desirability if not the necessity of the

Council for such a school, if for no other reason.

In this day of special training for definite work of importance no pains should be spared in equipping for efficiency in office our future Governors. What better training school for the governorship of New Hampshire can be devised when sitting at the Council table two years with an opportunity to learn the details of each cash receipt and expenditure, the needs of the various state institutions and departments, in general and to become familiar with all the duties of the executive department?

What matters it that other states which once had a Council have abolished it? We certainly can tell those states that we know who the advisors of our Governor are, whereas they at best, can only guess who is advising theirs.

Let us not imagine we have charted any course in making our Constitution, nor let those who acclaim for centralized authority think they are the first to make discovery of the idea. Our ideas are all very old and all have been discussed and tried by men before we were born.

Our scheme of government, beyond the limit of local affairs, is that of a representative democracy. It has been the purpose of the people who have gone, and is of us who remain, to strike the happy mean between so much democracy as to make our government unwieldly, and unworkable and so much representation as to render it corrupt, inefficient and irresponsible to the wishes and welfare of the people.

In the short space at my disposal and time at my command, it is impossible to enlarge upon my theme, but I candidly submit to the voters of New Hampshire, that the late Constitutional Convention did nothing more wisely than to "laugh out of court" the proposition to abolish the Council.

# REPRESENTATION IN THE STATE SENATE

By NORMAN ALEXANDER

Mr. Alexander will write about the N. H. House of Representatives in next month's issue.

THERE appeared in the last issue of the Granite Monthly two articles on the subject of the Governor's Council. These articles suggest a consideration of another phase of government in New Hampshire. I refer to the matter of representation in the State Senate.

The history of representative government reveals that property, and religious qualifications have been frequently imposed upon voters, and office holders. This truth is exemplified in the Constitutional History of New Hampshire. The present constitution was adopted in 1784, and with a few changes it is still the organic law of this Commonwealth. The clauses pertaining to the qualifications of Senators provided "that no person shall be capable of being elected a senator who is not seized of a freehold estate in his own right of the value of two hundred pounds, lying within the state" and "who is not of the Protestant religion." The representation apportioned to the various Senatorial Districts was fixed on the basis of direct taxes.

The renewed emphasis upon democracy, and the rights of the people characteristic of the nineteenth century lead to a modification of the above provisions. The property qualification was repealed in 1852, and the religious qualification was abolished in 1877. In 1878, the state was re-districted into twenty-four Senatorial districts instead of the previous twelve. However, the property basis for representation in the State Senate was retained.

Property, and not persons, therefore, constitutes the guiding principle in apportioning the apportionment of State senators. The operation of the system shows its injustice. The census of 1920 indicates that District

number one, composed of Coos county has a population of 36,093. On the other hand, Senatorial District number sixteen containing wards one, and two of Manchester has a population of 8,924. Yet both of these districts have one state Senator. Senatorial district number eighteen, composed of wards five, six, eight, nine and ten of the city of Manchester has a population of 33,640. This program of discriminating against the districts with a large population, is opposed to the best principles of representative government.

General Sullivan in a letter under date of Dec. 11, 1775, expressed opinions as to certain principles which ought to be recognized in the formation of the state government. His remarks merit consideration, not only because of the fame of that distinguished son of New Hampshire, but because of his clear insight into problems of government. In that letter to Weare, he states, "that government which admits of contrary or clashing interests, is imperfect, and must work its own ruin whenever one branch has gained a power sufficient to overrule or destroy the other." He further says "that no danger can arise to a state from giving the people a free or full voice in their own government." Despite these admonitions, and the continued practice of other states with a system based upon popular representation, New Hampshire continues to recognize property as the basis of apportionment of representatives to the State Senate.

At the present time, a program is being devised to advance the economic welfare of New Hampshire. At the same time, would it not be wise to alter those features of our political institutions which are antiquated?



# RUSE

BY ALICE LIBBY

This story was submitted to the GRANITE MONTHLY Short Story Contest open to the students of the colleges of Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont. At this printing the prizes have not yet been awarded. We are publishing this story in advance by permission of the author, Miss Alice Libby, a student of the University of Maine.

**B**EBE surveyed herself in the long mirror with supreme satisfaction. She was a slim lovely thing in

her delicate orchid evening gown. She powdered her nose for the hundredth time and tucked an imaginary hairpin into her perfect coiffure.

"Not so bad, old thing," she told the reflection. She sighed. "If Bill would only develop a new line."

She admitted that it was a conquest to "rate" the Kappa formal, a gala house party of three days. She would play Bill a little longer.

Bebe was the sort of a girl who "rates" all the house parties. Shining corn colored hair, elaborately marcelled, and deep violet eyes made her striking in appearance. She smiled upon men and scrutinized women. Her manners were charming; she had cultivated the art. She was always well dressed and poised. Her voice was soft and caressing to men, and shrill and rasping when she called down the corridor in her dormitory.

In her three years of University life, she had toyed with scores of popular men. She was continually seeking a

new conquest. Her policy was "lead 'em on and then leave 'em." Bill Graham senior class president and manager of track, was now the favored one. He was a robust Viking who thought Bebe a "regular queen." Bebe considered him "easy" and a bore at times.

She finally slipped on her wrap and went down the stairs to the beaming Bill, who had been waiting half an hour.

The Kappa house was resplendent in holiday guise. Long rows of colored lights bordered the entrance. The interior was a wonder forest land. The walls were banked with green; soft red, blue and green lights gave a fairy-like atmosphere. The orchestra was half concealed behind tall ferns; the saxophones and trombones were

moaning seductively; invitingly, the banjos strummed. The black suits of the men enhanced the vivid blues



of the girls' evening gowns. Bebe was in high spirits. She looked entrancingly into Bill's eyes as they glided on the dance floor.

"This is wonderful, old dear." Her voice caressed him. He drew her closer.

Several dances passed. He suggested that they go out on the porch. Bebe smiled wisely. She knew the shaded lights were making her more alluring.

"Let's go over in this corner. Not so much light," Bill said.

A tall figure stepped from the shadows,

"Good evening."

The voice was deep with a ringing quality that impelled Bebe to turn to look at him. To the casual co-ed, he was only a young man correctly dressed in the conventional evening clothes, interesting, but to the experienced eyes of Bebe he seemed distinguished, mature.

"Who is he? Why is he alone?" she questioned eagerly, dropping her honeyed accents for a moment.

"That is Roger Sherwood." Bill was all enthusiasm. "Mighty clever fellow, writes for the magazines and all that sort of thing. He's got his degree from Chicago and he's here for old Janey's lit course. He arrived this morning in time for our big party. All the boys have given him dances; guess I gave him one." Bill consulted his program.

"Did you Bill? How nice of you." The honeyed accents had returned.

"It is the tenth, the next one." Bill laughed. He's not vamp material, Bebe; he told the boys he was a woman hater."

To her surprise, Bebe found Sherwood a perfect dancer. She realized pleasantly that her steps fitted his exactly. She was trying to think of something interesting to say. Finally Sherwood spoke.

"Interesting life, all this." He smiled indifferently.

"Indeed yes, I wish it might last always." Bebe's voice was exquisitely modulated.

Silence. More silence. The music stopped. The dance was over. Bebe's brain was whirling. She must say something inviting, tantalizing, anything,—

"Hope you like our East." She smiled over her shoulder as Bill rushed up for his dance.

"Thank you, certainly a pleasant place." His tone was formal.

Bill's arms were around her. "Glad it's our dance," he whispered.

Bebe was silent. She was furious with herself for her conventional remark. She must attract him in some way.

Sherwood did not appear at the informal dance the next night. The party was a failure for Bebe though the usual attentive admirers gathered about her.

"Where is Sherwood?" she asked Bill finally. "Why doesn't he come around?"

"He's staying at the Beta House until the party is over. Guess he isn't much of a butterfly."

"I wonder why not. He dances wonderfully," Bebe mused.

"Well, he has been around a lot. Has to, I suppose. But let's try 'friscoing' by the 'vic' before dinner."

Back once more in her dormitory, Bebe vowed to her reflection that she *would* attract Roger Sherwood.

A week after the party, she called up Bill to invite him and Roger to play tennis with Jane Doble and herself. Jane was a husky Amazon who lacked feminine wiles, but "she could swing a wicked tennis racket." The sun blazed on the tennis court. Bebe was cool and shimmering in white. To achieve the effect she had spent hours dressing. She greeted Sherwood vivaciously.

"So glad you came, Mr. Sherwood. A marvelous day for tennis." Then

turning casually to Bill, "Oh—you've met Jane, haven't you?"

Sherwood played tennis as well as he danced. Bebe sparkled and scintillated; Sherwood was dignified and polite.

"Thank you, Miss Bebe, for a pleasant afternoon. I enjoy a good tennis game immensely." That was all.

That night Bebe stared at herself in the mirror. "What is the matter with me? Perhaps I'm too vivacious, and he likes the Quaker type."

She became demure and studious, spending sunny afternoons in the library. The boys could not understand her; the girls merely shrugged their shoulders. "A new pose," they said.

It was the night of the Track Club dance. Hugh Marmont, the distinguished English novelist, addressed the English Club that night. Everyone was welcome. Bebe refused an eager invitation to the dance from Bill so that she might attend the lecture. She felt sure Sherwood would be there. He was, in fact, he sat directly in front of her. She did not hear the fine phrases of the Englishman; she was staring so intently at Sherwood's well shaped head.

After the lecture, Sherwood went up to talk with Marmont. Bebe followed close behind him, watching him closely. Marmont smiled benignly at Sherwood as he extended his hand.

"Glad you enjoyed it, Roger. I will be over tomorrow to discuss the Brahms article with you. I see that you are otherwise engaged at present." He was beaming at Bebe.

Sherwood turned and saw her eager face.

"Oh, yes, Marmont, allow me to present Miss—Miss Bebe."

Bebe smiled painfully. "Miss Bebe indeed!"

Sherwood turned so that Marmont could not hear. "May I accompany you home, Miss Bebe?" His voice was pleasantly humorous.

Bebe smiled adorably. "Yes, Mr. Marmont expects it."

The walk home was wonderful to Bebe. Sherwood talked and laughed unreservedly. His dignified manner was gone. They reached the dormitory steps.

"I cannot understand why a charming young lady like you is not at the Track Club dance. You must be a true lover of the modern novel."

"Oh yes, I adore lectures. Mr. Marmont was so interesting." It was trite but Bebe could think of nothing else at that moment.

Sherwood smiled down into her eyes. Marmont would have said he was "terribly amused."

"May I have the pleasure of your company some other time, Miss Bebe? A walk in the woods perhaps. I will call you up."

"That is fine. I'd love to go."

Alone in her room, she had a thrill for the first time.

"He likes me. He is going to take me out. The deuce with the rest of them."

Roger Sherwood did call her up. They had the promised walk in the woods. They went to "The Lantern Glow" for tea. Bebe was her vivacious self. She fluttered; she coquetted; she posed.

"Such a nice party, Mr. Sherwood. You do say such fascinating things. The boys are quite dumb now, always the same line, quite a bore." She placed one white hand, beautifully manicured, on the table and looked at him invitingly from under the orchid hat that matched her eyes. She could see the pretty reflection in the mirror opposite her and she was pleased.

"Then we must have another party, Miss Bebe. Young ladies should not be bored." His eyes met hers in admiration, so Bebe thought; she did not see the amused twinkle.

"Please Mr. Sherwood," the voice was caressingly low, "don't say Miss



Bebe. It is so formal." She put the other white hand on the table.

Sherwood said nothing for a moment; he was looking at her thoughtfully. He leaned forward; his voice was animated.

"I would like to monopolize your time for awhile. We will enjoy the frivolities of college life together."

Bebe smiled her acceptance. This was an easy conquest after all. Men were all alike, if you knew how to catch them.

Sherwood became very attentive; Bebe believed herself in love for the first time, but she was baffled. Sherwood was always courteous, but never emotional. He never spoke of future plans; she knew nothing of his personal past. Commencement time came. He took her to the reception and the ball.

"I'm leaving for Chicago tomorrow," he said in parting. "I will say good-bye tonight. I have enjoyed your company very much, Bebe. It has been a great help to me. You will never know, perhaps."

Bebe was stunned but she managed to stammer a conventional reply.

She left the next day for her home. June passed. July came. Sherwood did not write to her. She had never experienced such indifference. It made her listless.

She was sitting in the hammock one afternoon.

"Here is a new Century, dear," her mother called from indoors. "Maybe you will find something interesting to read."

Bebe turned the pages carelessly. The title "The Co-Ed Mind" caught her attention. "By Roger Sherwood!" Yes. A short paragraph followed the title—brilliant young writer—Chicago and Burham University. She began to read.

"I adore lectures, murmured the co-ed specie, and she loathed them with all of her fluffy soul." "A vivacious mechanism in Paris clothes."

Bebe trembled, but she finished "The Co-Ed Mind." He was describing her! All her phrases, her mannerisms, her expressions, were there in cold print. She threw down the magazine and stepped on it.

"Men! How I hate them! All alike!"

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## NIGHT WINDS

BY ELIZABETH SHURTLEFF

It's a night of brilliant stars netted together,  
A night of black and white of a harried moon,  
A night of clouds flying with long, black feather,  
A night of winds beating a tempest of tune.

With a shift of the stars there's an end of the high wailing,  
With the moon's going the wrath of the night is gone,  
Thinly the shaken clouds begin their quiet sailing,  
As the wind dies to a breath in the pink dawn.

# THE MAN OF THE HOUR

BY GEORGE W. CONWAY

A man with an honest ring in his voice, a man with a hearty "he man's" grip and a smile that instinctively makes you like him, a real fellow well met. That is the quick impression the writer received when he shook hands with John R. Quinn, national commander of The American Legion, whose name is added to that long list of distinguished people who have visited New Hampshire.

Commander Quinn visited Concord and Manchester early in February and made a good many friends for himself and the American Legion. Everyone who met him, that is, everyone that the writer has talked with, felt exactly the same. As he left the state after the meeting in Manchester he said he had never had so many nice things said about him in his life.

"The cowboy with the college education" is synonymous for Quinn. It is a phrase used by newspapers all over the country because it really describes the man remarkably well. But he can quickly drop the easy, leisurely manner which we generally associate with cowboys, when he

finds it necessary to stand up and fight. This is well known to Legionnaires who have heard of his work in California before he became national commander.

The first speech he ever made typifies the man. It was at the state

convention of the California department of the Legion. An effort was being made to enforce the unit rule among delegations when Quinn rose and killed the movement with the shortest speech he ever made: "Nobody casts the vote of old Harry Quinn's son but old Harry Quinn's son himself."

Quinn is not an orator but is a very forceful speaker. He presents his arguments with remarkable clearness in spite of the

fact that at times he seems to be at a loss for words. His wonderful personality enters into his speeches, for his statements ring true.

Commander Quinn met a good many people during his short stay in New Hampshire but the writer feels sure it is safe to say that those who met him feel that the affairs of The American Legion are safe in the hands of John R. Quinn of California.



National Commander John R. Quinn

# COLLEGE AND SCHOOL NOTES

## OF INTEREST TO NEW HAMPSHIRE PEOPLE

BY H. STYLES BRIDGES

As an aftermath to the Granite Monthly's private school number, Mr. Bridges has prepared the following notes concerning two of New Hampshire's private schools which through lack of space were not mentioned before.

He has also traced in a most interesting manner the history of a group of young men who graduated from our State University in 1923.

### AUSTIN CATE ACADEMY

ONE of the bright spots in the secondary school system of today is the privately endowed academy. Austin Cate Academy, incorporated under the laws of the state of New Hampshire, is second to none in this regard. A boarding aid day school combined, it offers four separate courses to its students at the low rates of fifty-five dollars per year tuition. These courses are agricultural, academic, musical, with all instruction and instruments free, and the domestic science course for girls. Educational advantages, therefore can almost be said to be given away.

The school is co-educational, like the great majority of high schools. The professors and teachers are of high standing in their profession. Their aim is to cultivate high scholarship among the students, and to develop character. The discipline, while strict, is not severe. Close association and fellowship of students and teachers have made of the school a large family, where the kindly spirit of contact developed, has exerted a firm dis-

cipline to encourage self control and true self development.

Founded in 1833 as a Freewill Baptist institution under the name of Strafford Academy, the school was re-incorporated a decade later as Strafford Seminary. Under this name it continued until 1866, when a bequest of five thousand dollars and a change of name made it into Austin Academy. The bequest came from the Reverend Daniel Austin of Portsmouth.

One other bequest, munificent in its amount, has fallen to the School. In 1901, the Hon. George Neal Cate left it twenty thousand dollars, with the further provisos that at his death twenty thousand more go to the school, and on the death of his wife the residue of his estate amounting



Professor Wilfrid M. Wilton

to two hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

The school has been fortunate in its headmaster, Professor Wilfrid M. Wilton, whose photo appears here. He is a graduate of Harvard University, and the University of California, and an Educator of note in secondary schools.





THE '23 AGGIES READY FOR CLASS AND FIELD

BACK ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: H. A. Rhodenbiser, Henniker; A. N. Lawrence, North Yarmouth, Me.; W. Cummings, Colebrook; Gordon Savage, Riverton; C. R. Cotton, Center Strafford; Achilles Nassikas, Hooksett; C. Cummings, Colebrook; C. A. Randlett, Laconia; M. C. Aldrich, Whitefield; S. W. Hamilton, Kearsarge.

CENTER ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: Kenneth Bassett, Fremont; Earl Little, Colebrook; Ernest Forbes, Colebrook; D. K. Andrew, Littleton; Geo. Campbell, Medford, Mass.; Harry Bennett, Winchester; Roy Pulsifer, Plymouth; Howard Meserve, Framingham, Mass.; Kenneth Hill, Center Strafford; Harvey Goodwin, Leominster, Mass.

FRONT ROW, LEFT TO RIGHT: W. Whiting, Framington, Mass.; Oscar Pearson, Stratham; Geo. Middlemass, Brighton, Mass.; Leon Glover, Hollis; Earl P. Farmer, Malden Mass.; Alfred L. French, Henniker; Howard A. Rollins, West Alton; L. J. Higgins, Littleton; Samuel Patrick, Jr., Winthrop, Mass.

## “THE TWENTY-THREE AGGIES”

“A Crying Need—Perhaps the most vital need of the state of New Hampshire agriculturally is young blood.” So states Major Frank Knox, editor of the Manchester Union-Leader in a recent article in the Granite Monthly. In this statement Major Knox, to the mind of the writer, has sounded a truth which stands out preeminently in the state at the present time.

One of the most hopeful and progressive things that have happened in the state recently is the formation of an organization known as the “Twenty-three Aggies,” a group of young men who graduated from the agricultural course of the University of New Hampshire in 1923. The aim and purpose of the club is unusually illuminating to older men

who have been boosting for the revival of agriculture in New Hampshire the past few years, for this group consists of young men having at heart the future of agriculture in the Granite State.

The club had its origin at Durham before the close of the last college year. Through the club it is hoped to maintain the fellowship developed during the stay at the University as well as to continue in the future their enthusiasm for Agriculture in New Hampshire.

The first meeting was held in December, 1923, and plans were made to hold meetings annually or oftener in the future. At their first meeting the needs of the state along agricultural lines were discussed and the membership was of a unanimous opinion that the most vital

need of agriculture in New Hampshire is the introduction of young blood, or more young farmers of ability and a renewed enthusiasm for progressive and scientific farming. The members of the club realized that as individuals they had gained most of their training and ability at the state university and that the greater part of their enthusiasm and hope came from their contacts with their President, Ralph D. Hetzel and the faculty of the institution. Taking themselves as examples, these men believe that no better thing could be done for the permanent good of agriculture in this state than to increase the enrollment at the college of agriculture and toward this end they have mainly centered their activities.

One of the projects laid out by the "Twenty-three Aggies"—is an inter-scholastic judging contest to be held at the State University under the auspices of the college agricultural club. Throughout New Hampshire many High Schools are now offering agricultural courses and it was felt that the students enrolled in these courses might be interested through such an inter-scholastic contest to gain ambition for a higher education. It is hoped it will instill within their breasts an increasing desire to join the ranks of those men who go through the institution and are steadily passing out into the state to help bolster up its farming industry. It is proposed that such an inter-scholastic contest be held at the time of the Aggie Fair, which it is safe to say is probably the equal in many ways to a good proportion of the agricultural fairs in the state. The fair is held annually and is an excellent indication of the industry of the students in the college of agriculture. Visitors from outside who have been present at these fairs marvel at what they have seen, and have frequently been heard to say, "If these young men believe so ardently in the future of farming as an industry, there really must be something in it."

The enthusiasm on these occasions is

actually infectious and it is hoped that the students in attendance from various parts of the state may become infected with the disease and that it will spread through hill and dale in New Hampshire.

This plan, as proposed by this group of young men, is an excellent idea and should have the backing of all those interested in the future of New Hampshire.

In a word they are determined, not only in this one project but in all things, to use their power to make New Hampshire a more progressive agricultural state.

To a more or less extent the members of this group are representative of the younger class of agriculturists in New Hampshire. Several of this group are already engaged in active farming within the state and the ambition of the entire group is to be engaged actively in this industry in the near future. Many have returned to their home farms, some have started new enterprises of their own, others are engaged in spreading the gospel of better agriculture to various people throughout the state.

It is interesting to note for example what some of these young men are doing. Alfred French, the head of the "Twenty-three Aggies" has returned to his home farm in Henniker, N. H., where he is assuming the active management of a large fruit farm in partnership with his father. His success has been such and his ability recognized that he was recently elected a member of the Executive committee of the Merrimack County Farm Bureau, being the youngest Executive Board member of any county Farm Bureau in the state.

Wilbur Cummings of Colebrook is now with his father on their large dairy farm. Earl Little of the same town is also managing his home farm. Chester A. Randlett of Laconia is with his father caring for their large orchards. He was elected last fall to the Executive Committee of the N. H. Horticultural Society, a high honor for a young man.

Kenneth Bassett of Fremont, N. H., is with his father and brother on their large dairy farm.

Achilles Nassikas of Hooksett has already established a state-wide reputation for the large successful poultry industry he has built up. Ernest Forbes is now part owner of a large new poultry plant at Durham.

Clyde R. Cotton of Center Strafford, N. H., purchased a small herd of high producing dairying cattle since graduation. He plans to increase the size of his herd steadily.

Several of the men are teaching agriculture. Leroy Higgins is teaching at Walpole, one of the state's leading agricultural High Schools. Roy Pulsifer had the responsibility of piloting a new agricultural school through its first year at Sandwich. A few men are teaching outside of the state.

Oscar Pearson of Stratham is a research investigator at the University of New Hampshire. Howard Rollins is extension specialist in horticulture at the University. Harry Bennett is an assistant to the poultry department at Durham. Samuel Patrick is a dairyman and Mills Aldrich is an animal husbandryman there.

Stanley Hamilton and Kenneth Hill have been engaged in forestry in the state since graduation.

Others are following various lines of agricultural activity but all have at heart the future of agriculture.

The "Twenty-three Aggies" are showing excellent spirit and are setting the pace for other young men in the state. We can only commend them and their activities and urge them not to falter in their good work.

## THE STEARNS SCHOOL

### Mont Vernon, New Hampshire



Lincoln Hall—one of the cozy dormitories

**I**N the exquisite beauty of its setting, Stearns School has an advantage few others possess. From the campus on the summit of one of the foothills of the White Mountains, the eye wanders off across a vast immensity of rolling country covered with farms, pine woods, and New Hampshire villages with their white church

steeple. The view is one of the grandest and most inspiring to be found in the state.

Arthur French Stearns, principal of the Stearns School, is a man of exceptional ability and high standards. He stands high in the educational world and is recognized by all as an able leader. Under his leadership for



the past eighteen years the school has grown and prospered. Firm in the tradition of strong, healthy Christian manhood, he has combined the opportunities for intensive study with the quiet charm of home life, supplemented by the clean exhilaration of out-door sports—golf, tennis, baseball, hockey, track—and the freedom of the great open air which can never fail to be a source of health and inspiration.

Unlike many schools, Stearns strives to attain a helpful comradeship between master and student in the hours of recreation as well as in the work of the classroom; and the teachers of the school are men of ability, men who have added years of experience to a thorough training. Stearns School boys do not look upon their teachers as hard task-masters who are at all

times to be avoided and circumvented, but as personal friends and helpers who are ever ready and eager to aid them by council and advice in the successful accomplishment of their tasks.



Arthur F. Stearns, Principal

The number of boys, combined with a teaching force of unusual strength enables the school to offer practically all the advantages of a regular tutoring school, but without any of the disadvantages, for the boys are at all times under careful supervision and discipline.

Stearns school is easily reached by railroad and highway from any part of New England; and its location, fifty miles from Boston, gives it accessibility to the busy world without actually being in it. Both location and environment are ideal in helping to secure scholastic results and sterling qualities of manhood.

## COMPENSATION

God comes to me in the dusk of my evening with the  
flowers from my path kept fresh in his basket—

*Tagore.*

# ON A NEW HAMPSHIRE HILLSIDE

By J. H. NEWTON

This story was submitted to our short story prize contest open to the students of the colleges of Maine, New Hampshire and Vermont. The author, James Holland Newton, is a student of Dartmouth College.

THERE are old maples in front of the house, and a blackened stone wall against the terrace, while stone slabs mark the path to the ancient door. The winds of the hill have been

rose-bush at the outer corner of the house and the narcissi and lemon lilies that fringe the rotting sills.

The grass is rank under the shade of the maples, and where it comes out in



kind to the house, and though they whistle across its low gables, and carry rain to mildew the shingles and wash off the paint they have left it chapped on the clapboards, and now it is a soft red, like the homely warmth of a Paisley shawl. And the rains keep alive the old

the sun near the house it grows tall and crowds in on the narcissi.

An old maid used to live there—the old woman of the hill they called her—and it is said she sat always in the front room by the window, looking out over the valley and watching down the road—

and while she sat the road had grown old, and dwindled and faded into the ground until now there is only the trace of three ruts through the grass. The old woman is dead, but the road is still there—not much of it, true, but a little, and so it will probably hang on, for the farmers down in the valley come up once a year to cut hay in the fields up back of the house—they lay platted in squares, and hidden from one another by the lanes of white birch, and the top-most field of the hill nestles into the forest.

But it is only once a year the hay-makers come so the road and the house and the lanes of white birch sleep. Yet sometimes a late summer boarder from the village below climbs up to the farm and speculates on its decline.

The house was not always old, nor the old maid a woman. Once, when the road was more than three ruts in the grass a traveller came in the evening. The new moon hung over the fireplace chimney, and a faint red still showed behind the lanes of birch on the hill. A breeze swayed and lulled in the air.

The door to the side of the house opened, and a young girl stepped out quickly. She ran hurriedly along in the shadow of the ell to the lane up-hill. Her hair rippled down her shoulders like a sheaf of moon-rays. She picked up the full skirt of her chintz-figured gown and ran lightly up the hill, casting furtive glances back at the house. She reached the top, where the last lane of birches hemmed in the field—and her lover stepped out from the shadows. They met in each other's arms.....

The moon sails low over the back line of forest. It rides the old oak, and shows it up against the deep blue. The old oak spreads his branches and flings out his crazy arms to the sky. They catch a white star, and hold it entangled. The oak branches move. They dance into motion and the twisted arms wave in a changing rhythm. They reach up

to the sky, up to the blue. They bend over and caress the white star.—

The moon sinks lower. Its crescent tips rake through the oak branches. They stop. They have stopped for a good while—only they are twisted now in the rhythm of their dance. And the white star in the branches, it has sunk down to the horizon, below the clutching branches, so they only hold the posture of dancing. There is no more need to writhe slowly to moon music. The love-star has set.

Now only the birch trees move in the breeze. Their branches shiver as the wind runs through them. It is cold—the wind. The birch leaves tinkle with fright. They are alone on the hill—alone in the night, but only they know their desertion. They see it in the bare cropped field; they see the oak waiting aloof. It is waiting for its white evening star, but the star has gone down the road of the west, down to the purple hills where it sparkles and lightens new loves. —but the old oak thrusts out its branches. They clutch after the star. They reach up in supplication into the night, and they remain in their worship. They are crucified—wracked into age against the deepening sky.—

Other stars wink out; the blackness of the valleys rolls up past the house and covers all the hill. Only the white patches of field tell the earth. The forest sleeps—the path in the lanes of white birch steals away whispering of lovers' slow steps.

And off down the hill, where the house shows a light by the door a girl's voice laughs, and there is a singing of love runes and ditties, but they die on the wind as it blows from the fields, and the birches sigh and shiver in the cold night air.

No one knows the traveller who came; only the white birches could tell—they and the old maid at the window, but she is dead, and the birches whisper only at twilight, when the moon is young and the old oak rakes the sky.



## THE EDITOR STOPS TO TALK

**H**ERE'S a mouthful of statistics which appeared in a public report last week. There are in New Hampshire to-day 35,000, valued at a sum of a little less than four million dollars. What does that mean to you?

It is an undeniable fact that the automobile is crowding out the horse. We do not refer so much to the fact that the driving horse is disappearing from our highways as we do to the substitution of the tractor upon the farms and in our forests. Unquestionably ten years ago there were many more than 35,000 horses in this state.

Now please do not turn away for we are not going to burst into tearful eulogies of what a noble animal the horse is and what a friend to man. The thing that we are lamenting is not so much the absence of the horse but the lack of horse-trained men.

We wonder how many young men who are coming from New Hampshire villages and towns today to enter the great commercial houses and business institutions of the land have ever had intimate association with a horse. The other day we entered the office of one of New Hampshire's leading business men. We found him seated in a desk chair in his shirt sleeves. The thing which we noted with a glow of pleasure was that he wore a pair of suspenders. To be sure, there are various methods of compelling those most necessary of all masculine garments to retain their appointed place on the human anatomy but the good old fashioned suspender seems to be rapidly disappearing. Recovering somewhat from our surprise we proceeded upon our errand and engaged the gentleman in conversation. We found in him one of the most pleasing personalities we have ever met. Brisk, businesslike, and to the point, and yet possessed of a kindliness which removed from him the appearance of being one of our modern human machines, he impressed

us as presenting a fine old type of New Englander. Our business finished he was about to return to his task, for he was not the type of man for idle conversation, when some thought seemed to stay him and he inquired the locality of our origin. To our mutual surprise it developed that we came from neighboring hamlets far up among the northern hills. Warmed by the glow of this revelation he proceeded to reminisce.

What do you suppose he talked about? Did he tell of his early experiences as a clerk in his own commercial house, or of the incidents occurring in his advancement to success? He did not. He told us of the first property he ever owned—a horse. It was in the days of his "courting" (he probably was less careless about exposing his "galluses" then). Too frequent trips to a neighboring farmhouse, and a pronounced tendency toward protracted interviews there caused his father to intimate that "he might stay out all night if he wished but the work horses should be left in the barn." Driven to desperation by this removal of his means of transportation he sought council from his best friend—his mother. She finally loaned him a small sum which she had carefully hoarded for the first payment on a horse. He secured a roan colt all his own. With a glow of tenderness in his half closed eyes he leaned back in his chair, gazed at the ceiling, and allowed himself to drift into rhapsodies about that colt. Listening to him one could see the youth of long ago in the first proud moments of his possession. Hurrying to the barn as soon as he was dressed in the morning to make sure his property had not taken wings during the hours of the night, lingering for the last fond caress and whispered word before he retired,—perhaps even the attractive occupant of the neighboring farm house had cause for jealousy.

We lay no claim to skill as a student

of men but since that time we have been glancing into the faces of the business executives, political leaders, and professional men whom we have met, searching for the tell-tale trace of the horse. We think we can always detect it. It usually accompanies success for how can any man who has in his youth guided a four horse team find difficulty in handling employes of a business concern? How can any executive schooled in the use of the horse fall into that impersonal attitude toward those around him which causes him to be cold and unsympathetic in his dealings with his foreman, his office boy, his stenographer, or any of those with whom he comes in contact. Perhaps even the wives of America may have cause for self-congratulation if they have secured a husband who in his youth learned that by a kindly pat or a sympathetic word he could calm the fear and cement the love

of his companion in labor—the horse.

An automobile is a cold, inanimate object. Its gears may shriek at times under clumsy, thoughtless hands, but on the whole, it serves a bad master as well as a good one and is discarded at the end of the season for the newest triumph of the automobile show. It solves no labor troubles by developing the human side of its master. The automobiles of our experience have never given us an object lesson of faithfulness nor developed in us a tenderness which caused us to part with them as with an old friend.

As we recognize in the men who are "getting along with their help," who are "loved by their business associates," who never get so busy that they haven't time for a kindly word which in the long run builds their success, we understand why the horse shoe is a lucky sign.

## BOOKS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

### BACKBONE

#### The Development of Character

BY SAMUEL S. DRURY, D. D.

Backbone, character building. Such is the theme of "Backbone," by Dr. Drury, Headmaster of Saint Paul's School of Concord, N. H. Twenty short chapters, each taking up some special characteristic or quality needed in the building up of backbone, of character. How a selfishness, a weakness starts in the home, in the school, why, and how it should be met. How all this process of the growth and the building of character is a matter of the right activities and the right standards.

Dr. Drury makes his examples, his methods of approaching and overcoming difficulties, his ideals and ultimate goal to be attained, very simple and practical; easy for all to understand. He frequently speaks of Tom, Dick and Jane, and they are exactly the same Tom, Dick and Jane we have

all known. And we have seen them do many many times the same foolish, weak or fine thing.

To all parents face to face with the perplexing problem of educating and guiding their children this book will not only be of practical help but in its faith and belief a comfort and a hope.

To those boys and girls, striving, restless, unsettled, with all the world before them, in the glamor of life just beginning, they too will enjoy this book. It too will give them practical suggestions, it will help them to realize how the daily rounds of small duties and services faithfully and beautifully done go to the building of the big things they dreamed of. Those dreams that youth so often feels are above and beyond, quite unconnected with life's

small details, but which Dr. Drury so clearly shows must be built on the foundations of the little things of every day life.

Though "Backbone" was written, I understand, largely for young people, it holds certainly a great help for parents. Especially suggestive is the chapter called, "The House of Bread," in which he tells of what he conceives a home should be like and of what a home should mean to parents and children. In these days in which our homes are too often, as Dr. Drury says, "a sort of a railroad station, where we stop to change our route, or a restaurant where we feed before sallying forth again" this chapter holds an especial warning.

"All virtues begin at home," he says. "Cloister and desk and hearth, altar and blackboard and back parlor, heaven and playing field and home, these are the kindred points of all that is best in life. All beget a vision of the goal, all feed us on our journey thither. This is the sober question to ask, yet wholesome and called for by all who want to make the family a power house of cheery service, a happy resting place for avowed pilgrims, a

place where no needless fret or pain can raise its head: Is my home as far as lieth in me a center of love and power; is it a house of bread?

Before finishing this review, I want to try to express the quality in "Backbone" which gives it a personality and character peculiarly its own. For when you come to analyze specific examples and problems with the ways and means of meeting these problems you will find after all nothing so very new, nothing probably you have not already thought of.

But all through this book, through its stories, its suggestions, and its conclusions, there runs a faith and a hope, a sense of the beauty of life and a simple idealism which is far from common. Here are no doubts, no perplexing questions, but a faith exquisite and exalted, a faith and conception of life that has in it something of the priest, something untempted, simple and forgiving.

And so on finishing "Backbone" it will not perhaps be so much its many practical suggestions or advice that you will remember as its spirit of faith and idealism; its sympathy for and belief in youth.

## ANNOUNCEMENTS

### The High School Contest

The manuscripts submitted to the Granite Monthly in the recent high school contest are now in the hands of the judges. The announcement of prize awards together with some selected specimens which were submitted, will appear in our April issue.

### Announcement

The Granite Monthly takes pleasure in announcing the addition to its staff of Mrs. Lillian M. Ainsworth who will be assistant editor. Mrs. Ainsworth has been exceptionally successful in newspaper work. She has

been recently connected with the editorial staffs of the Concord Monitor-Patriot and the Manchester Mirror of this state and formerly served on the staffs of various Massachusetts publications.

### Important

The Roby Ad Craft Company, 97 North Main street, Concord, N. H. has become the special agent of the Granite Monthly and will be pleased to handle all queries and furnish information as to the rates and the qualifications of the magazine as an advertising medium.



# CURRENT OPINION IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

## Clippings From the State Press

### The Matter of Pledging

President Coolidge's first message to Congress was characterized by some politicians as "economically sound but politically unsound." Assuming this to be true, it remains for the people to decide which they prefer, the man who is for the people at large and termed "economically sound," or the man who will be for the politicians as "sound politically." The old saying that "you can fool some of the people all of the time," etc., applies here and in the coming presidential primaries it would appear as though certain of the Republican candidates for delegates might be classed as "band wagon jumpers."

Senator Moses came out early for President Coolidge, after having been on the Johnson wagon and now he refuses to be pledged. The only way to pledge Moses is to elect him to stay at home. He did not carry out the wishes of New Hampshire in 1908 and is there any assurance that he will in 1924? Have the years added to his wisdom or is he still a law unto himself and not a servant of those who elect him? A very large majority of New Hampshire Republicans are for Coolidge—first, last and all the time—tax reduction or no reduction—bonus or no bonus, they believe in and trust President Coolidge; they are willing to tie up to him and win or lose they would stand by him.

A pledged delegation for New Hampshire to her distinguished neighbor could not fail to have its effect on other states where he is not as well known. Pussy-footing and straddling will not be helpful and New Hampshire should be as solid for President Coolidge as its hills and mountains, which have made it known as the Granite State

Let our delegates be pledged to the man who is called economically sound.

*Peterborough Transcript.*

Still obsessed with his ancient hatred of George H. Moses, ex-Governor Robert P. Bass has come out with a public statement severely criticising our senator for refusing to go to the National Republican convention pledged to Coolidge for president, when all other delegates will go thus pledged. To us Mr. Bass' statement seems to indicate more of a desire to say something disagreeable about Moses than to recognize that in him New Hampshire has one of the ablest men in the United States Senate. Whatever Mr. Moses' reasons may be for wishing to go to the convention unhampered by pledges, everybody knows he was one of the first men in the country to climb aboard the Coolidge bandwagon and will fight for him to the last ditch. Everybody ought to know that Moses has won for himself such a place in our national life that there is no necessity for New Hampshire laymen to tell him what he ought to do in the game of politics.

*Claremont Advocate*

"It would be the greatest possible mistake for any New Hampshire man to fail to do all that can be done to secure the nomination of Mr. Coolidge," says the Franklin Journal Transcript, in discussing the question of a pledged delegation to the National Republican convention. You bet it would, and doubtless there's not much danger of any delegate being against Coolidge. But why not play safe and vote for nobody who is not pledged? Then we'll be sure. Three votes from New Hampshire were cast

for Fairbanks in one convention, and there was just one other man in the whole state who was for him. That was some time ago, but it's well to have a good memory at times.

*Rochester Courier*

We understand that President Coolidge, who is most concerned, regards the candidacy of Senator Moses as an unpledged delegate to the Republican National convention to be satisfactory. If that is so, it may be that New Hampshire will find no harm in the senator's attitude.

*News and Critic*

It is now figured that President Coolidge will have 866 votes out of 1,036 on the first and only ballot at Cleveland. Is one of that missing 170 to be charged up against New Hampshire?

*Concord Monitor-Patriot*

## Non-Partisanship

In reappointing Mr. Huntley Spaulding to head the Department of Education Governor Brown not only makes the best possible selection but proves himself big enough to rise above politics in the interests of efficiency. More frequent recognition of that principle would be distinctly beneficial to the state. Mr. Andrew Felker, a Democrat, has been permitted to continue as head of the Agricultural Department through several Republican administrations, and now Governor Brown, a Democrat, permits a Republican to be reappointed. This is real progress in the art of state government.

*Milford Cabinet*

## Amen To This

Massachusetts has just passed a measure restricting the use of the unsightly bill board and New Hampshire will do well to follow her example. They are often placed on curves and become an element of danger. They obstruct the vision, hide beautiful scenery and serve only those who make and lease them. They become a weariness to the eye and a danger to the flesh.

*Monadnock Breeze*

## Can John Bring Back the Breweries?

Portsmouth was once a famous town. The first blow for independence was there dealt the forces of King George. The first ships of our navy were built in its ship yards. Some of the best beer ever manufactured in what is now Volsteadia, was there brewed. But no place can live on glory alone—the Revolution is far in the past, ships are now built nearer the sources of iron and steel, and the breweries stand idle and musty, like the discarded steins in a guzzler's pantry

So what's left for Portsmouth? Bless me if I know! But that great rent in the coast line still offers an inland sea for the use of ships. There must be some strategy which might restore its greater usefulness, to the glory and profit of all the state. I admit that I feel a great community of interest with the city of Portsmouth, and I am going to send this squib to John Bartlett, who originated near that other famous harbor, Sunapee, and ask him what's the answer.

*Newport Argus and Spectator*

# NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

## HENRY B. QUINBY

Died, in New York, Henry B. Quinby, former governor of New Hampshire, in the seventy-ninth year of his age.

The death of the former governor occurred very suddenly as he was seated in his automobile. He was sitting by his chauffeur when he complained of feeling ill. While the chauffeur was absent for a physician the end came and Ex-Governor Quinby was found dead when the two men returned.

Henry Brewer Quinby, who was governor in 1909-10, was a native of Biddeford, Me. He was born June 10, 1846, the son of Thomas and Jane E. (Brewer) Quinby. He was a grandson of Moses Quinby, a member of the first graduating class of Bowdoin college. He was educated at the New Hampton Literary Institution, the Nichols Latin school of Lewiston, Me., and was graduated from Bowdoin college in 1869 with the degree of A. B. His alma mater later conferred other degrees on her distinguished alumnus, giving him the A. M. in 1882 and LL. D. in 1909.

After his matriculation at Bowdoin college Mr. Quinby went to Washington, D. C., where he entered the National Medical academy from which he was graduated as an M. D. in 1880.

Gov. Quinby was a member of the staff of Governor Ezekiel A. Straw, with rank of

colonel, in 1872-73, and a member of the legislature in 1887-88. In 1889-90, he was a member of the New Hampshire Senate. He was a member of the executive council in 1891-92, and chairman of the state prison committee.

It was while he was chief executive of the state that he carried out the important work

of the state house enlargement. Also during his administration, the state trunk lines were located and partly built.

Gov. Quinby was delegate-at-large to the Republican convention in 1892; president of the Republican state convention in 1896, at which time he delivered a notable address and was chairman of the committee of resolutions in 1902 and 1908.

He was for years trustee of the New Hampshire State hospital, president of the Laconia National bank, and of the City Savings bank of that city, and was connected with the management of the Laconia hospital. He was a managing member of the Masonic Tem-

ple association, trustee of the New Hampshire Literary Institution for many years, member of the board of overseers of Bowdoin college, trustee of the New Hampshire Historical society, a member of the Pepperell association and Sons of the American Revolution.

Mr. Quinby was a 33rd degree Mason and was past grand master of the Masonic Grand Lodge of this state.\* He was trustee of the Masonic Home in Manchester.



HENRY B. QUINBY

## MANNING BROTHERS

Robert L. Manning, Charles B. Manning, Francis B. Manning, died Feb. 11, 1924, in an accident on the Boston and Maine railroad tracks two miles north of Glencliff. The

triple tragedy resulted when a special train carrying the party of Henry Ford of Detroit came around a curve and dashed into the men who were hiking to the Manning clubhouse at Lake Tarleton, a few miles from Glencliff.

Robert L. Manning of Manchester, the



oldest of the three brothers, was a Harvard graduate and a prominent attorney in the Queen city.

Charles B. Manning, also a Harvard man, was a consulting engineer located in Manchester, and the youngest brother, Francis B. Manning, of Newton Center, Mass., was a Harvard instructor. Their deaths wipe out the last male members of the Manning family, prominent in the history of New Hampshire.

### HARRIETTE LOUISE HUGHES CURTIS

Died at Ashland, January 24th, Harriette Louise Hughes Curtis, in the seventy-seventh year of her age.

It is not often that even in New England one dies at the very home where one was born. And nothing could have seemed stranger to the little girl sitting by her mother's coffin in 1863 in the same room and on the same sofa where her son was to sit by her coffin, than that her body would be taken to that very Virginia to which she had just sent the still preserved letter describing her mother's death to the two brothers in the Union army.

Her father was Barnet Hughes of Windham, grandson of a lieutenant in the Continental army. Her mother was Martha Lane Clark of Franklin, whose father was president of the New Hampshire Senate. She was a descendant of the first white family in New Hampshire, the Hiltons; of General Dearborn, commander-in-chief of the United States army in the 1812 war; of Governor Dudley of Massachusetts Bay, through whom she went back to King Francis First of France, whose daughter married Earl Dudley. By this connection, like many other New Hampshire folks of unmistakable Yankee lineage, she was a descendant of Charlemagne.

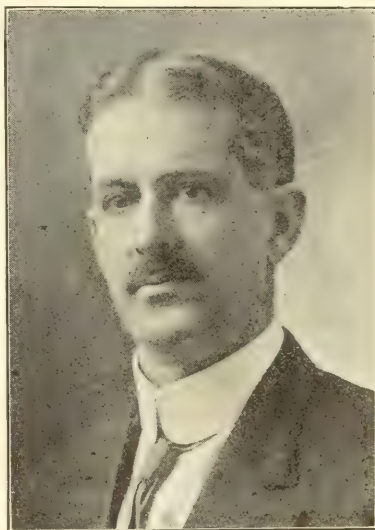
At the age of 20 she married Charles A. Curtis, an officer of the regular army, who had the unique distinction of being a graduate of both Norwich University in Vermont and Bowdoin College in Maine, who was once president of Norwich University and died a member of the faculty of the University of Wisconsin. The day of the wedding she set out for the Far West. She rode in a wagon train from Ft. Leavenworth, Kansas, to Ft. Sumner, New Mexico. The great herds of buffalo still covered the plains, herds of antelope, droves of wild horses, packs of wolves, calvacades of Indians were often in sight. Indian wars had not ceased. She saw her husband brought in the door with an arrow in his ribs. When her first child was a few months old, the Navajos, on whose reservation she lived, revolted. Lulled by confidence, the garrison had become reduced to one hundred soldiers, who with forty civilian clerks constituted the force her husband commanded, for though only a lieutenant he happened to be the ranking officer. Three thousand warriors surrounded the fort. On three successive nights a friendly Indian brought word they would be attacked that night. With

the air resounding all night with the din of the war dance, the young mother would at intervals call down the stairs to the soldier standing at the door, "Do you think they are going to attack?" The Indians could not agree on a plan of attack and on the fourth morning a regiment of cavalry galloped in and the Indians returned to allegiance. She was on the fringe of fighting for several years. She was with a column which marched to the settlement that is now the big city of Pueblo, Colorado, and saw lying on the ground, scalped, the sixteen people who had been the white inhabitants the night before.

### CHARLES W. VAUGHN

Died at his home in Laconia, Sunday, February 3, Charles W. Vaughn, aged 62 years.

Mr. Vaughn was for many years actively engaged as editor and manager of the Laconia Democrat. His career as a printer, publisher and journalist began in the office of this publication and ended last March, when



Charles W. Vaughn

he sold out his interests in the Laconia Press Association to the syndicate that has now assumed its management and operation.

Mr. Vaughn was the son of O. A. J. Vaughn, at one time editor of the Democrat, and Mary Elizabeth (Parker) Vaughn. He was born in Laconia, June 30, 1862.

Prominent in political and fraternal circles. Mr. Vaughn served his ward as a member of the first city council. In fraternal circles he was a 32nd degree Mason, being a past master of Mt. Lebanon lodge, A. F. and A. M., a past commander of Pilgrim Commandery Knights Templar, a member of the Union Chapter, R. A. M., and Pythagorean Council, past patron of Mt. Washington chapter, order of Eastern Star. He was also a member of the Grange.



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In This Issue—NEW HAMPSHIRE POWER POSSIBILITIES

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# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

## A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE

Published Monthly at Concord, N. H.  
By THE GRANITE MONTHLY COMPANY

### THE GRANITE MONTHLY

NORRIS H. COTTON, *Editor*

LILLIAN M. AINSWORTH, *Assistant Editor*

H. STYLES BRIDGES, *Contributing Editor*

### *Associate Editors*

RALPH D. HETZEL, Durham  
ERNEST M. HOPKINS, Hanover  
JOHN R. McLANE, Manchester  
ELWIN L. PAGE, Concord  
JOHN G. WINANT, Concord

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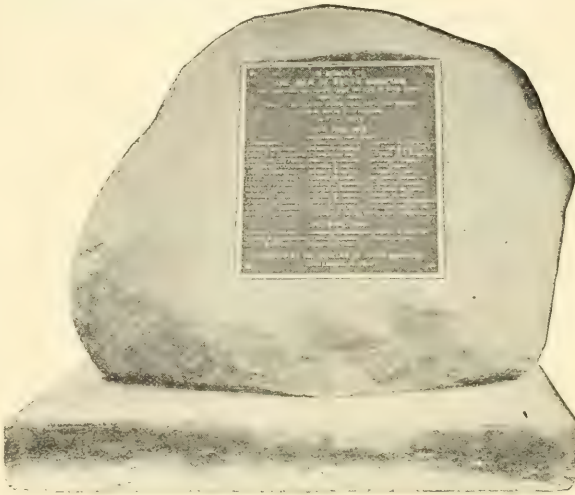
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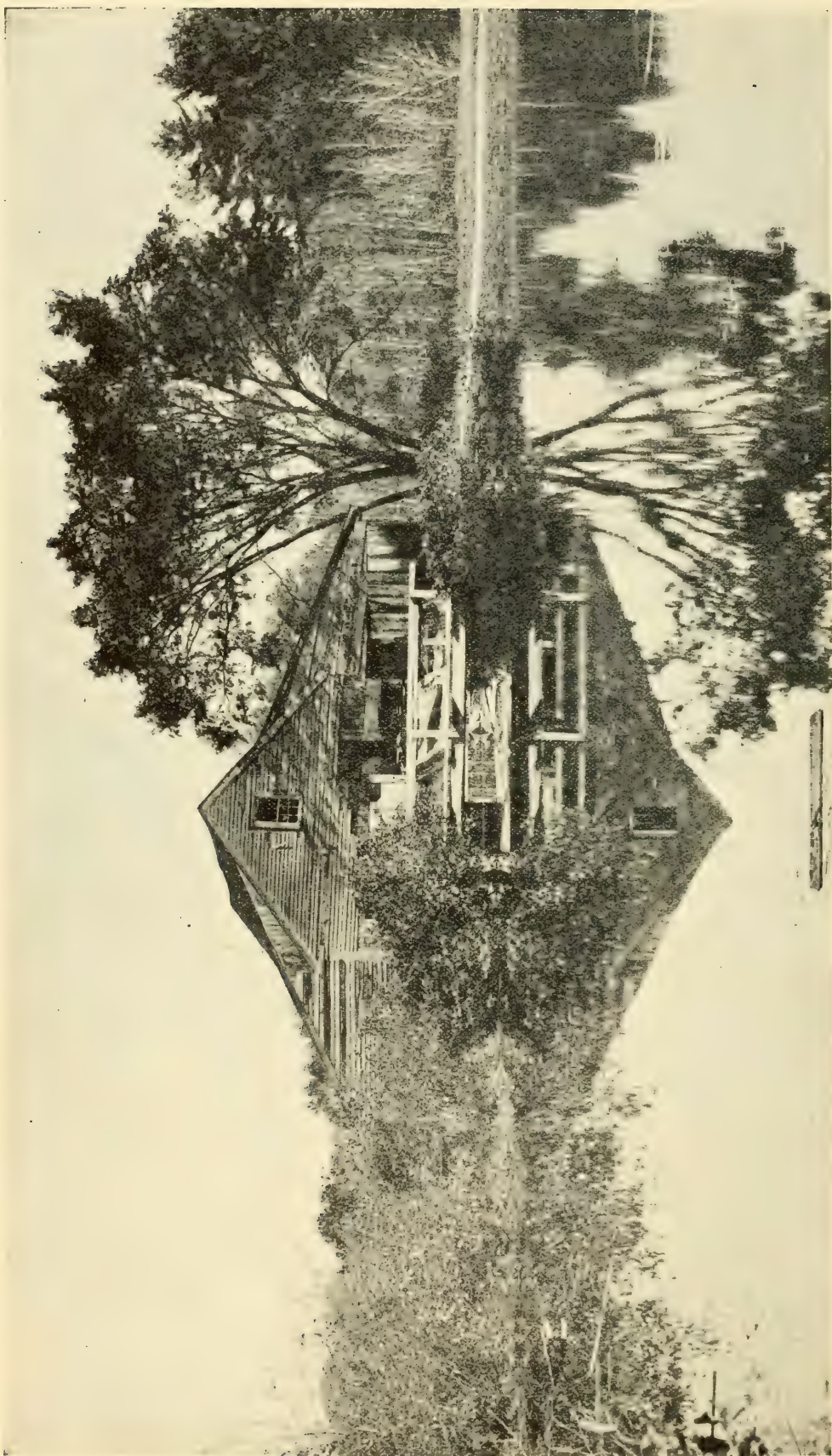


Photo by Kimball Studio

HISTORIC MILL AT BOW FROM WHICH IS DERIVED THE NAME BOW MILLS.

# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

Vol. 56

No. 4



APRIL 1924

## THE MONTH IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

**I**N New Hampshire, during the month of March, 1924, public attention was so centered on "March meeting" and the presidential primary, particularly after they were over, that when they are delivered for treatment, as per pre-assignment, to another member of the staff of the Granite Monthly there is not much left to talk about or write about in this department.

There is always the weather, of course, but to report truthfully for the whole state under that heading would require much space, for the range of conditions was from a near blizzard that blocked roads, tore down wires and stalled trains near the coast, to bare ground, pussy willows and early birds in the center of the state.

### Ban Motor Trucks

As we measure the drought in the fall by the appearance of the Governor's proclamation closing the hunting and fishing season, so we measure the progress of spring by the appearance of the Highway Commissioner's proclamation, closing the roads of the state to heavy trucks. This year it was on March 26 that motor trucks with a gross weight of over four tons and horse drawn vehicles with a gross weight over two and a half tons were barred from all trunk lines, cross state lines and state aid roads until further notice.

It had been anticipated that the state association of truck owners might test in the courts the power to impose such

a prohibition, or might at least protest to the governor and council against it; but no such move was made.

In this connection mention should be made of the fact that the New Hampshire Good Roads Association held its annual meeting during the month and elected William A. Grover of Dover as its president.

The end of March found nearly 35,000 automobiles licensed for 1924 in New Hampshire, indicating a record-breaking year in this respect. It also found Motor Commissioners Griffin of New Hampshire and Goodwin of Massachusetts on the verge of war over the registration of trucks doing business in the two states, but it is not probable that either will call out the militia.

During the month the first maple sugar of 1924 vintage came on the market at 80 cents a pound, retail; more New Hampshire eggs were reported sold on the Boston Market than in any previous month, and the milk producers were in frequent consultation as to what could be done to keep the price of their staple from sliding further downward.

### Maximum Water Power

An important industrial event of the month came on the day when the entire plant of the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company at Manchester, for the first time in more than half a century, was run entirely by water power. Thirty-two thousand horse power was produced by water that day for the company's uses,



the highest maximum on record; and 4,000 more horse power would have been available if it had been needed. The total absence of the use of steam for power marked an epoch in the history of the company, and, it may be hoped, in the industrial development of the state. Flow of water in the Merrimack river on that day revealed power of 8,000 cubic feet per second.

In addition to the presidential primary and the "March meetings" in the towns, the cities of Somersworth, Laconia and Berlin held their annual elections on March 11. Mayors Perkins of Laconia, Republican, and Gagne of Somersworth, Democrat, were re-elected without opposition, but Mayor King of Berlin, Democrat, to the surprise of the rest of the state, at least, was defeated by a citizens' ticket, headed by J. A. Vaillancourt, prominent Republican leader of that section.

The usual number of interesting votes on various subjects were reported from the various town meetings. Claremont, for instance, the largest town in the state, which several times has refused to become a city, voted to attach to itself a municipal appurtenance, namely, a police commission, if given authority so to do by the state legislature of 1925.

The appropriations made showed no diminution in the number of desirable things for which aid was given from the community treasury, especially in the case of the larger towns.

The tax commissioners toured the state during the month, in accordance with their annual custom, consulting with selectmen and assessors and advising them to keep valuations up, and, so far as their influence would avail, appropriations down. The time for returns under the new state income tax law was extended for a month, the commission at the same time indicating that its operations promised to be as successful as its friends had hoped.

Major Frank Knox of Manchester presented to the public once more his

proposition for the abolition of the state tax, which failed to meet with favor from the legislature of 1923.

## Robbins to Retire

Rev. Joseph H. Robbins, whose next birthday will be his 82nd, and who has been the untiring, incorruptible, fearless, yet tactful superintendent of Anti-Saloon League work in New Hampshire for 23 years, announced that he would retire from that position and from active work at the next annual meeting of the League in May. There are many who hope that he will, and some who hope that he will not, publish his reminiscences, after his retirement.

Another loss to militant Christianity in New Hampshire is the departure of Rev. Robbins W. Barstow from the pastorate of the South Congregational church in Concord to that of the Pilgrim Congregational church in Madison, Wisconsin, where he will make the most of his opportunity to influence for good the lives of a thousand of college boys and girls.

## Fast Day Proclaimed

Governor Fred H. Brown, proclaiming Thursday, April 24, as Fast Day, said: "The first settlers of New England established the custom of setting aside a day in early spring for the spiritual cleansing of the community; for the confession of sins, the acknowledgement of shortcomings, the admonitions of the uprighteous; for asking of God mercy, forgiveness and succor." "In response to an obvious need" he suggests: "let us devote a part of this day to its observance in the manner of our fathers, by seeking divine guidance in the establishment of higher standards for government, for society, for the home, and for the individual in every relation of life."

But, cheer up! Thomas Costas Metro, three years out of Albania, won first prize in the original declamation department of the annual prize speaking of the public schools in Concord, capital city of New Hampshire.

# NEW HAMPSHIRE POWER POSSIBILITIES

## Undeveloped Power of the Contoocook River

By C. O. Foss

C. E. Member of the Engineering Institute of Canada

Building Railways in different parts of the United States and Canada and lately Chief Engineer of the New Brunswick Electric Power Commission—these are some of the chapters in the career of Mr. Foss. He is now retired and living in New Hampshire.

If you want his opinion on the possibilities of New Hampshire's water power, read this article.

**W**HILE there is a large amount of undeveloped power on other streams in the state, I am devoting this article to the Contoocook as I have a closer knowledge of this than any other stream in New Hampshire.

When power was developed on this stream and at the different sites along the Merrimack, there was no knowledge of electricity as the most flexible power conveying agent in the world, and the industry had to come to the power site instead of being able to convey the power to any other more favorable site as is the case to-day.

To-day there is a general appreciation of the fact that power developed on any ordinary stream is bound to fluctuate very widely between season of freshet and drouth, unless a considerable amount of storage is provided to regulate, so far as may be reasonable, the flow and so reduce the fluctuation.

An attempt has already been made, and very nearly succeeded, to commit the state to a policy of providing such storage for the general benefit of plants situated on the lower reaches of the stream, so let us first consider the value

of the storage alone, which may be provided in the Contoocook basin, to the plants between Penacook and Lawrence inclusive.

The report of the commission on water conservation and water power, of 1917-18, shows that there may be nine billion four hundred and fifty million feet of water stored in the Contoocook basin, and assuming that these reservoirs may be partly filled in the Fall for use during the low water period of one or more months in mid-winter, and making reasonable allowance for loss by evaporation, there should be an average use of ten billion cubic feet of stored water per year, possible.

Assuming, that with the use of ordinary flash boards, the different power plants will be able to use practical-

ly all the water, and that they have an over all efficiency of 80%, and further assuming that their steam plants burn on an average three pounds of coal per k. w. h., the stored water would have a value of 52,000 tons of coal which at \$3.36 would equal 10% of the cost of the stored water which Mr. Leighton, estimated at \$397,000 and to



Here He Is!  
All Hail the Man Who  
Can Save Coal



Cross shows point where Contoocook could be dropped  
107 feet into the Merrimack.

which I have added 25% for safety.

So much for the value of the stored water for use at the plants now in operation.

But would it not be a great mistake to fail to develop all the power possible on the Contoocook, not only adding nearly fifty thousand horse power, but thereby cutting the cost of the stored water in half to the plants now in operation, for the use of this stored water at the plants that might be added on this stream would almost exactly equal the value to those below now in operation. That is to say, it would equal, in the aggregate 104,000 tons of coal at a value of only \$1.68 per ton.

According to Mr. Leighton's report there are at least five sites where a reasonable amount of power can be generated, and now that electrical science has discovered a practical way to operate several small plants, automatically,

from one central plant, there is the more reason for considering the development of the smaller units.

There are two sites on the North Branch and in both cases there is so much storage behind them compared to the drainage area, that entire regulation can be had the year through.

Of these, a development at the outlet of Island Pond should produce 3,400 commercial h. p. based on a load factor of 30%, and the other further down the North Branch should produce 5,000 h. p.

At Long Falls, about three miles below Hillsboro there can be developed 5,500 continuous h. p. during at least half of the year,

and during the other half, when the stored water passing this site is not sufficient to keep the output up to that amount, it can be supplemented from one of the small plants to be constructed at the outlet of the big reservoir on the Black Water Branch in Webster.

There are two sites there, one drawing water directly from the reservoir and another a little further down the Black Water.

These plants could only be operated during about half the year when the stored water is being used, as the reservoir is so large, in comparison to the drainage area, that the outlet gate would have to be kept closed for several months to allow the reservoir to fill.

Finally, the large power possibility of the Contoocook is here at Penacook where it falls into the Merrimack.

At present the small factories here are only using about 3,000 commercial h. p.



and they cannot use any more without re-arranging all their canals and power plants which would cost much more than to purchase additional electric power from the development.

It is entirely feasible to carry the whole river across the sand plain just south of Penacook Village in a timber lined canal and drop into the Merrimack; a fall which would average through the working day, 107 feet.



This shows the Contoocook in one of its annual wasteful moods.

This would develop about 37,000 commercial h. p. on a load factor of 30%, during at least half the year and for what the stored water would fall to make up during the other half, sufficient power could be borrowed from the small plants on the Blackwater to make up the difference, the same as proposed above in the case of the plant at Long Falls.

After supplying the plants here with as much power as they are able to develop and that for all the year, as now they have to burn more or less coal during the low water periods, there would be left at least 33,000 commercial h. p.

The two small plants at Webster, in addition to supplying the deficiency at Long Falls and Penacook would produce, during the half year when the stored water is being drawn, 2,500 continuous h. p. during the half year, or an average of 1,250 h. p. for the whole year.

The total cost of these plants, including one-half of the storage and with liberal allowance for dealing with any claims on the property and sites taken, would not exceed six million dollars, being about \$125 per h. p. This is comparable with the largest power development in the world to date. The Queens-town-Chippawa development at Niagara Falls for the 600,000 h. p. there, when fully installed, will cost over \$130 per h. p.

Having shown, as I believe, not only the advisability of developing all the possible storage in the Contoocook basin, but of developing all the power possibilities of the stream, the question arises as to who is to develop the power and what can be accomplished with it if it is developed.

As electricity has come to be practically as much a necessity in modern civilized life as roads, bridges, water supply and

#### THEN, TO RECAPITULATE

Plant at Island Pond on North Branch	3400 Commercial h. p.
Plant near Hillsboro on North Branch	5000 Commercial h. p.
Plant at Long Falls	5500 Continuous h. p.
Two small plants at Webster	1250 Continuous h. p.
Main development at Penacook	33000 Commercial h. p.

Total

48150

sewers, and as the public has, for the most part, taken over these utilities and is supplying itself with service from them, I can see no reason why it may not consistently supply itself with electricity; for if it is considered advisable for the state to provide storage for the use of plants now in operation, the development of the power would only be an enlargement of the same function.

Assuming, for the sake of argument, that the state should develop this very considerable amount of power, then at the low rate of interest which the state has to pay, 10% on the capital cost would cover all overhead, including interest, sinking fund, depreciation reserve and operation. This would mean a cost of \$12.50 per h. p. year during the 30 year period of amortizing the bonds after which the cost would be less than half this, at the power house, when the full capacity of the plant is employed.

With this amount of power in the hands of the state I can see two very important things which could be accomplished. There are a considerable number of small towns in the central and southern part of the state which have small local plants partly driven by water and partly by steam, but practically all of them of such cost for power, operation and overhead, as to make the cost to the consumer so high that only a minimum of current is used.

With power production centralized as proposed above, and at such low cost, it could be transmitted to these various towns and sold to the municipalities at a price that would enable the local distribution and sale at a price that would greatly increase the consumption, and as the consumption increased the cost would automatically decrease, thus giving the consumer the advantage of a much wider use at no greater cost than he is paying for his barest necessity.

Perhaps, more important than this, it would, by means of the transmission lines to these various places, enable the fairly general distribution of light and power

to the farmers, and to no class would it be a greater boon.

The generation and transmission of electricity by the state would be no untried experiment, as the Province of Ontario has been doing this for nearly 15 years, and the maritime provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick have adopted the same general policy.

The arrangement in Ontario is practically a partnership between a commission appointed by the Provincial Government and over 300 municipalities and townships, by which, the Hydro Commission develops and transmits current to the different municipalities, at cost, which in turn distributes and sells the same, at cost to the consumers, only in the case of rural lines for the accommodation of the farmers which the commission handle themselves, and this is considered so important that the government aids in the construction of such lines.

In this connection I may be permitted to quote from an address delivered, a few months ago, by Sir Adam Beck the chairman of the Ontario Hydro Commission.

"I would like here to make a brief reference to some of the results achieved by the Hydro, in bringing to small communities and to individual farmers the inestimable advantages of electrical service.

In no way is the difference between private and public ownership of electrical utilities more strikingly shown than in a comparison of the services rendered to the smaller communities and rural districts.

The difficulties of electrification of country districts are universally recognized. Generally speaking, from the view point of the central station this class of consumer is unprofitable. Only a small return can be secured on any capital invested. The operating costs, due to the distance to be covered are excessive. The load per mile of distribution is small—compare for instance, the number of services connected in a mile of

city streets and to a mile of rural line.

In spite of handicaps inherent in rural distribution of electrical energy, the Hydro Electric Power Commission has made substantial progress in this department of its activities. Its first rural lines were built in 1912—the total mileage of rural lines at present operated by the Commission is 835 miles, giving electrical service to about 13,500 customers.

Although the aggregate load, distributed to the rural dwellers, is, and must always be, but a relatively small proportion of the energy distributed, by the Hydro, its influence upon the economic life of the Province of Ontario will doubtless be far reaching and is already a factor of importance. Agriculture still ranks as the most important of our industries and in these days with farm labor scarce and expensive, anything that takes its place is a great help to the farmer, for, as is universally acknowledged, upon him in the last analysis rests the prosperity and welfare of the community.

Hitherto the rural resident has thought chiefly of electrical service in connection with lighting, but his greater need is for convenient power. The appliances that are helpful to the city dweller, such as washing machines, irons, fans, etc., are of even greater help to the farmer's wife; but, in addition, the farmer can make use of a large number of devices which are even more labor saving than those used in the city, such, for example, as water pumps, cream separators, churns, milking machines and all machinery usually worked by man or other power. These can all be worked by quite small motors.

"Where larger capacity electrical service can economically be installed, additional machinery for which the farmer usually employs auxiliary power, can be operated electrically. Such machinery, for example, as buzz and drag saws, choppers, root pulpers, ensilage cutting boxes and threshers, can also be operated electrically."

All the above applies with equal force

to the rural districts of New Hampshire.

Quoting still further from Sir Adam.

"As typical of the charges that obtain, it may be stated that for the class known as "light farm service" which includes the lighting of farm buildings, power for miscellaneous small equipment, power for single-phase motors not to exceed three horse power demand, or for an electrical range the range and motors not being used simultaneously, the monthly charge would be from \$6.00 to \$8.00. For "heavy farm service," which includes in addition to the above, power for motors up to five-horse power demand and electric range, or ten-horse power motor without electric range, the monthly charge would be from \$17.00 to \$19.00.

"If the distribution of electrical energy in Ontario had been in the hands of private corporations most of the thousands of customers in rural Ontario, including the smaller towns and villages to whom the Hydro now distributes electricity, would still be without the benefits of electrical service. Except where heavy loads are obtainable—as for example in the irrigation districts of California—the rural consumer is usually unprofitable and companies will not consider extending their lines to such customers.

"The policy of the Commission has been, and is, to give the widest distribution of power consistent with limiting costs.

The energies of its engineers have been directed to ascertaining the most economical methods of rural distribution. Much pioneer work has already been undertaken and the results achieved have more than justified the efforts."

I have quoted at length from the address of Sir Adam Beck because he speaks with entire knowledge and authority and his statements can not be successfully questioned.

If it is thought that I have devoted undue length to the agricultural phase of this question I can only say that I deem it of the utmost importance.



In giving a brief history of the Ontario publicly owned and operated hydro electric system and its achievements I shall use facts taken from different sources; some from public statements of Sir Adam Beck, some from a report made by Judson King, director of the National Popular Government league of Washington, D. C., but all the rates given are taken from the annual reports of the Commission.

In 1900 some hard-headed business men in southwestern Ontario got together and after due consideration decided that they ought to be able to get light and power cheaper than the private corporations were supplying it, 10 cents being about the average price.

A few days later a large delegation from several municipalities appeared at Toronto, the capital of Ontario, and laid their case before Premier Ross who promised support.

They did not ask for government ownership, they did ask for a bill to enable the interested municipalities to enquire into the supply and distribution of electrical energy. The bill passed, the cities appoint a commission of four able business men and an engineer. In 1906 this commission made a report of so conclusive a character that it revolutionized the thinking of progressive Ontario business men and became the basis of the Act of 1906. On this and subsequent additions and amendments Hydro is founded.

The story of the phenomenal growth of hydro service is told in a single paragraph.

1910 the commission sold 750 h. p. to 10 municipalities.

1915 the commission sold 104,000 h. p. to 112 municipalites & 18 townships having 120,000 consumers.

1921 the commission sold 305,000 h. p. to 234 municipalites & 44 townships having 265,000 consumers.

1922 the commission sold 544,000 h. p. to 242 municipalites & 74 townships having 335,000 consumers.

At present the commission and the various municipalities and townships have an investment of about two hundred and fifty million dollars.

There has been no confiscation; no electrical company has been arbitrarily forced out of business. Provision was made in the Act whereby the Hydro Commission could take any such company, either at a price agreed upon between the interested parties, or, failing to agree then by arbitration and all but two private companies, one in Hamilton and one in Ottawa, have been taken over and practically all by agreement between the interested parties.

While this brief history of the inception and growth of the publicly owned Hydro power in Ontario may not be particularly interesting to the readers of this article, I feel sure the prices at which the municipalities are able to sell light and power will be quite interesting.

Municipality	Population	Transmission distance in miles	Residence service in cents per K.W.H.	Commercial service in cents per K.W.H.	Power in service in dollars per h. p. year
Toronto	522,942	90	2.1	2.7	22.58
Hamilton	118,243	50	1.9	1.3	14.49
Ottawa	112,899	1	1.4	1.9	11.75
London	58,784	132	1.8	1.7	22.66
Windsor	38,530	250	2.6	2.7	28.64
Brantford	31,362	85	1.9	2.6	16.33
Kitchner	22,717	102	1.7	1.9	18.78
Peterborough	21,439	2	2.8	1.5	16.46
St. Catharines	20,961	9	1.3	1.4	16.40
Guelph	18,027	77	2.3	2.4	17.16
Niagara Falls	15,895	1	1.5	1.2	14.32
Galt	13,332	93	1.8	2.0	17.55

I have selected, at random, seven towns in this state with population ranging from 500 to 10,000 and compared the rates for light with seven Ontario towns of practically the same population, selected at random.

considerable percentage of the people as to whether the proposition was sound.

Between 1908 and 1910 the people of twenty-nine municipalities installed hydro by an average vote of three to one. By 1912 the municipalities were voting for

City or town in N. H.	Population	Rate per K. W. H. in cents	City or town in Ontario	Population	Rate per K. W. H. in cents
Antrim-Bennington	1,600	16	Mitchell	1,699	4.6
Bethlehem	850	18	Ayr	917	6.8
Bradford	580	15	Ailsa Craig.	547	6.9
Canaan-Enfield	3,870	16	Hespeller	2,853	3.7
Derry	5,382	11.26	Ingersoll	5,253	2.6
Franklin	6,318	12.5	Collingwood	6,237	2.7
Laconia	10,897	12.4	Woodstock	10,164	2.4

In 1921 the Concord Electric Co. sold 4,310,342 K. W. H. for \$246,426.93. In 1921 the city of Kitchner with practically the same population as Concord, sold 15,388,795 K. W. H. for \$204,635.53, about three and six tenths as much current for 83% of the cost.

I could go on multiplying comparisons but that would be useless.

As to the matter of taxes; nearly every one in this country thinks that it would be impossible to supply electricity at such low rates unless the people are paying heavy additional taxes to make up for what is lost because the municipal power commissions only pay a small amount of taxes. This is not so, in fact taxes are lowered because municipal lighting and power cost far less under the new system.

However, if Hydro had paid taxes in Toronto in 1921 the same as a private corporation, it would have added 43.7 cents to the yearly expense of each domestic user and \$1.53 for each commercial user. But since the average domestic user saves \$35.67 and each commercial user \$186.99 every year, one hears nothing about TAXES in Ontario.

Each municipality takes a vote to determine whether it will go into the partnership and take current from the Hydro Commission, and at the start there was some doubt in the minds of a

hydro at the rate of six to one; since then it has been installed by an average vote of fourteen to one, and in many places a unanimous vote, and let it be remembered that bankers and business men have votes as well as poorer people.

Governor Smith of New York in his last message to the Legislature urged the passing of legislation enabling the state to develop the water powers for the use of the people, and in a letter to a party in this city received a few days ago, he wrote that he is preparing such a bill and hopes to get it passed.

Referring to the super power scheme, in his message, he said that he is not opposed to it but that he is in favor of, first, developing the power in their own state, a proposition which I hope will appeal to the people of this state.

All the figures which I have used in connection with storage and power possibilities of the Contoocook are based on estimates, and while I believe them to be conservative, they are, of course, open to question and criticism. But the figures representing what has been, and is being done, in Ontario are based on actual facts, the correctness of which can be readily proved.

Finally, if anyone asks whether the people of this state can secure rates approximating those in Ontario the answer is

IT'S UP TO THEM

# THE FLUME IN WINTER

BY REV. HERBERT J. FOOTE

Most of us know the Flume in summer but Mr. Foote, a pastor in Lincoln, N. H., gets part of his inspiration from it in winter.

**A**MONG the scenic wonders of New Hampshire, with the exception of the Profile, none deserves greater popular favor than the well known Flume. This natural phenomenon is located in the heart of the White Mountain Section, in the Franconia range and is the objective of tens of thousands of Summer pilgrims in search of the beautiful.

This narrow gorge is about a half a mile in length and is easily accessible from the the state highway.

The Flume has been known to the white man for more than a hundred years, or more accurately speaking, to the white woman—for this great asset to New Hampshire's tourist business was discovered by an old woman who lived in a cabin not far from what is now the entrance to the Flume.

It is related that the old lady went in search of berries and lost her way. While she was "lost" she "found" the Flume, and when her rescuers came she told them of the wonderful chasm she had seen, containing a beautiful river and cascade.

While great numbers of people visit the Flume from June to November, probably less than a hundred people look upon it with all its

impressiveness and grandeur when held in the grip of winter.

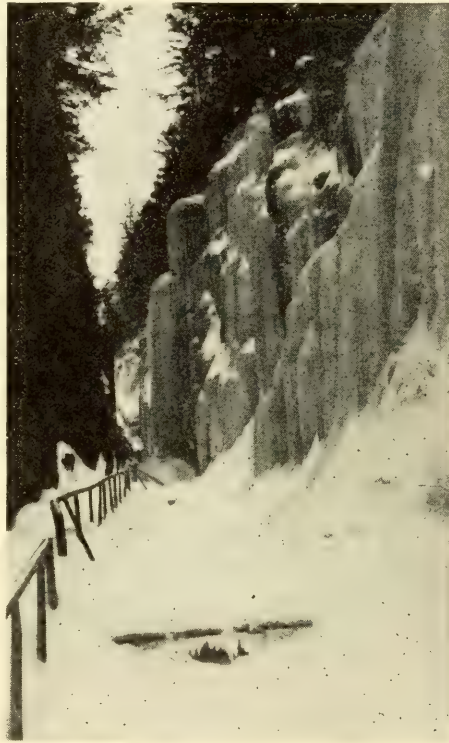
Recently two small parties from the Lincoln Hotel made a trip on snowshoes, and they were high in their praise of the great Summer attraction as one of the best thrillers for winter activities.

During the winter months the great ravine gets very little warm sunshine and consequently but little snow melts during the entire winter season.

What is even more impressive than the snow piled high over the famous "board-walk" is the ice covering the walls of the gorge, in many places more than two feet thick. The color effect of this ice is wonderful; here the glint of light amber; there the rich tints of copper.

The formations everywhere appear wierd and fantastic.

As one stands surrounded by this miracle of nature he is impressed by the handiwork of the Creator. The White Mountains possess many beauties for the tourist traveling in his automobile, but for a trip that will write itself indelibly upon one's mind he needs but to visit "The Flume in Winter," and bring along his snowshoes and skis.







## AUNT ESTHER'S DOORSTONE

BY HELEN F. McMILLIN

"THIS," said Mr. Nichols, tapping the solid slab of stone on which we sat, "was Aunt Esther's doorstone. You remember about Aunt Esther, don't you? Her house was the one on the west hillside of the Sharon valley; out beyond all the other houses, even in the days when Sharon was in its prime and now—well, when I took the old stone away and brought it down here—that was near on to thirty years ago—the sheep were running through the ruins of the old house. I saw the hole in the door frame made by a bullet from an old gun we boys were cleaning one day on the old doorstone. I suppose now the doorframe itself has gone and only the overgrown cellar hole is left. Strange how the old town has disappeared——"

There was silence for a moment, the silence which always meant that the old man was living over the days of his boyhood. Down the street a few houses a big touring car slid up to the curb. A group of laughing young people got out. Our host nodded in their direction.

"They'd think life was pretty hard on them—those boys and girls—if they had

to face one half the hardships Aunt Esther and her folks faced back in the pioneer days in Sharon. It was all wilderness when Aunt Esther's father came out to build his home. He cut down trees and cleared a little piece of land of stones for farming, and built himself a house. And when the house was finished he took his oxen and went up the mountain and hauled down this stone to put in front of the door. It lay there nearly one hundred years, I suppose. It was cool with the hill shadows in the morning and the dew clung long to the grass that grew beside it. From it one looked over the peaceful valley, full of prosperous farms in those days, to the grand old shoulder of Monadnock. And while Aunt Esther lived, all the important things of the household were done on that doorstone."

Mr. Nichols leaned back in his chair. From his tone and the look in his clear blue eyes we knew that we were at the beginning of a half-hour of reminiscences. We sat quiet and waited, watching the thin smoke curl up from his pipe.

"All the important things of the

household were done on that doorstone," he repeated. "Aunt Esther dried her milk pans here and churned her butter. We boys used to sit sprawled on the grass beside the stone and lay out our tackle and plan our day's fishing. This was where neighbors stopped for a bit of friendly gossip. And time and time again we've had the old dog out here whimpering and whining with his nose full of hedgehog quills which we had to pull out carefully and painfully."

"There couldn't be a better chronicle of Sharon than the stories which have been told on this stone. They have all been forgotten, of course—nearly so. The stone doesn't hold any trace of them any more than it holds the sunlight that used to rest so warm upon it. But the sun and wind weather the rock, and it seems to me sometimes that the life which has poured across Aunt Esther's doorstone has left its impress too. Evening after evening I sit out here alone, thinking, and it is as though the folk of Sharon came and sat with me here just as they used to in the days I remember.

"There is old Jo Barnes, for instance. Soft spoken, mild if ever man was mild. Looked most of the time as though he were afraid to call his soul his own. Stooped just a bit. Had square-cut, scraggly gray hair. But he was no man's fool. They never tired of telling, when a group of men gathered on the old doorstone, of the time when Jo Barnes was called to testify against the proprietor of Holmes' Tavern who was accused of selling distilled liquor when the law permitted only fermented liquor to be sold.

"The lawyer was having a hard pull with the case. The townspeople were inclined to feel that the law was an infringement on their rights and freedom anyway. Witness after witness was called, men who were known to frequent the Tavern and even indulge a bit freely on election day or town meeting day or some special occasion like that. But not one of them had, according to

his testimony, ever bought a drink of anything at the Tavern. When he came to Jo Barnes, the lawyer's face brightened a little. Here was a half-scared little fellow he ought to be able to bully into telling the truth.

"'What is your name?' he growled.

"'Joseph Barnes, sir, Joseph Barnes.' The tone of Jo's reply was so low and mild as to be almost inaudible.

"'Where do you live?'

"'In Sharon, sir. In Sharon.' Again an almost terror stricken note in the reply.

"The lawyer glared and used his most ferocious tone on his next question.

"'Well, Mr. Barnes, did you ever drink anything at Mr. Holmes' Tavern?'

"'Yes, sir. Frequently, quite frequently.'

"The lawyer could scarcely conceal his eagerness. The tavern keeper looked worried. The room was very still.

"'Now, Mr. Barnes,' said the lawyer, 'think carefully and tell the jury just what it was that you had to drink at Mr. Holmes' Tavern.'

Jo's expression did not change. He looked mildly and earnestly at the jury.

"'Well,' he said, stroking his chin meditatively, 'Well, it might have been rum; it might have been whiskey; it might have been *cider*. I ain't positive. I don't charge my mind with so small a matter.'

"He was always like that, quiet and mild, but you couldn't get the better of him for quick wit."

Mr. Nichols chuckled a bit at the memory, then resumed his story.

"When I think of old Jo Barnes I always see him standing stoop-shouldered and quiet beside the old doorstone, watching us boys skinning woodchucks. He liked to talk to us, and he never bothered us by asking embarrassing questions about our progress in school. What he wanted to know was how many of the boys we could 'throw.'

"'When I was your age,' he'd say, 'I could throw every boy my size in town—and some a good deal bigger.'

"Then he'd tell us for the thousandth time about the night he 'threw' the storekeeper bully down in Concord, Massachusetts, that winter when he went down from Sharon on a big logging job.

"We waited till the customers was all gone. Then the big storekeeper took me into the back room. He was in his shirtsleeves. I had on my great coat. He looked at me kind of insolent and says, 'I can throw you once a minute all night.' And I didn't say nothing, but just waited. He came at me, and I laid him on his back. He got up, and I laid him on his back a second time. He got up again, claimed he slipped, so I laid him on his back a third time. He got up and looked me over. 'Got any more fellows like you be up in New Hampshire?' he says, 'Well,' I says, sort of quietlike, 'up in New Hampshire I am only just a titman; but I seem to be the bully in Massachusetts.'"

"The memory of that scrap meant a lot to Jo.

"Jo and his brother Warren have sat often and spun yarns on this doorstone. Uncle Sammy Jewett, Jo McCoy, Gunlock Evans—they all come back when I sit here thinking in the evening. The things they talked about were small matters—crops and neighborhood news for the most part. I can remember, for instance, what a stir there was when Uncle Bill Livingston went on one of his infrequent trips to New Ipswich to buy goods for his store down to the 'Wharfin.' It seemed an event in those days, and the little store was quite the most important enterprise in the village. But the other day when I got a chance to look over some of Uncle Bill Livingston's old bills for the store I found none of them totalling more than fourteen or fifteen dollars. Folks didn't buy much in those days—either to eat or to wear—they raised what they needed themselves.

"Uncle Bill Livingston came seldom if ever to Aunt Esther's doorstone. I remember him better in the clean little house with the neat garden down close

by the store. That house was a marvel to us school children because it had running water before any other house in town. I often think that it must have been hard for Uncle Bill Livingston's wife, the way we tracked mud through her clean kitchen to get a drink of water on our way home from school. But when I see her in my memory she is always smiling in kindly welcome.

"Uncle Ely was another person who didn't get around to Aunt Esther's very often; and Aunt Luce never came. She was too lame and too lazy. But sitting on the doorstone on a summer afternoon we could look down across the fields and see them both outside their little farmhouse, Uncle Ely vigorous and full of boisterous good spirits going briskly to and fro and now and then stopping to throw a stick at Ashes, the dog; Aunt Luce, limping slightly and moving slowly just a few steps behind him as though she were keeping near to prevent him from miscalling people's names. A cloud of dust along the road,—the doctor's carriage passing. And even from Aunt Esther's doorstone two miles away it seemed as though we could hear Uncle Ely's hearty —'There goes Grab Cutter!' and Aunt Luce's soft, complaining correction, '*Doctor* Cutter.' Uncle Ely's habit of nicknames was a great trial to his wife. It developed into a kind of game which Uncle Ely played with great zest. 'There's Mailbags coming now,' he'd say, with a broad wink behind Aunt Luce's back. 'Miss Barnes' would come the inevitable soft-spoken murmur from Aunt Luce. And Uncle Ely would go off into gales of laughter.

"Aunt Luce was one of the best souls ever lived, but she had one besetting sin, curiosity. One of the memories I chuckle over most even now is of the afternoon when the Taggart girls tried to keep from telling Aunt Luce what was in the covered pail they had with them. You could see her eyes fasten on that mysterious pail just as soon as it came in sight. But she waited for someone



to tell her about it. She asked the girls how their mother was and how much eggs were selling for in Peterborough. Then casually her eyes dropped to the pail.

"'You may be going over to Uncle Jo's with a setting of eggs,' she said hopefully.

"No the girls were not going to Uncle Jo's.

"Aunt Luce looked disappointed.

Down in the cool grass Aunt Esther's boy and I wriggled our bare feet delightedly and dug our elbows into each other's sides. Aunt Luce went placidly on. She inquired about Aunt Ca'line's rheumatism and the new baby at Cousin Jim's. Then for a second time she looked at the pail.

"'You may have some balls of butter for Uncle Tommy's folks?'

"No the girls did not have butter in the pail. I put my fist into my mouth to keep from laughing aloud. But Aunt Luce was by no means beaten yet. Her conversation flowed along smoothly another five minutes. Had Cousin Sally written yet? Was Aunt Mary feeling better than she did in the spring? At last the Taggart girls made a move as though to go along. Aunt Luce shot her last bolt.

"'What did you say you had in your

pail?' she said innocently. And she found out."

There was a long silence on the old doorstep. Dusk was falling. The coals of Mr. Nichol's pipe glowed and died down regularly in the gloom. A wind stirred the trees, just the faintest suggestion of the coming on of autumn.

"'Getting a trifle chilly out here,' said our host, but he made no motion to get up. We sat quiet also and waited.

"It was n't always summer on Aunt Esther's doorstep. Sometimes the snow lay piled four or five feet deep upon it. It was pretty deep the night of Si Brackett's kitchen junket. I remember. I had a great time that night. Everyone came to those parties and everyone joined in the dancing. There was cider and doughnuts in plenty and popcorn piled in a great heap about three foot high. It was well after midnight when



we danced the Devil's Dream. And then I persuaded a little red cheeked girl I thought a lot of to let me take her home up to Aunt Esther's where she was staying that night. It was two miles and more from Si Brackett's to Aunt Esther's, two miles of pretty heavy going, too, in that weather. And then I had two miles more to go before I got home. It would take a

darn pretty woman to make me walk that far to-day. But I tell you when the little red-cheeked girl and I stood on Aunt Esther's doorstep under the cool light of the moon I wished with all my heart that the distance had been twice as great. I don't forget how she looked standing there with the light of the doorway behind her, nor how lighter than air my feet were as I stepped off the doorstep and started off homewards."

Mr. Nichols knocked the ashes out of his pipe and rose from his chair. He

stood for a moment on the edge of the stone and ran his cane against the rough edge.

"The masons who put it in place wanted to smooth the edges a bit, but I would not let them," he said. "I told them it wouldn't hurt them any to leave it as it was and I wanted it that way. You see I wanted it to be just like it was when Aunt Esther's father hauled it down from the mountain to be the doorstep of his home.

"All the important things of the household were done on this stone."

## THREE FAVORITE STORIES

OF MRS. GERTRUDE M. CALDWELL, LEGISLATURE, 1923.

**W**HEN Mrs. Gertrude M. Caldwell of Portsmouth was in the House of Representatives last session her colleagues found her a "good fellow." She is not only well versed in the political game but she can spin a jolly yarn, even if the joke is on herself. In her campaigning last year she found herself in many amusing situations and had numerous experiences which she will never forget.

One of her three favorite stories is about an old-time party leader in the city of Portsmouth who got up to address an audience. He wished to impress upon his hearers the fact that he was a native of Portsmouth and therefore especially entitled to their support.

"Mr. Chairman, Ladies and Gentlemen," he shouted, "I was born in Portsmouth, and, in fact, I was always born there." Mrs. Caldwell laughingly says: "It's just the same with me."

Another story Mrs. Caldwell tells is of a trip into a rural district of her community. "I stopped at a country grocery store," she said, "and inquired of a boy if his father was in."

"You'll find Dad down in the pig-gery," the lad replied. "Then, as I started in the direction indicated, he shouted to me as an after-thought, 'But you can tell Dad 'cause he's got a hat on.'"

Mrs. Caldwell's third favorite yarn is about an old fellow down in Portsmouth who was rather illiterate. He purchased a black Cheviot suit, the addition to his wardrobe being quite an event in the old man's life. One of his friends, having heard of the plunge, congratulated him on



Mrs. Gertrude M. Caldwell

his purchase.

"And what kind of a suit did you buy, Jim?" his friend inquired.

"Oh, I bought me one of them black celluloid ones. They're just the thing to wear on a hot day. —L. M. A.



# AN ANTHOLOGY OF ONE POEM POETS

Compiled by ARTHUR JOHNSON

Illustrated by Elizabeth Shurtleff

## TO CELIA

BEN JOHNSON

1573-1637

Drink to me only with thine eyes,  
And I will pledge with mine:  
Or leave a kiss but in the cup  
And I'll not look for wine.  
The thirst that from the soul doth rise  
Doth ask a drink divine;  
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,  
I would not change for thine.

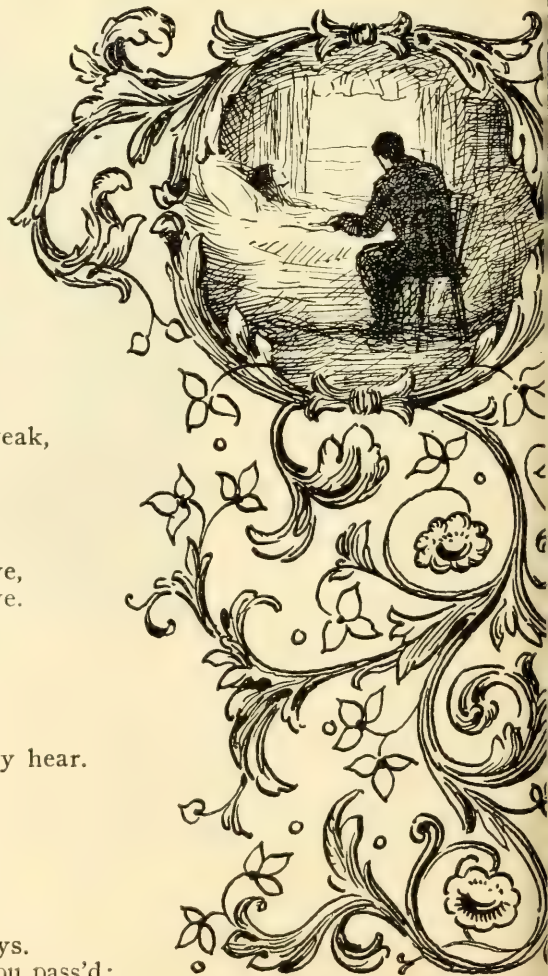
I sent thee late a rosy wreath,  
Not so much honouring thee  
As giving it a hope that there  
It could not wither'd be;  
But thou thereon didst only breathe,  
And sent'st it back to me;  
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear  
Not of itself but thee!

## DEPARTURE

BY COVENTRY PATMORE

1823-1896

It was not like your great and gracious ways!  
Do you, that have naught other to lament,  
Never, my Love, repent  
Of how, that July afternoon,  
You went,  
With sudden, unintelligible phrase,  
And frighten'd eye,  
Upon a journey of so many days  
Without a single kiss, or a good-bye?  
I knew, indeed, that you were parting soon;  
And so we sate, within the low sun's rays,  
You whispering to me, for your voice was weak,  
Your harrowing praise.  
Well, it was well  
To hear you such things speak,  
And I could tell  
What made your eyes a growing gloom of love,  
As a warm South-wind sombres a March grove.  
And it was like your great and gracious ways  
To turn your talk on daily things, my Dear,  
Lifting the luminous, pathetic lash  
To let the laughter flash,  
Whilst I drew near,  
Because you spoke so low that I could scarcely hear.  
But all at once to leave me at the last,  
More at the wonder than the loss aghast,  
With huddled, unintelligible phrase,  
And frighten'd eye,  
And go your journey of all days  
With not one kiss, or a good-bye,  
'Twas all unlike your great and gracious ways.  
And the only loveless look the look with which you pass'd:







## GRIEVE NOT, LADIES

BY ANNA HEMPSTEAD BRANCH

Contemporary

Oh, grieve not, Ladies, if at night  
Ye wake to feel your beauty going.  
It was a web of frail delight,  
Inconstant as an April snowing.

In other eyes, in other lands,  
In deep fair pools, new beauty lingers,  
But like spent water in your hands  
It runs from your reluctant fingers.

Ye shall not keep the singing lark  
That owes to earlier skies its duty.  
Weep not to hear along the dark  
The sound of your departing beauty.

The fine and anguished ear of night  
Is tuned to hear the smallest sorrow,  
Oh, wait until the morning light!  
It may not seem so gone tomorrow!

But honey-pale and rosy-red!  
Brief lights that made a little shining!  
Beautiful looks about us shed—  
They leave us to the old repining.

Think not the watchful dim despair  
Has come to you the first, sweet-hearted!  
For oh, the gold in Helen's hair!  
And how she cried when that departed!

Perhaps that one that took the most,  
The swiftest borrower, wildest spender,  
May count, as we would not, the cost—  
And grow more true to us and tender.

Happy are we if in his eyes  
We see no shadow of forgetting.  
Nay—if our star sinks in those skies  
We shall not wholly see its setting.

Then let us laugh as do the brooks  
That such immortal youth is ours,  
If memory keeps them for our looks  
As fresh as are the spring-time flowers.

Oh, grieve not, Ladies, if at night  
Ye wake, to feel the cold December!  
Rather recall the early light  
And in your loved one's arms, remember.



# MANCHESTER MERCHANTS' EXPOSITION



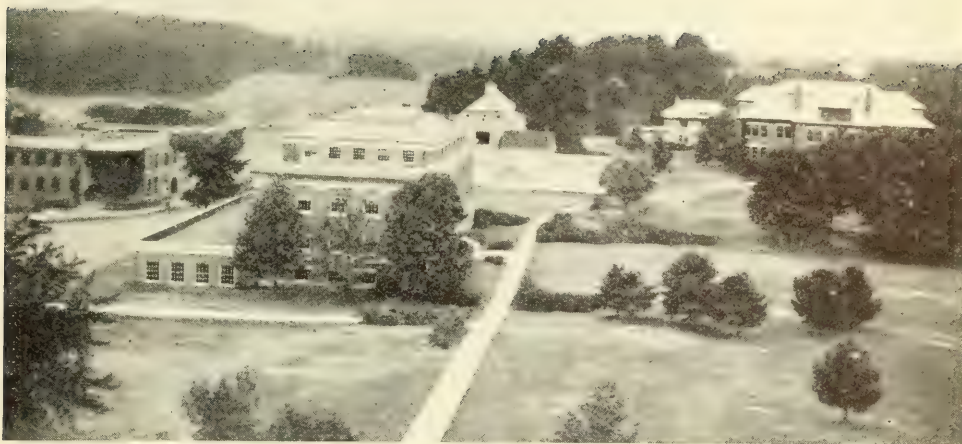
Manchester was the scene of the New Hampshire Merchants' and Manufacturers' Exposition and Radio Show which was held in La Chateau, during the week of March 17-22. This is the second annual event of this kind held in the Queen City and attracted many visitors during the entire week. Music, flowers, singing birds and attractive decorations formed a gorgeous setting for the various exhibits.

The two exhibits shown, the New Hampshire Co-operative Marketing Ass'n and the French Studio Shop are typical scenes from the exposition.

The Granite Monthly exhibit is shown on the cover of this magazine.







Looking west from Thompson Hall.

## THE SUMMER SCHOOL OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

By HAROLD H. SCUDDER, Associate Professor of English

EDITOR'S NOTE—This is the first of a series of articles upon the University of New Hampshire which will appear in *The Granite Monthly*. The University has enjoyed a growth in the last decade which has attracted to it the attention of educators all over the United States and filled those citizens of the state who have followed its progress with a mixture of astonishment and pride. It will not be attempted in these articles to tell the readers of *The Granite Monthly* how a somewhat obscure college of 300 students developed almost over night into a university with an enrollment of more than 1,000, but simply, because the growth has not ceased, to undertake to explain to them what the University is to-day, what its service is to the state and what it offers to the people of New Hampshire.

The Summer School is not the most important part of the University of New Hampshire but a description of it has been selected to open this series because this article will appear before the opening of the third annual summer session and may therefore be of some assistance to those of the readers of this magazine who have contemplated going to Durham this year.

**A**S this account of the Summer School of the University of New Hampshire is the first of a series of articles which are to appear in *The Granite Monthly* upon the general subject of the University, it is necessary to explain what the University is, in order that the place in it which the Summer School occupies may be understood.

Until the legislature at its last session gave it the name, the University of New Hampshire, though it had for some time been a university in fact, was officially known as the New Hampshire College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts. This is what the college was when it was founded fifty years ago, and while the in-

stitution had always remained that, it had in the passing of time become also so much more than that, that the conferring upon it of a new title was merely an effort on the part of those concerned to set forth more clearly what the college at Durham really is.

The University of New Hampshire is an institution dedicated to the education of the people of the state. It does part of its work at Durham, and part of its work in every town and county in the state. For purposes of resident instruction the work of teaching is divided among three colleges, each with its dean and faculty. These are the colleges of Agriculture, Technology, and Liberal





The University Library.

Arts. In addition to these colleges there is the Summer School, and a partially organized department for graduate study. For the teaching which is to be done away from Durham, the University has an Extension Service, which carries instruction in agriculture and home economics into the farm and the home. There is, further, an agricultural experiment station which is engaged in scientific agricultural research in the interests of better farming for this state.

The Summer School will open this year late in June for its third annual session, and at the time of writing this article it was estimated by Dr. H. L. Slobin, director of the school, that the enrollment this summer will reach 200. The first season there were 108 students and last year 148.

The Summer School was organized for the benefit and advancement of the teachers of the state, and to serve as a connecting link between the University and the secondary schools of New Hampshire. New Hampshire teachers have for years gone every summer to Boston or New York or even Chicago, for special training in the universities in those cities, and it was felt that it was time to assist those teachers and give them an opportunity to take college work and otherwise to perfect their professional equipment.

here at home. The University of New Hampshire makes no pretence of duplicating the elaborate summer schools of the great universities such as those just cited, but it does offer in the hot summer months under much more comfortable conditions to the secondary school teacher of New Hampshire than he or she can obtain in any of the large cities of the United States, an opportunity to do good, profitable work in many departments. What it does offer is worth while, and its offerings are not at all narrowly limited in scope.

The organizers of the Summer School had, also, however, others than the teachers of the state in mind when they did their work. By means of the Summer School a student may enter the University and graduate in three years. On the other hand if through illness or other cause a student at the University gets behind in his schedule, he may now by taking work in the summer sessions make up his deficiencies and graduate with his class. In the school last summer several undergraduates of the University of New Hampshire, the University of Vermont and Dartmouth availed themselves of this opportunity.

Another aim of the Summer School is to enable the graduates of the Normal Schools of the state to enter the Uni-

versity and graduate with the bachelor degree in two years, and at the same time to continue their teaching without interruption. Finally the Summer School offers an opportunity to the teacher or to any one else who wishes, in summer sessions, to obtain the advanced degree of Master of Arts, or Master of Science to do so. This is not, strictly speaking, the *final* opportunity the school offers the citizens of the state, because many others who are not teachers( nor undergraduates, nor graduates, nor indeed anything but just plain New Hampshire men, and women of New Hampshire, who are never plain, may come each summer to enjoy six weeks of vacation and to do a little study in some subject in which they are interested. The enrollment last year included students and graduates of the University of New Hampshire, the Plymouth and Keene Normal Schools, Dartmouth College, the University of Vermont, University of Maine, Bates College, Colgate University, Boston University, Princeton University, Tufts College, Wellesley College, Hunter College,

Smith College, Rhode Island State College, New Rochelle College, the University of New York, Columbia University and Harvard University.

What the Summer School offers in the way of subjects could hardly be packed into this magazine. All interested should drop a postal to the Director of the Summer School, University of New Hampshire, Durham, N. H., who will send them by return mail a Summer School catalogue very much the same size, shape and general make up as the Granite Monthly. Every department of the Liberal Arts College will be found represented in the courses there outlined, and many of those in the other colleges. The list includes the following: .

Chemistry	Library Science
Economics	Sociology
Accounting	Latin
Education	Greek
Psychology	Zoology
English	Geology
History	Botany
Political Science	Agricultural Chemistry
French	Physiological Chemistry
German	Mathematics
Spanish	Wood, Machine, and Forge Work



Academic procession on Commencement day leaving Thompson Hall.

This year in addition to those just listed, there will be a special course in Education and Psychology to be given by three men, all from without the University. These are Prof. P. W. L. Cox, of Teachers' College, Columbia University, Prof. R. B. Brown of Columbia University, and Willis O. Smith, headmaster of the Keene High School.

In addition also to the staff selected from the faculty of the University of New Hampshire there will be several others on the Summer School teaching staff this year. These will include Prof. Frank E. Howard of Middlebury College. Professor Howard's subject is Psychology, and he is president of the New England Association of College Teachers of Education.

Another addition to the staff is Prof. Justin O. Wellman, Superintendent of public schools in Amesbury, Mass., who will give courses in Education.

Prof. Gaston Malecot of Washington and Jefferson College returns this year to give courses in French. He will assist Professor Allen of the New Hampshire faculty to continue the work of instruction in French by the direct method. Students in these courses find French their language during their entire stay, their language in class, in recreation and at the dining table.

Still another addition to the staff is Prof. George N. Bauer, formerly head of the department of mathematics at the University of Minnesota and also a former director of the Ninth Federal Reserve Bank, and president of the Hennepin State Bank of Minneapolis. Professor Bauer will give courses in Money and Banking, and Mathematics.

A special feature of the program this year will be a course for nurses and pre-medical students through the co-operation of the departments of Zoology, Botany, Bacteriology, Physiological Chemistry, Entomology and Home Economics.

While the Summer School is in session there will be also for the two weeks beginning July 1 to July 12, a Health Institute conducted under the direction of

Dr. Charles Duncan, by the State Health Department, the State Nurses Association, the State School Nurses Association, the State Red Cross, and kindred organizations.

The work will include many lectures and demonstrations by experts and specialists in each of the many fields of public health work. A very large attendance is expected, and all the health officers of the state will be required to attend.

During the two weeks, July 21 to August 1, the Summer Library School and Institute, conducted under the direction of the University Library by the Library and the State Library Commission, will hold its fifth annual session, and from July 14 to July 21, the Northern New England School of Religious Education will meet at the University for its ninth annual session.

The Summer School and the other schools or institutes which meet with it, attract hundreds to Durham every summer, and though there is work done, there is rest and recreation for all who come, also. The village is on tide water, within easy driving distances of the beaches in New Hampshire, Massachusetts and Maine, and within easy weekend distance of the heart of the White Mountains. The University of New Hampshire Summer School has, indeed, all that most Summer Schools have to offer, and all the better attractions of a summer resort in addition.

The expenses especially for residents of New Hampshire are surprisingly low at the Summer School. Board costs \$6 a week at the college Commons, and rooms in the dormitory are charged for at the rate of \$2.50 a week. A student is permitted to take subjects only to the extent of nine credit hours, though he may take less, and this regulation makes the maximum tuition fee for the six weeks \$18. In addition to these expenses there is a registration fee of \$5 for residents of New Hampshire, or of \$15 for non-residents. The director of the school estimates the total as \$75.



# PROGRESSIVISM OR STAND-PATISM

## PRINCIPLES OR PARTISANSHIP

### WHICH?

BY JAMES W. REMICK OF CONCORD

WHILE the forms of party organization are still maintained, and while men and women still call themselves Democrats or Republicans, as the case may be, the fact remains so far as principles are concerned, the real division to-day is not *along* but *across* party lines. Whatever may appear on the surface, the fact is that at heart there is more sympathy in the matter of principles between Stand-patters in opposite parties than there is between Stand-patters and Progressives in the same party, and there is more sympathy between Progressives in opposite parties than there is between Progressives and Stand-patters in the same party.

To the dyed-in-the-wool partisan who thinks only of party success, this may seem a lamentable condition. To us, the spectacle of a free people dividing according to their conviction upon great and fundamental principles, and fighting over them as if the very life of the Republic was at stake, is far more inspiring and reassuring than the spectacle of two parties merely playing the

game of politics while the people shout for one side or the other as if they were rooters at a game of football.

Wherever the right may lie, whatever the decision may be, there is something in such a contest for principles which stirs the soul of a people, and, like a

thunder-storm, clears the atmosphere and brings brighter skies and better days. As a running stream purifies itself, so a people aroused is the best guaranty against political decadence. When great policies of government are in the making, and the nation is sparking with the conflict of ideas, we may know that the Almighty is at His anvil shaping our destiny.

Although the distinguishing names—Progressives and Stand-patters—



Judge James W. Remick

are the products of modern conditions, the types which they represent are as old as civilization. Galileo, who said that the world moved, was a Progressive. Those who denounced him as a visionary and fanatic and menaced him with fortune to make him recant were Stand-patters. The men who led the Reformation in the 16th Century were Progressives. Those who

opposed it were Stand-patters. The men who in Revolutionary days refused to submit to taxation without representation and who dumped the tea into Boston Harbor and signed the Declaration of Independence, were Progressives. The men who denounced them as Revolutionists and Disloyalists were Stand-patters. Garrison, Phillips, Sumner and Hale, who challenged the institution of human slavery, denounced the Dred Scot Decision and forced the bloody referendum which wiped the stain of both from the nation, were Progressives. The men who denounced them as fanatics were Stand-patters.

Those who battled to get the Eighteenth Amendments to the Constitution and who are still battling to make them beneficent are Progressives. Those who denounced them as fanatics are Stand-patters. Those who have fought and are fighting for World Co-operation in order to bring about world disarmament and peace are in spirit Progressives. Those who denounce them as visionaries and idealists, are, upon this issue at least, Stand-patters. The men and women who are to-day engaged in driving corrupt politicians and money changers out of the temple of American Liberty are Progressives. Those who are throwing obstacles in the way are Stand-patters.

Some prefer to endure vicious conditions than to risk the remedy necessary to cure them. Webster doubtless deprecated human slavery but he shrank from that stern referendum necessary to put an end to the irrepressible conflict.

We of the bar of New Hampshire have a nearby example of these two forces operating upon the science of our profession. Charles Doe, long Chief Justice of the State, found the law oppressive with formality and harsh in its inelasticity, and he devoted his life to making it more simple, sensible and just. He was a man of ideals and progress. To his more conservative brethren he was an iconoclast. To them he seemed to be tearing down the very pillars of jurisprudence. Yet who would return

to the old conditions? His influence will be felt through the ages. We shall have a better civilization for his having lived.

It was the Progressives of New Hampshire, in both parties, who assailed and secured the abolition of those twin iniquities, the railroad political free pass and the widespread, unregistered and irresponsible railroad lobby and who thus, figuratively speaking, tore up the side-track to the State House and put an end to the government of New Hampshire from the North Station at Boston. It was the Progressives of New Hampshire, in both parties, who led the fight to put an end to bribery and corruption at elections and who wrote and had put into the constitution of New Hampshire, a provision for disfranchising any voter guilty of such crimes. It was the Progressives of New Hampshire, in both parties, who inaugurated the movement for a more just and equal system of taxation and who are still leading in that fight.

In all these contests, they have met with the opposition and often the ridicule of Stand-patters. Judged by principle and not by prejudice and partisanship, which was right? Who would return to the old conditions?

Whatever differences may exist otherwise—upon the question whether this government, which our fathers founded and our brothers preserved by the sword, shall be what they fought for, a government of the people, by the people and for the people, or what it was fast coming to be, a government of, by and for unscrupulous politicians and plutocrats—men and women of all parties should be as one.

When it comes to desecrating the Goddess of Liberty, looting Columbia—stealing the jewels from her fingers and the gems from her crown—it is time for all who hold sacred our free institutions to unite in solid phalanx and in the crusading spirit of knights of old, make common cause against the vandals and marauders.

# POLITICAL DEVELOPMENTS OF THE MONTH

BY THOMAS CARENS, Political Editor Boston-Herald.

## "The Burial of Moses"

THE shot which the embattled farmers of New Hampshire fired on March 11 was not exactly heard 'round the world, but its echoes are scarcely yet dying away in the far corners of the land, and from specially selected cyclone cellars and dug-outs the political experts, so-called, and those who make a business of forecasting the outcome of elections are beginning to emerge. For did they not, in late February and early March, declare without qualification that Senator George H. Moses would be elected a delegate-at-large to the Cleveland convention? Did they not agree, with a surprising unanimity, that there had not been time to educate the voters to the necessity of rebuking the Senator because he refused to pledge himself to Calvin Coolidge? And did not a few venturesome spirits even go so far as to predict that Moses would lead the ticket, because the "bullets" of his closest friends would be added to the votes of those who always mark crosses beside names which are familiar?

The writer of these lines does not claim membership in the select circle of political "experts." He is a mere journeyman interpreter, who generally contents himself with a resume of the arguments on both sides of an issue, and surrounds his predictions, if he dares to make any, with enough "if's" and "but's" to offer a safe pathway of retreat. But there was something in the preliminaries of the New Hampshire presidential primary to give courage to the most cautious of souls. Hence those damning words in the March number of the GRANITE MONTHLY: "No one with an ounce of political brains believes that Moses will finish eighth in a field of eight!" Hence the satirical letters and ironic comments of kind friends! Hence a

sense of humility in again bowing to the readers of this magazine!

Now as to explanations. More words have been spread on the printed page all over the country than on any other New Hampshire political event in years. The great metropolitan journals of Boston, New York, Chicago and even the far coast have been compelled to comment on the New Hampshire result, for its significance could not be underestimated. But all the explanations and alibis reduce themselves to these few words: Coolidge was popular, and Moses was not. The contributory reasons are not important. The inevitable conclusion is mightily important.

## Coolidge Still Supreme

At this distance from the primary it is perhaps in order not to waste too much time over the actual outcome, but to carry its meaning into events that are to come. The country hardly needed this demonstration of Calvin Coolidge's hold on the average voter which the primary gave. For months it had been apparent that he was the hope of the Republican party; that he, and he alone, had a chance in the November elections of guiding his party through the storm which had broken. However low in public estimate other Republican leaders had fallen, as a result of the nauseating details of the oil scandal, the President had remained with his head above the clouds, an inspiration to those who had begun to lose faith in democracy. Even the Democratic Senator from his own state had not hesitated to voice his confidence in the "unimpeachable integrity" of Calvin Coolidge.

The election of eleven delegates pledged to Coolidge, therefore, was not of tremendous political consequence. New Hampshire's delegation would have been for him anyway, even if its eleven members had been unpledged, for



there is a loyalty to a neighbor which no politician dares to disregard. The Coolidge part of the primary, therefore, passes on, and leaves New Hampshire free to discuss the problem of George H. Moses.

### Opening Gun of 1926

"This is the opening gun of the senatorial campaign of 1926," said the Senator in an unguarded moment early in March, when he was patting himself on the back that he had resisted the efforts of the Bass-Spaulling combination to force him into a pledge for Coolidge. With the knowledge that the two former Governors had always opposed him, from the moment he made his bid for leadership in the state, he was willing to make the test when the only opposition to him was presented by Frank H. Challis of Manchester, regarded by Moses—and by the anti-Moses leaders, too—as both inconspicuous and unimportant in Republican party councils.

Moses of course expected to win a place, and in those closing days of a colorless campaign he was lulled into believing that he would run ahead of all the others. His was practically the only name on the ballot which meant anything to the people outside the state. He reasoned, therefore, that victory would solidify his organization; that it would discourage Bass, Spaulding and the others from opposing him in 1926; and that it would help him against the Democrat named to dispute his seat with him.

If Moses could recall his words as to the opening gun of the senatorial campaign he would probably jump at the opportunity to do so. For it is now borne in upon him that his days in the seats of the mighty are numbered; that a great majority of his followers are today shaking their heads and sorrowfully admitting that he is probably serving his last term in the Senate; and that the opposition in his own party now realizes

that he can be can be beaten when the issue can be presented to the voters in anything resembling clarity.

It must be remembered that in both his senatorial victories Moses has been exceedingly lucky. In 1918 there was a wave of resentment against the Democratic party, then in power. It was felt in practically every section of the country, and as a result the Republicans were swept back into power in Congress. Yet in spite of that Moses barely nosed out John B. Jameson for senator, and he probably could not have won but for the reluctance of his enemies within the Republican party to repudiate their own nominee. In 1920 the reaction was even greater. Huntley Spaulding, his opponent in the primaries, had been too closely associated with the Wilson administration to convince the voters that he would translate into action the revolt against the party in power. And in the 1920 election, except in the far South, a Chinaman with a Republican endorsement could not help winning.

### Moses' Hope is to Split Opposition

Moses's one hope today is that the opposition to him will be unable to concentrate. The Progressive or liberal wing of the party has Bass and John G. Winant and the two Spauldings. They could probably sit down together and agree on one man to make the run, but they could not guarantee that he would have the fight to himself, because former Gov. John H. Bartlett, now assistant postmaster-general, has his eye on a seat in the Senate, and has old scores against Moses to settle. Frank Knox, although busily engaged in the business of making himself Governor, must permit his thoughts now and then to stray to his first love, the Senate, and whether he wins or loses this fall, he and his newspaper may be a threat to Moses in 1926.

## The Knox-Winant Campaign

While the gubernatorial campaign was not an issue on March 11, and Knox may regard as unfair any attempt of his opponent to make political capital out of it, one cannot conscientiously dismiss the subject. When Knox and Winant came out against each other last autumn they started on an even basis. Since that time the one thing that has reacted in Knox's favor has been the knowledge that he would have the support of Senator Moses and his organization. Knox has been out of sympathy many times in the past with that organization, but he was too astute a politician to look a gift horse in the mouth. Now it has been demonstrated that the Moses organization is pretty weak; that in a primary loaded in its favor it was unable to keep its leader out of eighth place in a field of eight. Naturally Winant is entitled to chuckle a bit; and Knox is justified in worrying over the real value of the Moses' support.

During Winant's absence in Europe, Knox, undoubtedly in an effort to take the minds of the voters from the primary, revealed his taxation issue to the state. He would abolish the state tax by making railroad, savings bank and insurance taxation pay the running expenses. Today they are collected by the state and redistributed among the cities and towns, according to the location of the corporation paying the tax. Knox says that under his plan there would be a simplification of bookkeeping methods, that the farmer who pays on a full assessment of his property will no longer pay more of his share of state expenses than the owner of under-assessed property in the cities, and that in the long run the property owner by his vote in town meeting or for city officials will be responsible for his own tax rate.

Knox's pronouncement created a mild sensation. Men who have

given years of study to the state's taxation problem did not hesitate to declare at once that Knox is talking through his hat. One of the Democratic leaders went so far as to state that the issue absolutely disqualifies Knox, as he betrays a lack of knowledge of the state's business. When Robert P. Bass gets home from Europe one of his first duties will probably be to tear the Knox program to shreds, and Winant, who has given long study to the tax problem, may anticipate that action by meeting Knox's argument at once.

## What Democrats Are Thinking

The Democrats of New Hampshire came through their part of the presidential primary without any ruffled feelings. The eight candidates for delegates-at-large were unopposed. There were contests in both districts, but they were of the most friendly nature, and the state leaders at Concord say that both winners and losers will stand shoulder to shoulder in the months to come to maintain their organization and attempt to repeat their sensational 1922 victory at next November's election.

The results in the first district were surprising at first, but they appear less so when all the circumstances are considered. It was believed that one of the Manchester candidates would surely win, because of the concentration of the Democratic vote of the district in the big city. It was also believed that Gordon Woodbury, who held such a prominent place in the Wilson administration, and who is extremely popular all over the state, would land a place. But the Manchester Democrats did not go to the polls, and as a result Senator John S. Hurley, the strongest of the city candidates, was still some hundreds of votes behind when the returns from the outlying towns were completed.

The city elections held on the same day in Somersworth and Laconia really determined the result. Former

Mayor Lewis Wilkinson of Laconia and Dist. Atty. Francis Clyde Keefe of Dover formed a combination, which worked exceedingly well. Wilkinson swept Laconia, carrying Keefe along with him, and the latter repaid the compliment in Somersworth in his own neighborhood. The general strength which Woodbury displayed all over the district was not enough to meet the overwhelming votes of the other two in these cities.

It is significant also that Wilkinson and Keefe expressed no preference as to presidential candidates. They took the ground, as did the eight candidates at large, that the man who looks like a good bet in March may be impossible in June. They had in mind the "accident" to McAdoo, who in January appeared unbeatable and in February was entirely discredited. Senator Hurley, on the other hand, expressed a preference for Gov. Smith of New York; and Woodbury, perhaps to inform the voters that he was not for McAdoo, expressed a preference for Underwood. Neither Smith nor Underwood apparently caught any votes.

### N. H. Lost to McAdoo

Even the party leaders do not know today how the delegation lines up as to candidates. Chairman Robert Jackson of the state committee is absolutely open minded, as he has been from the start. When he gets to New York late in June he does not intend to be tied to the candidacy of any man, but his half-vote will go to the one who at that time seems able to carry the party standard to victory. Raymond B. Stevens, who was originally for McAdoo, is now for anybody else, but who that is, he does not know. Had McAdoo never taken those huge fees from Doheny he might have had eight votes from New Hampshire; it is doubtful if he gets even a half-vote, as things stand today.

### What Will the Sphinx (Governor Brown) Do?

The Democratic leaders are much more interested in local candidacies than in those of men who aspire to the presidency. Over their heads at all times is the desire of Gov. Fred H. Brown to retire from politics permanently at the end of his present term. They believe that the state organization is in better shape today than it was at the same time two years ago, and that the Republicans are disorganized and on the verge of a battle within the party which may have disastrous effects on the election campaign. They hope for a national ticket and national platform which will appeal to the New Hampshire voter.

No one questions Gov. Brown's sincerity when he says he is sick of politics. He is not the type that likes to pick up the morning newspaper and see his name spread in large letters. To him the Governorship has been less an honor than a duty to perform, although he is not insensible of the honor which his fellow citizens have bestowed on him. But the other Democrats are still hopeful that they will be able to hold him in line. They will appeal to his love of party which is very great. They will make it plain that with him their chances of victory are good; that without him defeat stares them in the face.

If he is unwilling to accept the responsibility of six years in the Senate, he may eventually express a willingness to seek the Governorship, which will mean only two additional years away from the more enjoyable pursuit of private citizenship. The Democrats are not afraid of the tradition which limits a Governor of New Hampshire to a single term. They have an idea that the people like Brown much more than they like traditions.



# THE COMING CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION

BY ELIAS H. CHENEY OF LEBANON  
Senior Editor Granite State Free Press

ART. 98 in the present state constitution, which provides for making changes, has never itself been changed to conform to the several amendments thus far made. It requires selectmen and assessors, every seventh year, to insert in their "annual town meeting for the choice of senators an article to take the sense of the qualified voters as to the desirability of calling a new convention. The legislature is not named. It has been customary, however for the legislature to take the initiative. Elections are now biennial; and it is strange that Art. 98 remains unaltered to conform thereto, substituting biennial for annual. It is however one of several omissions to make the minor corrections implied by the amendment adopted. I hope the coming convention will rectify the omissions of its predecessors; make the fundamental law consistent with itself throughout, including the changes it shall itself submit. For instance it should change the word "inhabitant" used in defining the eligibility of candidates for various officers, to "citizen." One very painful and unnecessary conflict grew out of a natural misinterpretation of a word that should not have been in the construction. Let it not happen again.

I assume that the people will vote affirmatively; the convention will be called. I think one was never so needed. The last convention—no matter whose the fault, cost us heavily and was absolutely without results. The most important measure

submitted by the convention of 1912 failed by only a few votes; that providing for a reduction of the House. I thought and still think it, and it alone in that line, should have been resubmitted by the last convention; that it would have been approved by the people; the size of the House would be about right. No more radical change is likely ever to be made.

In my opinion Article 98 should be entirely remodelled. We should practically abolish

Nothing is more stimulating to thought than keen, friendly controversy by real men on real issues. The **GRANITE MONTHLY** is pleased that its pages are becoming an open forum for such discussion.

A former article on "The Next Constitutional Convention" by Raymond B. Stevens called forth this reply by the Hon. Elias H. Cheney of Lebanon, dean of New Hampshire journalists.

The opinions of such men are worth reading. Each of them is a statesman who, in the words of Kipling, "paints the thing as he sees it for the God of things as they are."

constitutional conventions; give the legislature, as every other state in the Union does, authority to submit amendments. Ours is the only state as I understand, in which the only way to change the constitution is by calling a convention; and that while we are one of the smaller states the convention we call are larger than in any other state. We should do away with the necessity for a convention, which can only submit new measures, having no legislative power, to be larger than our house of representatives. It should be easy to devise a plan.

Another absurdity, left strangely in our fundamental law is Art. 96. It makes "silver at six shillings and eight pence ounce" the money to be used. It was the money in use when the constitution was framed; there was no other. Even in my boyhood the only silver in use was the English "fourpence," 6¼ cts., and the ninepence," 12½ cts. Cloth was sold over the counter at some measure of a shilling; not so many cents. And we have had six con. cons. which let that ridiculousness and the like ridiculousness of Art. 98 stay in our constitution. It is time to have a "house-cleaning" as to constitutional law. Get rid of every absurdity and of every ambiguity. Amend the constitution in accordance with supreme court unanimous decision.

One more effort should be made, and the people earnestly appealed to, to vote it, to blot out that word "Protestant" and the words "of Christians" in Art. 6 Bill of Rights. They are dead letters. We do and we ought to and we are forever going to protect alike Jew, Catholic, Protestant, Agnostic and whatever other religious belief and practise or non practise. Everybody here should have the right to worship God according to the dictates of his or her conscience; religion or non religion a matter purely between the individual and God. Make our constitution say so.

Ever since my earliest recollection, a good while, there have been those who wanted to dispense with the Governor's Council. I have always believed and still think it very useful; that by all means it should stay. I think six heads better than one in deciding most matters which executives have to consider. I need only to point to Vermont, Oklahoma and Illinois as affording examples in which a Council would probably have avoided a scandal. I wish our president had just such a body to consult. I believe in carefully guarding against executive usurpation. Let the Council alone.

The Senate is what has always troubled me; far more than the house. Senators are chosen by districts, based on wealth. It is as wrong as wrong can be. Our 17th district, in which is most of the Amoskeag property, is wealthier than all Grafton county, but has only about as many voters as the town of Lebanon, which is about one-seventh of the 5th district. It is absurd. I think the district system objectionable, where it can be avoided. It always leads to gerrymandering. No division of New Hampshire into senatorial districts was ever made, by any party, and none ever will be made, without some advantage being taken by the party in power. I think senators should be chosen by counties, as in Maine and Vermont; that Belknap, Carroll and Sullivan counties should have one senator each; Cheshire, Grafton, Coos and Strafford two; Rockingham and Merrimack three, and Hillsborough six or seven. But I think that unnaturalized foreigners should not enter into the apportionment. Hillsborough county in my opinion is bound to be divided sometime; I would divide it now into two, possibly three districts, for the choice of senators. Leave it to the legislature.

I deeply regret the failure of the measure reducing the size of the House of representatives submitted by the convention of 1912, by a few votes only, to be adopted. I believe in town representation where as it is with us, it is possible. The same objection lies to a district system for the House as for the senate; gerrymandering. Our people are wedded to the town system. The small towns all demand it; will vote solidly, against, and defeat, any other. Our House is going to stay, inevitably, large. It ought to be moderately reduced; but the reduction ought to be and must be wholly in the cities and large towns, where the unnaturalized foreigners reside. The cities owe much to the farming towns. These are the main dependance of the cities for their

most substantial, and, more important, most American element. Towns have grown small by reason mainly of the substitution of machines for manual labor on the farm. It takes only half as many to run the farm; the brains are still there. Quality, intelligence, and Americanism, should count in the apportionment of representatives cities can afford—it is for their good—to be generous toward the farming towns. Vermont, where each town or city, no matter what its population, has one only, may carry town rights too far; I think she does; but the principle is right. The town has rights, with comparatively little regard to population; largely because its population is comparatively permanent and to the manor born. I beg the cities and manufacturing towns to take all this into consideration, help themselves to desirable residents by helping towns to live. As things now are I would give every town having 400 population full representation, prorate only those under 400. It will sufficiently reduce the size of the House if we make say 2,000 the requisite number for additional members. The cities can afford that. I think it would be a hundred years before other modification would be needed. I do not think that either New Hampshire or Vermont is likely to gain materially in population. I doubt if it is desirable.

But, and possibly more important than all else, possibly necessary in order to effect any change, I think the votes necessary to secure the adoption of any amendment, should be changed from two-thirds to three-fifths. Our constitution would now be much nearer right—our House of Representatives nearly what it should be if a three-fifths vote had sufficed to put a proposed amendment into the constitution. Above all

give us the three-fifths rule. Without it modifications in our constitution, however desirable, will continue to very hard to realize.

I hope that the convention will avoid chaining itself to the hobby, fad or notion of any man or woman; that it will study to submit only what there is reasonable ground to hope the people will ratify. The people have said what they do not want. I take it no further attempt will be made to force it on them. I do not believe in any state income tax. If any incomes are being uncovered, the government has the power to tax them; and it needs the revenue greatly more than the state does. But I would not object to substituting the word "just" for "proportional." It would leave a wide latitude; I think all any income tax advocates ought to covet. Leave it to the people.

I do not expect, nor do I desire, to live to know what will come of the coming convention. With more than 22 years of "borrowed time," I live a day at a time. Like Woodrow Wilson I can truly say "I am ready." But so long as my Maker keeps me here, I am as ready for duty as for the summons. As much interested as ever in the good of the state. I have always wanted to be a member of a constitutional convention. When they came I was always either sick or in the government service, ineligible, I intended to be a candidate for election to the last once. If a member, I would have been its oldest. When members were elected those who passed our home mornings, looked to see crepe on the door. I recovered; was present at the opening of the convention; sat an hour or two, by courtesy with the octogenarian members. I still live; I cannot keep still.



# THE UPPER ROOM

The Sophomores of St. Anselm's College undertook an ambitious feat when they presented the religious drama "The Upper Room" as a part of the school's Lenten observance. Those who witnessed the production were profoundly impressed with the manner in which it was depicted.

THE passion of Christ, depicted with reverence and with fine artistic sense, was presented in a religious drama entitled "The Upper Room" by the Benson Players of St. Anselm's College in Manchester as a part of the school's Lenten observance. Those who journeyed to the college on the hill to witness the production were profoundly impressed.

Rev. Mark O'Neil, O. S. B., who studied in Rome, Vienna, and other European centers and who has seen the Passion Play at Oberammergau, directed the cast. Nearly three months of almost uninterrupted rehearsing prepared young men to depict the scenes in a manner that compared favorably with the Passion Plays of Santa Clara, Cal., and Weehauken, N. J.

Unlike the Christ of the Passion Play, however, Jesus is represented in "The Upper Room" only as a voice. The author, Rev. Robert Hugh Benson, famous English prelate and writer, declared when he wrote the text of the play that his sensibilities would not permit him to introduce Christ in person. As a voice, the Master is prominently present.

One of the most artistic scenes portrayed at the presentation by the St. Anselm's cast, who, by the way, are all sophomores, was that of the Caenaculum (the upper room) where the disciples partake of the last supper. So nearly does the scene follow the famous painting by this name that at first glance one would believe it to be a photograph of that work of art.

The play consists of the prologue and three acts. The opening curtain, follow-

ing the prologue by the Doctor, rises to show the upper room of the inn, kept by Achaz, after the apostles had departed for Gethsemane, after partaking of the Last Supper. The inn keeper, Achaz, is talking with his servant, Samuel. While they converse the mob passes along the road below. Mary Magdalene enters the room, and the curtain falls as the mob returns with Jesus captive.

The second act depicts the dawn of Good Friday, with Judas in despair following his betrayal of his Lord. Other characters to enter in this act are Judas, Mary, the mother of Jesus, Mary Magdalene, and the soldiers guarding the two thieves. The third act reveals the evening of Good Friday with all its sorrowful events.

The stage settings were the work of Rev. Julian Schorn, O. S. B., curate at St. Raphael's church in Manchester and professor of English at the College. He made the background, side effects, and stage property the counterpart of impressions gained by him when he witnessed the Passion Play at Oberammergau. The costumes were fashioned after those worn by the Oberammergau players and were designed by Mrs. James H. Boyle of Boston and Mrs. Arthur Meyer of Manchester. The materials, colors, lines and accessories were patterned by knowledge gained through biblical research and formed a valuable feature of the production. The Veil, which was painted by Rev. Father Raphael was similar to that in the Vatican in Rome. The nails introduced in the crucifixion scene in the final act, had been brought from Rome.

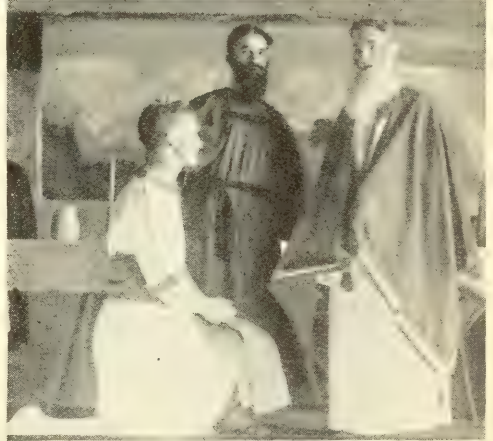
L. M. A.

# GROUPS OF BENSON PLAYERS



(1) Tableau After Burial

(2) Samuel the Servant  
Achaz the Inn Keeper  
Joseph of Arimathaea



(3) Women of the Passion





# THE FARMERS' COOPERATIVE MOVEMENT

By HENRY BAILEY STEVENS

IT is almost like a magic bean, this cooperative movement in New Hampshire. Seven years ago, except for the scattered purchases of fertilizer through the Potato Growers' Association, there was hardly a symptom of its existence. Nay more, there was a very firm belief that it could not exist, that the soil was too rocky, the climate too rigorous. Farmers could not cooperate, it was said; they were too narrow, too distrustful, too lax in their business dealings, too disloyal to stick through foul weather as well as fair.

lime, seed and spraying materials. Last year the total volume of business transacted by these exchanges ran up to over a million dollars. None of them had been organized prior to 1918.

No less phenomenal has been the growth of the cooperative selling organizations. The New Hampshire dairyman may not be satisfied with present conditions in the milk market; but at least he is no longer playing a lone hand. Ever since Richard Pattee and some of the other farmers in 1916 poured milk down Beacon Hill in Boston rather than



Scene at the N. H. Cooperative Marketing Ass'n, Manchester

Yet almost overnight the bean has grown, full leaved, tall stalked. I rubbed my eyes the other day, as I climbed flight after flight of stairs at the Merrimack Farmers' Exchange in Concord and saw the accumulated sacks of feeding stuffs and smelled the clean, all-pervading smell of dry bran and meal and cottonseed. This organization alone did a business of nearly \$400,000 last year. It is only one of seven such exchanges engaged entirely in the cooperative buying of supplies such as grain, fertilizer,

sell it at starvation prices, there has been an organized bargaining machinery at work on behalf of the dairymen. The New England Milk Producers' Association now has over 20,000 members, representing 80 per cent of the producers of market milk in five states, prominent among which is New Hampshire. In several areas of the state the dairymen have gone so far as to organize companies for direct distribution either to the retail or the wholesale trade. The same spirit is at work in other lines of



agricultural enterprise. The New Hampshire Cooperative Marketing Association last year handled 600,000 dozens of eggs, and has over 500 poultry farmers under contract to sell their supply through its channel. State wool pools and the sale of apples, potatoes and hay have also been undertaken by the same association. In the first six months of the present year its figures show a business of nearly \$200,000 in eggs alone, double the amount for the same period of the year before.

Thus within a season the plant has grown. When the seeds were started, the scornful said that they would not germinate. When the sprouts came, there were many prophecies that the plant would be sickly and die. But now that the green, vigorous growth has shot forth, it is easier to believe than to deny. The cooperative movement has taken root. It has grown unbelievably. Farmers have not only bought and sold through it but have put up money for stock in it, managed it, believed in it, sacrificed for it. It is no longer popular to question its power.

Yet perhaps the most important question regarding the co-operatives remains to be answered. Are they of the short-lived variety? Are they like this same bean plant in that they grow quickly and die quickly also? Or are they of the tree type that develops steadily for scores of years?

The question assumes all the more importance when one looks into the history of the cooperative movement in the state, as L. A. Carlisle, assistant state commissioner of agriculture, has done in a recent bulletin on "Farmers' Buying and Selling Organizations in New Hampshire." It has not been generally recognized that a wave of cooperative enterprise associated with the Grange swept over the state in the decade beginning in 1874. In less than five years upwards of ninety granges had been organized largely for the cooperative purchase of groceries, implements, grass seed, fertilizer and other necessities of

the farm and home. A state purchasing agent was appointed, and local agents distributed the supplies to members upon their arrival. Out of this beginning cooperative associations grew, modeled after the Rochdale system that had been so successful in England. By the late seventies the Cooperative Grange Store had developed, notably at Rochester, Warner, and North Londonderry.—And by 1890 there was hardly a trace of the whole undertaking left! It had come in a twinkling, and in a twinkling it had gone.

Is there likelihood that the present cooperative movement will also wither as quickly as it grew? Did it spring out of the abnormal economic conditions resulting from the war, and will it pass when an era of stability returns? To draw any conclusions at all in response to these questions it is necessary to examine the causes of the failure of the early movement and the foundations of the present one. Mr. Carlisle sums up the breakdown of the early movement as follows:

"The system under which the cooperative buying work was conducted by the granges 'was never very satisfactory, but resulted in the savings of many dollars to the members, especially in their purchase of feed, flour and fertilizers,' states Mr. E. C. Hutchinson, who acted as a local agent in Milford. Considerable difference of opinion prevailed among the members as to whether business should be intermingled with the social and fraternal elements of the Order. The members were 'too much isolated and cannot conveniently attend to the details of the business as carefully and constantly as is necessary to the success and prosperity of the business,' and 'we do not understand the business' were commentaries made by Mr. George W. Wason, State Master, in his annual address of 1879. Another undermining influence which caused the system to result in failure seems to have been the employment of inefficient managers, oftentimes men who were not conducting

their own business affairs successfully. The annual reports of the proceedings of the State Grange reveal that the fundamental principles in cooperative undertakings advocated to-day were then known and recognized as essential factors to success. Determined efforts were made by the state officers to establish the business on a sound basis. The weaknesses of the system were recognized but the leaders seemed unable to overcome them."

It is noteworthy that efforts were confined entirely to buying; co-operative selling was not attempted. Furthermore, the inclusion of groceries in the purchasing system must have been a constant source of trouble. If the modern farmers' exchange endeavored to supply calls for salt, butter, hams, soap, canned beans and all the numerous wants of its numerous patrons, it would soon find itself in a mass of detail that would call for much greater overhead, and for a vastly more complex system of organization. The danger of all cooperative associations is that they may be clumsy when pitted against corporations that have learned over many years the lessons of a centralized management and a carefully organized attack. When energy is diffused, there is likely to be little headway.

Let us now examine the present co-operative movement. In the first place, the buying and selling are sharply divided, being carried on by entirely separate agencies. Even if history repeated itself in regard to the purchasing system, the selling organizations might be completely successful.

It is true that the movement was accelerated by the inflation of the war; but prior to that time the possibilities had been keenly realized by many people. The farm press had long been urging cooperative associations. The Bureau of Markets of the U. S. Department of Agriculture and the State Bureau of Markets were formed in response to a need that was increasingly felt. The New Hampshire Potato Growers' As-

sociation had found that membership at a dollar a year brought tangible savings in the purchase of fertilizer. In one year this association did a business of \$55,000. When the county extension agents went into the field with the passage of the Smith-Lever Act, they very soon found a distinct interest in the possibilities of cooperative associations. In Sullivan and Rockingham counties, local groups discovered encouraging profits in the purchase of feed. Savings of \$3 to \$10 a ton on grain; \$2 to \$4 per barrel on flour; and \$8 to \$14 per ton on fertilizer, were enough to give the movement impetus throughout the state. The Sullivan County Farmers' Exchange was definitely organized in 1918, and this was followed by exchanges in Merrimack, Strafford, Cheshire, Belknap, Rockingham, Grafton and Carroll Counties. In most cases the exchange was formed through the mediumship of the Farm Bureau, and membership was at first often confined to the latter organization. The buying was done on a small scale on a strictly car-door basis.

Later developments have put the exchanges on a more permanent basis. With an increasing volume of business the need for storage has arisen, and in six of the associations a store-house is now connected. Delivery by truck is offered by several to different parts of the county. Two exchanges have added milling and mixing machinery with elevators and cleaners. Managers are employed, in some cases devoting only part of their time to the business, but in others employing several assistants. Three of the companies are organized on a non-stock basis, but the others have a capitalization ranging from \$5,000 to \$100,000. The latest of the exchanges to organize was the Carroll County Exchange, which started in 1922, doing a strictly car-door business; during the past year it has doubled its volume of sales.

There are two outstanding features of the present movement which lead one to be optimistic concerning its future.

In the first place, the organization is more or less tied together into a New England-wide proposition. One state alone might lack the necessary volume of business for continued success. But the Eastern States Exchange, which has been more or less of a guiding spirit in the organization of the local exchanges throughout New England, this fall advertises that its feed pool amounted to over 90,000 tons. Shipments of feed conducted on this scale are bound to take a commanding position in the market. Similar advantage has been secured through a pool of fertilizer orders.

The second reason for optimism is the fact that the exchanges have already weathered one crisis which might well have wrecked the unwary. So long as they were buying on the rising market of war prices, profits came easily. A car of grain ordered to-day, was almost sure to be worth more to-morrow. Such a condition almost inevitably arouses false hopes. Competition is reduced; and to the inexperience of cooperative management is likely to be added the laxness that comes with success too easily attained. With a downward market, however, the situation is at once reversed. Then a company, caught with large supplies on hand, has to stand losses with a smile; then the hand of competition shows itself. This is what the exchanges had to face in 1920, following the period of inflation; yet through both the momentum of the enterprise and careful management, the business for the past few years has been even greater than before. The total profits or savings last year were estimated at over \$60,000. Not content merely with the savings due to pooling orders and to a cash rather than a credit system, the leaders have gone a step further, and have brought about, with the aid of the agricultural colleges, a new and very important saving through the development of the "open formula." The old system of a multitude of brands, many of doubtful repute, is thus brushed aside for a uniform brand

based on a formula of recognized efficiency. In other words, the cooperatives have supplanted the old profits due to the speculative tendency of the market with new profits due to a uniform demand.

So much for the buying end of the cooperative movement. The selling end is admittedly the more difficult; yet there has been a strong belief that its ultimate rewards will be greater. Throughout the country there has been a tremendous growth during the past few years of marketing associations. In the year 1922 it is estimated that more than a billion dollars of farm products were marketed through such channels. The success of the California fruit growers, the Danish dairymen, the Kentucky tobacco raisers, and other marketing groups, has been heralded far and wide. In New Hampshire the movement was at first confined to the dairy industry. This was only natural since it is by far the largest branch of farm business throughout the state. Following the success of the milk strike in Boston in 1916, the New England Milk Producers' Association was formed, and now covers most of the fluid milk zones in this section. It does not handle milk directly, but through its committees in the important cities decides on the price which must be asked of the dealers. This method of bargaining is recognized as an early stage in the development of the cooperative marketing of milk. Ultimately the leaders hope for a system of actual distribution, and already have encouraged the purchase by producers of the Turner Center system, which operates through the "North Country" of New Hampshire and through Maine, doing a \$6,000,000 retail milk business. Both Concord and Nashua are also supplied now by producer companies. It is perhaps too early to judge yet of the success of these ventures; but the gradual spread of the idea is predicted by many close observers.

Meanwhile, a campaign has been conducted for co-operative selling along



other lines? Through the efforts of a number of farm leaders and with the aggressive support of the Manchester Union, the New Hampshire Cooperative Marketing Association was formed in 1921. Something of its achievements has already been described. It has moved twice to larger quarters. Formed originally to handle all sorts of farm produce, it has wisely concentrated on only a few of these, particularly on wool and eggs. In 1921 it handled the state wool clip amounting to 56,000 pounds, netting the producers from fifteen to twenty-five cents per pound more than the market offered at any time during the spring, summer or fall of that year. Its principal success, however, has been with eggs. Under a contract signed with a large Boston firm, it has secured a seven-cent premium above the weekly wholesale market egg price of the Boston Chamber of Commerce. The eggs are sent to the association headquarters, where they are candled, graded, placed in sealed cartons and shipped. The association now handles over 50% of all eggs shipped from New Hampshire into the Boston market.

As with milk marketing, it is probable that here again the future will find new developments desirable. There is a strong tendency throughout the country for organizations to develop strictly on commodity lines. The Marketing Association has concentrated particularly on eggs, and its achievements in this field may mean sufficient business for the exclusion of other lines and the development of a strictly egg-marketing

association. On the other hand, the possibility of increasing volume by marketing other products may have something in its favor in a comparatively small territory like New Hampshire. This fall the association is handling 58 carloads of apples besides its direct sales.

At the present time plans for the co-operative sale of New Hampshire broilers on a favorable New York market are being seriously considered.

The problems of co-operative marketing are likely to vary with the commodity and to some extent with the section; and their solution must be worked out in actual practice, using so far as possible the lessons learned elsewhere. Certainly the achievements of the past few years may be viewed with pride and the developments watched with great interest.

Cooperative marketing is a science, and a comparatively new one. More than that, it is a business, and one which must stand or fall on its ability to compete successfully on the open market. It would be surprising if in the course of its development, mistakes were not made, and failure sometimes result. Private business has had its share of such failures; cooperative business must be ready for them. And public confidence should not be too much shaken if, among the score of organizations engaged in cooperative buying and selling, there should ever be such failure. The astonishing thing is that there has been such exceptional success.

## A BUSY PUBLIC SERVANT

She is Like "The Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe"

**S**HE is the state supervising nurse of the State Board of Health and the director of the division of Maternity, Infancy and Child hygiene under the Sheppard-Towner Act.

She stands ever ready to serve with her training, her enthusiasm and her tactful sympathy, either the individual or the community and though interested in all matters that relate to sickness and health, the welfare of mothers and babies lies closest to her heart.

Have you a little baby that does not gain? Does your town need a public health nurse? Does your Club want a lecturer on health subjects? Do you want the best pamphlets on prenatal, infant and child care? Do you want a list of books on health subjects? Are you planning to hold a health exhibit to arouse interest in health matters in your community? If you want advice on any of these things, write to Miss Crough and ask for help. Go to see her. "Dear Miss Crough" writes Mrs. X.

My dear Miss Crough:—

I have a baby seven weeks old and I feel that I know so little about taking care of him, Dr. X. told me you would send a nurse to show me how to do things for him. I am a stranger here and I feel so alone, I would be most grateful if you would please send the nurse to tell me things.

So runs one of hundreds of letters that come to the Department of Health and to Miss Crough. At once certain things begin to happen. In twenty-four hours or so Mrs. X. receives a letter from Miss Crough. The questions, as far as possible, are answered. Literature is sent to her which if she reads will give her the information needed to care for herself and baby.

But this is not all. If Miss Crough concludes that Mrs. X. needs more than just a letter of advice and literature, word is sent to the nearest maternity and infancy nurse to go to Mrs. X's house to see her and to report back to Concord. And so in a few days a cheerful faced young woman knocks at Mrs. X's door. "Miss Crough tells me" she says, "that you are a bit worried about



Elena M. Crough

your baby, perhaps I can help you." The nurse is then admitted and the mother proceeds to tell her the various things that are troubling her. The baby is weighed and measured, the mother is questioned regarding the feeding and the daily routine of the baby. The health of the mother, whether she had prenatal care or not, the milk, water supply, the home conditions and clothing and a thousand and one such things are considered. If the condition of the baby is found to



be at all serious, Mrs. X. is advised to consult a physician at once. Very often the nurse bundles up both mother and baby and carries them to the doctor.

At any rate the mother has received advice and encouragement from a nurse who has had years of experience in this particular line of work.

It may be that several such visits are necessary before the baby begins to gain, but the little letter that Mrs. X. wrote only a few days ago has borne its fruit and she has now at her disposal, not only the advice but the actual service of the State Department of Health through Miss Crough, in the care and bringing up her baby according to the most approved methods of our times.

This is just one small example of the sort of thing the division of Maternity, Infancy and Child Hygiene is constantly doing.

"We have had 3,000 letters during the last year," declares Miss Crough, "from mothers and prospective mothers asking for advice and help. Our nurses are giving prenatal advice, and in many instances care, to an ever increasing number. In Manchester alone, one of our nurses in co-operation with the Manchester Board of Health, where we are carrying on an intensive demonstration, in six months has given prenatal care and advice to 220 mothers. We have sent, besides, literature on prenatal, infant and child care every three months to the mother of every child under one year. Over 10,000 mothers received this service last year.

"It is my ambition" said Miss Crough, "to reach in some way every mother and expectant mother and provide them with necessary information, if they are to have normal, healthy babies. Through

our nurses and our literature we will be able to teach every expectant mother to immediately consult a physician. It is incredible and amazing the ignorance we find on all sides concerning the need of adequate prenatal care and the feeding and general care of babies.

"It is of the greatest importance that every woman should realize that the future health and well being of her child depends to a great extent on whether she herself is properly cared for before its birth, and whether or not it is breast fed. These are a few of the reasons why I think this work so important and why if done thoroughly in time we will see a decided reduction in our maternal and infant mortality here in New Hampshire.

"We all rejoiced greatly when the legislature last winter voted for New Hampshire to co-operate with the Federal Government in this wonderful work and appropriated enough to expand our nursing service from two to seven workers. At times the future of the work looked very dubious, because if state and federal co-operation were not assured it was doubtful if the state could afford to allow us the money necessary to carry out a worthwhile program."

"Let me ask you a question," the writer said. "I live in the town of B and I see from the survey that you have made of the health conditions throughout the state that my town has an exceptionally high infant death rate. Now, if I and some other woman would like to do something to better this condition how could we get help from you?"

And then Miss Crough explained that her department was one purely of service. "We do nothing," she said where public health work is being carried on unless you ask for it. In that particular situation you would have to get some of the health officials or a group of prominent citizens to write to the state department stating the conditions in your town and asking for our help. Then a survey would be made.

"That means that I would like to deter-



mine why so many babies died. I would find out whether the mother had proper care before and after the baby's birth, if the baby was bottle or breast fed, if bottle fed whether the food given was cow's milk, condensed milk or patent food. I would learn something of the sanitary surroundings and anything that might have a bearing on the infant mortality. From this investigation I would then make a report outlining the reasons, in my opinion for your high death rate and suggest to you a program of action which would meet the situation. "If your town" she concluded "is large enough, I should doubtless suggest a nurse to do intensive home visiting, one who would soon be in touch with every baby born in the county, or I might suggest that you join with several other towns in employing such a nurse."

The first thing a maternity and infancy nurse does under Miss Crough's department in taking up her work is to secure the interest and co-operation of the doctors and to get acquainted with every mother of small children in the district in which she is to work. For her work will meet with little success unless she has the help of the doctor and the co-operation of the mothers.

All prospective mothers and other patients are advised to consult their family physician at once. The nurses work under the supervision of the local physicians. After a patient is sent to the doctor the nurse does not continue her services unless requested to by the physician.

When all the babies have been visited in the district in which she is to work she then arranges with the help of a local committee a baby conference and endeavors to have every baby and child of per-school age present. They are then weighed and measured and given a thorough examination by a physician or physicians interested in children's work. There are also lectures and practical demonstrations given upon the actual care of babies and small children. "There can not be too much praise given to the doctors in New Hampshire for the won-

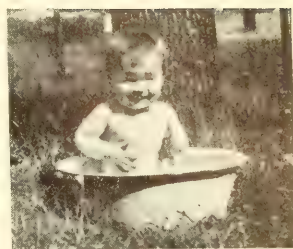
derful interest they have taken in this work and the splendid help they have given in every town where our nurses

have been," said Miss Crough. "The citizens of the towns have also done a great deal to make the work a success."

"I love this work" enthusiastically exclaimed Miss Crough, "and I believe it holds tremendous possibilities because we are beginning right, beginning even before the child is born to lay the foundation of good health—through teaching the parents the necessity of a knowledge of health."

"It is now the opinion of the medical profession that proper prenatal care is quite as important to the future health of the child as even its care after birth. Teeth, for instance, are almost entirely dependent on the condition and diet of the mother before the birth of the child. It is our ambition to have every mother in New Hampshire see the value of prenatal care. My second great desire is to see a competent public health nurse employed by every town and a course in mothercraft and home nursing adopted in the Home Economics course of study in every high school. Almost every girl expects some day to marry and some day to be a mother, and what is more important than that she should know some of the fundamental principles and have some practical knowledge of the best method of nursing and caring for children? You have no idea how pitifully ignorant many of the young mothers are."

Perhaps the reader will think that being the head of the division of Maternity, Infancy and Child Hygiene should be quite sufficient to keep Miss Crough busy. It is. Nevertheless she does many other things. In her capacity as state supervising nurse, for instance, she not only has directly under her charge at



present nineteen public health nurses but stands ready to assist and advise any of the 126 nurses in New Hampshire doing work of a public health character.

She will assist any town or organization, group or individual in all matters concerning public health nursing. Women's clubs write in for health programs; churches ask for health talks; county fairs want health exhibitions; towns want to organize health clinics.

Miss Crough is also in charge of the nursing service of the New Hampshire Tuberculosis association. No small task with its clinic centers and nurses in every county of the state! And so it goes. No plea ever goes unanswered. And what about this person who holds in her hands the reins of all these various activities. Perhaps you have imagined a rather elderly and severely determined individual. You will be disappointed. Miss Crough is all sunshine, and color, golden hair and blue eyes. For besides being a very highly trained and capable young woman she is a very charming one.

Born in Manchester, N. H., she received her nurse's training in Massachusetts. From the first her interest turned to public health work. Shortly after graduating she started her public health career as one of the pioneer school nurses, later she had charge of the organization of school nursing work for the board of education, Malden, Mass., and was responsible for the home nursing and child welfare course which is now a part of the school curriculum of that city. When war came Miss Crough enlisted with a public health unit, was stationed in Italy having charge of a hospital near the front. After peace was declared she returned to this country, going to New Hampshire to work for the Tuberculosis Association. Here she did a splendid work organizing clinic and nursing service before she was

drafted into the New Hampshire department of health. It is a wonderful position she holds in the state and a worthwhile one. It is a splendid service New Hampshire offers her people and one that is bringing about better and better health conditions in our state.

"Every community with a public health nurse, every mother educated" is the slogan. "It will pay its dividends in healthier mothers and children and in countless ways besides."

It is no mean ambition, but after one has talked with Miss Crough and has seen her work and known her vision, the belief grows that sometime her dream will come true.

Here are three letters selected from the hundreds received by Miss Crough:

My dear Miss Crough:—

Will you please send me some literature that will help me with the diet of a three year old child? She has always been constipated and is very irritable. She takes practically nothing but milk. My mother says I fuss over her too much. I will read with great care the books you send me.

My dear Miss Crough:—

I wish to tell you how grateful I am for the help that has been given me. My baby is ten months old to-day and is growing well. Thanks to the valuable assistance given me by Miss S (the County Maternity and Infancy nurse.) She commenced to help me in September, the baby only weighed eight pounds, he weighed 7½ at birth.

To-day he weighs over 20 lbs., and is developing well in every way. The care of such a delicate baby was a new problem for me, as my other boy, now seven years old, was strong and healthy. I shall always be grateful for the help I have received and hope you will continue your work and that it will become a permanent thing in the State.

(The nurse visited this mother at the request of the family physician).

Dear Friend:—

Please send me more literature on "The Baby." I found the little book a great help and now that my son is six months of age I feel I need more knowledge on how to bring him up to be a well boy. I have done well so far by following your advice.

# OUGHT THE WOMEN TO PAY A POLL TAX?

The Republicans say yes. The Democrats say no. As the sixth in its series of controversies, the GRANITE MONTHLY presents the arguments of two prominent New Hampshire women—Mrs. Ellen Rice Robbins of Manchester, and Mrs. Elizabeth Jackson Varney of Littleton.

## For the Poll Tax

ELLEN RICE ROBBINS

*"Woman shares equally with man in voting measures, and expenditures, . . . . she should cheerfully bear her share of the burden she has helped to lay upon the community."*

ANSWERING the question "Should women be exempt from the payment of Poll Tax," one is tempted to do so by asking two others—"Why should she be so exempt" and "Why the question?"

Without going into the deep subject of the origin, nature, and purpose of Taxation in general, and of Poll Tax in particular, it is fair to assume the general acceptance of the statement; that every adult enjoying the benefits of agencies and utilities provided by public funds should in some measure share in the maintenance of that fund.

Since the injustice of "Taxation without Representation" is a principle, universally accepted as a self evident truth, and even a *slogan*, ancient but serviceable, it follows conversely, that Representation without Taxation is just as surely unjust and impossible in a Democracy.

Through legally constituted channels suffrage has been extended to women; therefore, to vote, to cast her ballot deliberately and intelligently as she possibly can, has become, not only a privilege, but a solemn patriotic *duty*. To render this great service to her country, without her share of the consequences resulting, would be an unwarranted assumption of her disinterested public spirit, as well as a reflection on her dignity in citizenship and her equality before the law.

Women share equally with men in voting measures, and expenditures, likewise in the benefits secured by the appropriation of public funds. Then, in all self respect, they should cheerfully

bear their share of the burden they have helped to lay upon the community.

This financial responsibility carries with the ballot also a weight and importance that always attends a privilege for which we pay. It will, therefore, conduce to deliberation and discretion, on the part of women, in the selection of men and measures. The fact that at least one item calling for an increase in the Poll Tax levy is, in a measure *ex post facto*,—antedating woman's enfranchisement has no more effect on her liability after becoming a voter, than has any other verdict she may have found on arriving at citizenship.

For these fundamental reasons personal, economic and civic, women should not be exempt from providing their proportion of the Poll Tax levy.

Answer to the second inquiry—Why is the issue raised? Why the question asked, may in no large part be found in the manner and period in which women became citizens. It is possible that another fraction of the answer may lie in the method by which much of our recent legislation has been rushed to enactment by the hectic minorities, largely sincere, but more largely fanatical. So expansive has become their *one* cause that they fail to see the grave peril to which they are exposing an infinitely greater cause, that of Free Government Foundation of Democracy.

This is true not only in theory but it has been proven true in fact and experience.

The best line of conduct for any community can be adopted and successfully



carried out if the efforts, now so lavishly employed for the purpose of handling "legislators" on questions regarding which their constituents have had no chance to express themselves, were utilized in demonstrating to that same community the worth and value of that line of conduct.

It would be well for the country if our jealous reformers were to begin at the other end of their task. Education first then legislation. Convince the people first then legislatures will have no room for lobbies and laws no need for special enforcement officers. A noted English divine, recently told of his rude awakening in America. All his life he had longed for the time when he could go to America and become a part of that government of the people, by the people and for the people, that vision that eventually led him across the sea. Naturally he expected to find on the part of the American people perfect respect for the laws they themselves had made. Of course his disillusionment was swift and painful. However, after much observation and reflection he arrived at this comforting conclusion that nearly all laws questioned or violated were those "rail-roaded" into enactment without the consent of the governed.

This is reassuring because it can and

will be remedied by the American people once they are aroused to the resolution that no minority, however enthusiastic, well meaning, or well organized, shall impose upon a law-abiding constituency laws and regulations uncalled for by an enlightened and vitalized public sentiment,—the only efficient agency for law enforcement.

Thus do many of our own enthusiasts, responsible for arbitrary and unpopular laws, unwittingly join forces with our alien enemies seeking by propaganda and innocent looking bills and amendments to destroy the foundations of orderly government. The one amendment among seventy now before Congress, that should enlist the support of every loyal American citizen is the Wadsworth-Garrett or Back to the People Amendment,—the chief provision of which is that the members of at least one house in each Legislature which may ratify a proposed amendment shall be elected after such amendment has been proposed.

When this becomes the 20th Amendment to our Federal Constitution and similar rights are restored to the people by our state community charters, then similar rights are restored to the people by our state community charters, then will the people obey the law and beg no concessions and ask no questions.

## Against the Poll Tax

ELIZABETH JACKSON VARNEY

*"There is no connection whatever between the franchise and the poll tax."*

TAXATION is a device whereby members of a community make contribution toward the expenses of the government which makes possible our civilization. If all members of the community were equally able to pay, the problem of how this contribution should be made would be simple enough. One need only divide the total expense of administering government by the number of members of the community and let each pay his share thus determined.

But such a solution of the problem is obviously impossible. A child five years old reaps a share of the benefits of money raised by taxation and is under exactly the same moral obligation to contribute his share as any other member of the community. But he cannot pay it. His economic situation is such that he has no income available for the purpose.

Because of this impossibility of collecting taxes from all who benefit from their expenditure, a system has grown up un-

der which certain members of the community pay and others do not and this system is based roughly on the economic condition of the classes. Thus owners of real estate are taxed. Holders of securities are taxed on their income. Those engaged in certain vocations pay a tax for the privilege of doing business. The automobile owner pays a gasoline tax for his use of the highways. And because there are many who are well able to contribute to the expenses of government and yet do not fall within the categories of those otherwise taxed, a new class was established originally including all males between the ages of twenty-one and seventy. On this class the poll tax was imposed, an arbitrarily fixed sum payable by each member of the class.

This seems fair enough. Men between the ages of twenty-one and seventy are usually gainfully employed and so well able to pay the small sum involved.

But in 1919 the legislature enlarged this class to include women between the ages of twenty-one and seventy. With the class thus enlarged the tax is no longer fair. Most women are not gainfully employed. They have no separate, individual income from which the tax can be paid. Even in the case of the minority who are wage earners, their wage scale is so far below that of men that their income suffices for little beyond the necessities of existence. And many of those listed as gainfully employed are only partly self supporting, living at home and so depending in some degree upon other members of their families for their support.

And since this is so, since most women have no income out of which this tax can be paid, the burden of it necessarily falls upon the bread winner of the family. This brings about a great injustice as it imposes upon the married man, already handicapped by the necessity of providing for a family, a double tax, leaving the single man with only his own wants to provide for, to pay only one-half the tax of his married brother.

Any tax collector can tell of dozens of instances where men already struggling under the burden of supporting a large family, have added to this burden a poll tax of fifteen or even twenty dollars. If such instances were very rare it might well be said that the system on the whole was fair. But since there are many hundreds of such cases and since there are many thousands of cases where the bread winner of the family is taxed ten dollars, the conclusion is inescapable that the tax is unfair and should be repealed.

What are the arguments of the advocates of this tax? We hear two. The first is that since women have the vote they should pay the poll tax. This argument is a perfect example of good old fashioned sophomoric *non sequitur*. The man over seventy years old pays no poll tax, yet he votes. There is no connection whatever between the franchise and the poll tax except in the minds of those who believe that there is a law providing that he who does not pay a poll tax shall not vote. Such a law is often heard of on the streets around election day but it does not exist on the statute books.

The other argument most often encountered is that now that the sexes are equal, the burdens of taxation should be equally distributed between them. This would be fair enough if this imposition of the poll tax on women did really constitute an equal distribution of the burden. Unfortunately under present economic conditions it constitutes not an equal but a very unequal distribution. The burden falls on the men, it falls on them unequally, and it falls on them usually in inverse ratio to their ability to pay.

There is nothing at all derogatory to women in this contention that they should not pay a poll tax. The basic theory of taxation is, that it should fall upon those best able to pay and entirely without regard to the value or worthiness of the work performed by the individual. Most women in New Hampshire are engaged in the worthy occupation of home making. The inevitable

corollary of this fact is that most women in New Hampshire are not in an economic situation that will permit of their paying a poll tax. If the tax is assessed it must be paid by others or not paid at all.

While the action of other states should not be accorded too great weight, it should be noted that in a number no poll tax is levied upon either men or women while others which levy a poll tax upon men do not tax women.

If New Hampshire's system of taxation actually made *all* property pay in proportion to its value, in other words, if our system truly represented exact equality, the argument of the proponents of the woman's poll tax that men and

women should be taxed equally would perhaps be entitled to more attention in spite of the fact that the tax takes no account of ability to pay. But New Hampshire confessedly makes no attempt to tax *all* property. It taxes only certain kinds of property. Property not included in certain classes escapes entirely. Since New Hampshire's policy does not even pretend to tax all property and thus establish a real equality, it is somewhat of a strain upon logic to urge a claim of theoretical equality in support of a tax which imposes so unequal a burden in actual practice.

The law should be repealed and it is very probable that the next legislature will take this action.

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## AN OLD MAN SPEAKS

BY RUTH AUGHILTREE

I mind the year the old black-walnut tree  
Stood dying on its roots. For whole long days  
It leaned across the brook and dreamed,  
Forgot to put out buds, then, in a maze,  
It hurried out a few green leaves and then  
Fell to its dreams, forgetting its intent.  
It did not notice when the robins came,  
It did not notice when the robins went,  
Nor fireflies in its leaves, nor wind, nor rain,  
Nor all the seedling walnut trees around—  
Its family.

It leaned across the brook  
Further a little. Slowly, in the ground,  
Its roots were loosening. On the flowing stream  
Its buds dropped slowly all day long, like tears.  
But it had no regret, nor idle wish,  
It had no shadow of the vaguest fears;  
Nothing but dreams it had, old, lovely dreams—  
I am a brother to that walnut tree.



# AN EXPERIMENT

## The Hopkinton Survey

BY ALBERT S. BAKER

WHEN a foreman in a Concord shop was requested to do a certain piece of work a few years ago, he wanted to find out first what materials he had with which to work. He therefore gave a good natured Irishman a two-foot rule and sent him out to the stock room to measure up a strip of sheet metal.

*That  
Irishman  
Again!*

The Irishman returned after a time and the foreman said, "Well, Pat, how much iron did you find? How long was it?"

"Yes, and to be sure," said Pat, "It's twice the length of me rule, plus the width of me hand and the length of a brick, less the length of me arm minus me thumb."

And the foreman was no nearer being ready to do business than he was in the first place.

The town of Hopkinton, through its Farm Bureau, wanted to market its agricultural products more economically and with the maximum advantage to both the grower and consumer. The Farm Bureau went at the problem but soon found that before any real methods of marketing could be developed it must know what it had to work with.

Accordingly it was decided to look the ground over and the survey of agricultural products, producers and consumers is the result. But unlike the case of the Irishman the Hopkinton-survey is productive of tangible results. Information is being collected rapidly by the committee in charge and it is expected that when the next season's crops are out of the ground the Farm Bureau will be able to advise such members and citizens

as desire advice as to just what are the conditions.

The process of the survey, the first of its kind to be undertaken in this section of the country, is simple. Questionnaires were sent to every household asking the head of the house to report as accurately as possible the production and consumption of commodities, "Because it will be better for all concerned in our community if the grower can sell his produce at home and if the consumer can get good fresh produce that was grown here rather than that shipped in from a distant point."

This is co-operation on a large scale. It is comparatively easy, sometimes, to get a few dairymen to ship their milk to the same market when each is to derive direct benefit from the co-operation involved. But when a whole town works together on a single project you have a co-operative spirit that can't be beaten.

But the interest in the survey is not so much in the process as in what are the results.

Results may be measured in cash or achievement or in satisfaction that a good deed is well done. This depends upon how the individual looks at the proposition.

*A  
Lawyer  
April-fooled*

A Capital City lawyer, who is said to be considerate of the cash results, was once approached by a school teacher who wanted to determine the title to a piece of property. The determination took but a few minutes of the lawyer's time in that particular instance and he was also cognizant of the fact that teachers are not among the highest paid individuals

in a community. Noting that his client was not particularly well dressed the lawyer hesitated before pronouncing his fee and then decided that five dollars was about all the traffic would bear and set that as his price. He was somewhat disgusted a few days later when he read in a local newspaper that his client was the possessor of a fortune. Results in the lawyer's case had not been as tangible as they might have been.

This is not the case with the Hopkinton survey. Results in this case are not only positive but they are constantly increasing in value.

They show, for instance, that more than half the people who have turned in their answers to the questions, raise hens and cultivate their own gardens. But at the same time it was indicated that the average consumption of garden products is far below that expected by the members of the survey committee.

<i>What Hopkinton People Eat</i>	It appears that the average Hopkinton family eats less than two bushels of carrots per year and that not more than three quarters of a bushel of onions are served up to the family in 12 months' time. Then again beets,
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which the country-raised boy remembers chiefly because they made the "red flannel hash" red, are used by the average family at the rate of only a bushel a year. Parsnips find almost no favor in the Hopkinton menu, five bushels of the vegetable lasting a whole decade.

Potatoes appear to be the most popular type of produce raised in Hopkinton along with products of the dairy—milk and cream.

Apples, that fruit which New Hampshire farmers are learning is among the most profitable crops of a Granite State farm, together with potatoes, corn, squash, carrots, eggs,

milk and cream are produced, it appears to such an extent as to indicate that there is a substantial marketable surplus.

It has been pointed out by these answers to questions that more carrots are raised than are eaten. Perhaps this can be explained by the reply of one farmer who said that he divided the four bushels of carrots that his garden produced, together with two bushels of onions and 80 pounds of cabbage, among the members of his family and a small flock of hens. He neglected to state whether the ration for the hens exceeded that for his family.

"The purpose of this survey is not to make the town self supporting," says Professor Bernard M. Davis, who as instructor of agriculture in Hopkinton High school was given the task of collecting the replies. Neither is its purpose to bring about a condition of affairs whereby the town will raise all the stuff it eats up and thereby eliminate all need of buying from outside places for the simple reason that this is not practical.

For example the committee is about ready to admit that one farmer was about right when he said he could sell his milk and cream to out of town markets and then go to the village stores and buy his butter and still get the latter commodity cheaper than if he made it himself.

Another reply indicates that the town's farmers can sell more produce at home. This reply came from an agent of a summer camp located on one of the lakes. The agent said that he could buy more green stuff from local farmers, "and would like to do it as I believe in patronizing local people, if the price is right." He continued that in some cases he could buy his green stuff in Boston markets and pay all the traffic charges to his camp and still be under the price set by the local farmer.

Thus the question of price is hurled

into a simple question of how much the town can raise and market at home on the one hand and what stuff can be raised and sold in a foreign market at a profit, on the other.

*The  
Dollar  
Sign  
Appears*

In other words the object of the survey is to find out what stuff is being raised to excess and what stuff can be raised in greater quantities. And before that information can be even tabulated one party to the co-operative

movement in the town walks in with the question of price, which, after all, will eventually determine whether the survey is to be worth while to the people of Hopkinton.

There seems to be no doubt that the survey is going to be worth its effort and in ways which will make every farmer in Hopkinton admit it.

But a man in another occupation once made a survey of a situation, got his bearings and took action. Afterward he was left in doubt as to whether his efforts repaid him.

It seems that this fellow saw a very attractive woman at a country club ball one night and having a particular liking for the ladies gave her considerable attention. Finally to lessen embarrassment which had affected both, he said:

"I've been admiring you all the evening and I hope I may be pardoned if I confess that I am marvelling at your beauty."

The lady was flattered by so frank an appraisal of her appearance and listened attentively.

The young man spoke again.

"Do you know, I'd give twenty-five dollars if I could kiss you."

*The  
Commercial  
Kiss*

The lady at first murmured, but at last thinking of a new Easter bonnet, permitted the man the pleasure sought.

The experience over, the man drew a deep sigh and said:

"Ah, my dear, that was wonderful. It was just like drinking in a deep breath of the sephyr's from the Orient."

"Well, I shouldn't be surprised," she replied, "I just granted the same privilege to my Japanese butler."

The Hopkinton survey, once complete, will be no explosion of a young man's dream, however, and is expected to form a basis for determining just what kind of agriculture pays most and why. It is expected to show what type of produce is in greatest demand in the town of Hopkinton and therefore how much can be produced, more than the present production, without creating a surplus. It will tend to show, how much can be marketed at home, once the stuff is out of the ground, and also how much must be marketed out of town if a surplus is now being produced. It will tend to show how much of certain types of produce are being imported now and how much exported.

Study on the part of the producer is then expected to enable him to determine whether he can match the imported stuff with his own product and sell it at a price that will make the proposition profitable.

The farmers found out that "Just Laid Eggs" sold for top price in the Boston market. Now they want to find out what other produce they can put on the foreign market and make a profit. The farmers of Hopkinton wanted to find out what they could raise and sell at home. At first they didn't have much use for "a lot of figures," but since the first replies came in and they got an inkling of what the result would be they wanted more and are going after them.

*Another  
of  
Mr. Baker's  
Stories*

The Hopkinton survey now appeals to the townspeople like the radio first appealed to a woman up in



Sullivan county. It was just after Christmas and mother was tiring of the boys' talk about how many stations they had heard and how far away they were. So one night she interrupted in the midst of the conversation.

"Well now, boys. I've got you all beaten. I have a little thing on my set. Oh, it's just a simple little thing. It's called an improviser. Didn't cost a nickel, either. I stick

a couple of hairpins in my hair for an aerial, stick my head out the kitchen window and I get Chile right away."

The Hopkinton survey is an improviser. It adds nothing new to the production of agricultural Hopkinton. It takes nothing away. It simply finds out what is there—what there is to work with—and then leaves the problem of how to make use of the information with the farmer himself.

## NEW HAMPSHIRE'S FIVE WORST CITIZENS

The Granite Monthly has recently completed a Symposium Concerning New Hampshire's Five Best Citizens—"Hobe" Pillsbury now tells about the Five Worst.

BY HOBART PILLSBURY

THE Granite Monthly performed a meritorious piece of public service in deciding, by poll of its readers, who are the five best citizens of New Hampshire, that is, the five men who have rendered the most conspicuous service to the welfare of the state. It is no reflection on the value of the Granite Monthly's poll that at the March elections one of the five most distinguished citizens got beaten by Frank Challis. A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country. Socrates was ostracized from his own city.

We find, however, that a number of the faithful readers of The Granite Monthly felt that in the determination of the identity of the five best citizens, only half of the job had been done. The question arose, Who are the five worst citizens?

Naturally, the selection of the most undesirable citizens is a much more difficult task than of the most distinguished. There is more competition. But after eliminating the chaff from the wheat and a careful straw vote of the several elements in our state, including the proletariat, the

bourgeoisie, the uplifters and the submerged tenth, it appears that the following well-known citizens are regarded as absolutely the five worst.

1. Mrs. Harry Slanderslip. This lady is well known in social circles and has given many current events talks before the Mothers' Club. She has a friend who is on the inside at Washington and is posted on most of the news that the newspapers do not dare to print. At the last meeting of the club she announced the intelligence that one of our members of Congress has a nephew who, before the war, was on the road selling tea-pots for a crockery concern. She secured this information direct from another drummer whose divorced wife is a cousin of a school teacher who once applied for a job in Hart's Location.

2. Prof. Julius Calamity Howler. Professor Howler ran a close second on the poll to Mrs. Slanderslip. The professor is known throughout the state as the man who can talk the loudest and say the least of any man on the faculty. He has written several papers, one on "The Decline of

New Hampshire" and another on "Why the State Is Going to the Dogs." He can prove by government statistics that it is but a matter of a few months when the Amoskeag mills will be located in South Carolina, the Boston and Maine railroad will be in South Africa and the White Mountains will be in the South Sea Islands. Economic conditions, says the professor, coupled with the failure of our people to develop their natural resources, make it impossible for civilization to continue up in this corner of the country where we are so far away from everything.

3. Ralph Rheostat. Ralph is one of the most progressive young men in New Hampshire and has lately taken up radio. Last night he got Quart City, Michigan, on a three-tube set. The night before he got Cherry Valley, Vermont, on a super-heterodyne. The night before he got Hungary just by sticking his head into the pantry. He has been able this spring to get most everything on his antenna except a job. His mother, however, has a splendid position in the bank, washing the stairs down during the night. If he continues to develop along scientific and progressive lines, it is the intention of Ralph's friends to bring him forward this fall as a candidate for the New Hampshire Legislature. It is believed that he can develop some apparatus eventually that will get an amendment to the constitution to remove the word "proportional."

4. Honorable Harrison Huff. Mr. Huff's splendid support in this contest comes from his activity in the great struggle between the Fundamentalists and the Darwinians, as well as in all public spirited move-

ments against the established order. He believes that some men are descended from monkeys but is by no means prepared to concede that all of them are. He has therefore withdrawn his support from both the Orthodox and the Liberal wings of the church and stands ready to unite with others in a new church founded along right lines. He is against the Republican party because of too much oil and the Democrats, he says, do not have oil enough. He favors a third party which shall stand for the people. The Soviet form of government he advocates for New Hampshire as a step in the right direction, but careful study of Bolshevik conditions has convinced him that what they need over in Moscow is the New England town meeting with a three-year term for selectman.

5. Fifth and last on the poll, barely winning over a field of worst-citizen competitors, is John Calhoun Gallout, who was a member of the New Hampshire Senate in 1888, the year of the big snow storm. Mr. Gallout is prominent as a speaker in every public convention or assemblage where the presiding officer will recognize him. He is an orator of the old school and a stout defender of the Declaration of Independence. He claims that the first step back to normalcy should be a repeal of the last three amendments to the Constitution and a restoration of the working men's clubs with sawdust on the floor. He and Mrs. Gallout have no children, but they are firmly convinced that the Little Red Schoolhouse is the proper thing for the rising generation. "If it was good enough for Daniel Webster, why ain't it good enough for the kids today?" is the way he expresses it.

# THE GHOST

BY ALICE D. O. GREENWOOD

Come look in my mirror here and see  
This ghost that's always confronting me,  
This little old woman whose faded eyes  
Gaze into my own in mild surprise.  
I placed a rose in my hair to-day  
'She did the same though her locks are gray.  
She's always looking at me just so,  
As though she were someone I ought to know,  
For the life of me though I can not place,

Her hair was brown and her cheeks were red.  
What pretty dresses she used to wear,  
A rose at her belt and one in her hair.  
And she always smiled when I bowed or spoke,  
Seemed taking life as a royal joke.  
Alas! she's gone, and in her place,  
This little old woman with wrinkled face.



That thin gray hair, and that wrinkled face,  
And yet somehow when I see her there  
She reminds me of someone I've seen  
somewhere.

But it's only a little while ago,  
Surely not more than a year or so,  
Since a young girl came and went in her  
stead,

Who are you, I say, that stand and stare,  
When I powder my face, and frizz my hair?  
Who are you that thrusts your face be-  
tween

My own and that girlish face, once seen?  
Answer I pray you, and speak the truth.  
She says I'm the ghost of your vanished  
youth.



## EDITORIAL

THE other day, being obliged to wait for a car in a heavy snow storm, we took refuge beneath the awning of a nearby store, and whiled away the time with the rather feminine occupation of gazing in to the show window. We saw exhibited there a large number of oblong boxes filled with little domino like counters, white in color, and decorated with quaint flower like figures of oriental design. In other words, the window was filled with that present day fad "Mah Jongg."

Languidly we gazed out through the falling snow with our thoughts centering idly upon the objects we had just noticed. We recalled the first time we had seen a Mah Jongg set, then something of a curiosity. We thought of how the craze had gradually spread until it began to attack some of our best friends and dragged them into that heartless oblivion of a person devoted to a hobby. We conjectured in our mind as to the future of the game, trying to picture its introduction into some circles which are still uncontaminated and loyal to the old standby's of poker and bridge. And then gradually the dreamily drifting snowflakes began to take form before our eyes and we saw a vision.....

It was during the Legislature of 1925 that that veteran Legislatress and crusader, Mrs. Bartlett of Raymond, decided to bring about a reform in the basement of the State House. Only two years before Mrs. Bartlett had fearlessly bearded stern old Admiral Murdock before the public health committee and recommended to him sulphur and molasses as a cure for ill temper. With the same dauntless courage she now descended to the State House basement with several sets of Mah Jongg beneath each arm. She found there the usual cortege of politicians gathered about the card tables with that basement bonhomme which knows no party lines. Bursting in upon them she resolutely swept the cards and counters from the tables and

deposited upon each, one of her oblong boxes with a deftness which left them dazed and speechless. Then carefully inverting one box and pouring the shiny counters upon the table, she coolly informed them that the many years' regime of vulgar card games which had prevailed in the basement was now at an end, and that she was about to teach them the noble game of Mah Jongg.

It is doubtful how the grizzled politicians would have received this final invasion of woman into the citadel of politics had not handsome Bill Price, the carefully groomed scion of Lisbon, risen to the occasion, and with a courtly bow and an unadulterated gall, signified the gratification of the entire group at her kind offer. The first awkwardness having been bridged over by the ever ready Bill, Mrs. Bartlett proceeded to explain the workings of the new game.

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"The counters with which we play are called 'tiles,' said she, "and are arranged about the table in a square, making a solid wall."

Some delay was caused at this point by the withdrawal of Ben Couch and Merrill Shurtleff whose instincts as lawyers and lobbyists revolted at the idea of a game composed of a solid wall with no loop holes. Their discourteous withdrawal, however, was made up by the added interest of Olin Chase, who at the mention of "tiles," began to glance at the floor and raise his right foot dreamily as if seeking an invisible railing.

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"In Mah Jongg," continued Mrs. Bartlett, "we have three suits instead of four, which you have in the filthy card games. These suits are called 'bamboos, characters, and circles.' There are nine of each."

At this remark Jim Lyford began to show some interest in the game, stating that his long suit would be 'characters' as he had many times been able to assume more than nine in the political

game, but that he would leave the "bamboos" to his friend, Ray Stevens, who was deeply interested in the length of trout in Grafton County.

The self appointed teacher then informed them that in this game there were four winds,—North, South, East and West—and that each player impersonated one wind, the selection being made by a throw of the dice. This step was carried out with some difficulty because Bill Callahan of Keene who attempted to throw the dice was so accustomed to violent gesticulations that he knocked over the wall of tiles, but the difficulty was solved by Senator Coulombe of Berlin who handled the dice quite skilfully even within the confines of the wall.

The game began to progress quite rapidly at this point for all the politicians were well equipped to play the part of "winds," be they North, South, East or West, and to change at will. But when George Duncan began to talk single tax, and Ora Craig state politics, the wind became so strong that it was hard to keep the tiles on the table. Following this one of the players used the term "rubber duck" and the game had to be called off while explanations were made to a bystander, ex-Governor John Bartlett, who

thought that he had said, "lame duck."

Just at this point the Hon. Wesley Adams suddenly shouted "pung," but when Mrs. Bartlett called for him to show his counters, explaining that "pung" meant three of a kind, he withdrew his statement in some confusion, explaining that he was watching two state senators and a bootlegger who happened to be coming through the door when he spoke.

By this time the game was nearing its end, and each player was striving desperately to match up his hand in order that he might cry, "Mah Jongg," signifying that he had won. When it was known that a hand of "heavenly twins" would count its owner double some jealous glances were cast at Jim Lyford and Ray Stevens, the "gold brick twins" of a session before. The excitement was now intense. Captain John G. Winant had skilfully and laboriously succeeded in matching his hand, but while he was trying to think of what he was to say to indicate the fact, the door opened and George H. Moses, a cigarette between his lips, strolled nonchalantly in, calmly extracted a carefully matched hand from his coat sleeve, laid it upon the table, and in a slightly bored tone, said, "Mah Jongg."

## PROHIBITION

That constant bone of contention will be the special topic of the  
May issue of the Granite Monthly.

## PRIZE WINNERS IN THE GRANITE MONTHLY HIGH SCHOOL CONTEST

"ON Being Oneself" is the title of the winning manuscript in the GRANITE MONTHLY contest among High School pupils in the state. Miss Margaret Jean MacGregor of the Manchester High School was the author of this essay. The originality of her thought and the concise clarity with which she expressed it won the decision of the judges, Mr. Harlan C. Pearson, former editor of the GRANITE MONTHLY; Mrs. A. H. Harriman, prominent in New Hampshire education; and the present editor of the GRANITE MONTHLY.

Miss Lucille Whipple of Milford High School won the second prize with a beautiful description written under the caption, "Why New Hampshire Appeals to Me." Her contribution was considered the best among twenty-two written upon the same subject.

The inferior sex was recognized in the awarding of the third prize, for it goes to Gordon F. Palmer of Laconia High School. Mr. Palmer's contribution was a true narrative of a historical nature, entitled, "A Home that Journeyed Far."

Honorable mention is made of Themia Apostol of the Walker School, Concord, Earl C. Knowlton, Concord High School, and Miss Dorothy A. Gilkerson of Franklin High School. Themia Apostol writes on "My Coming to America," a true account of his journey from Albania. He is sixteen, has been in this country three and a half years, has learned English, and reached the first year of Junior High School. His account of his journey to America is well written and would be worthy of commendation if it had been produced by a boy who had lived here all his life and had the advantage of writing in his native tongue. Earl C. Knowlton writes of

his greatest ambition, which is so unique as to focus the attention of his readers. Miss Dorothy Gilkerson writes on "My Most Thrilling Adventure" and has a rather cleverly thought out plot for her story. All these manuscripts will appear in the pages of the GRANITE MONTHLY.

Much could be said concerning the other manuscripts submitted. They were sixty-three in number. Twenty-two students, sixteen girls and six boys, wrote on "Why New Hampshire Appeals to me." Six students, five girls and one boy, wrote on "My Most Thrilling Adventure;" two girls and one boy wrote on "My Greatest Ambition." These were the three subjects suggested by the GRANITE MONTHLY. In addition to these, thirty-two pupils, including sixteen girls and sixteen boys, wrote on various topics of their own choosing. In other words, thirty-nine girls and twenty-four boys participated in the contest.

From the point of view of the state magazine, the explanations of "Why New Hampshire Appeals to Me" were most interesting. There was a great unanimity in these. They all mentioned New Hampshire's history and fine traditions, her great men, but most of all, they spoke of her scenery, and almost every manuscript was devoted largely to an enthusiastic description of New Hampshire's lakes, brooks, rivers, mountains, the winter sports and the bracing air, and not a few describe the charm of our New Hampshire homes in winter; the soft glow from the windows on the snow on winter nights; the roaring fire in our New England homes. Many mentioned her industrial and agricultural opportunities, but on the whole the boys and girls seem to feel that the great advantages of New Hampshire are her beautiful scenery, her climate, her educational opportunities, her people and her home life.



# CURRENT OPINION IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

## Clippings From the State Press

### Moses

Moses was elected to stay at home. We cannot help feeling sorry. Moses would have been a valuable member of the Republican National convention which is going to nominate Coolidge and draft the party platform. Moses wanted to go to the convention; otherwise he would not have allowed his name to be printed on the ballot.

He was badly defeated because he did not rightly read the temper of the people of the state. No one believes for a moment that Mr. Moses' idea that he should go as an unpledged delegate was a deep seated conviction. He wanted to test his strength and it is possible now that he wishes he had not been so obstinate and cocksure that he could go to the convention on his own terms. Sometimes voters have long memories and fail to forgive. Perhaps he thought they had both forgotten and forgiven, but apparently they had not.

It is surprising how the voters in even the smallest hamlets in the State remembered and would neither forget nor forgive. All this may have a beneficial result and the lesson taught by Tuesday's vote may be a wholesome one. It certainly will keep George wondering from now until the votes are counted after the election in 1926.

—*Milford Cabinet*

If the friends of George H. Moses cut the men on the Republican ticket of delegates to the republican national convention, and vote only for the women and Mr. Moses, how much better are they than the so called Progressives who make selection other than that chosen for the regular party ticket? It is most certainly a mistake if they do this. And if the leaders want to bring back the state of New Hampshire into the Republican column they must quit reading out of the party every voter who offers a

word of criticism. The voters of to-day are an independent bunch, but they can be depended upon to vote a reasonably straight ticket if they are properly treated. But when you tell a man that you "have no use for him," or that he must do exactly as you wish him to or get out, you must not be disappointed if he gets out. And then the party loses votes, because he does not usually get out alone. We do not expect every man to think exactly as does his neighbor. A man may criticise a nominee, and yet vote for him. But if you tell him to keep his mouth shut, you will find that he will talk the more. —*Journal Transcript*

Mentally, at least, Senator Moses will join the presidential primary law with the prohibition law as "jackass statutes."

—*Concord Monitor-Patriot*

As the electricity wavered, Tuesday evening, at the polling places, and then expired altogether, the oft repeated but unanswered query was suggested again: "Where was Moses when the light went out?"

—*Rochester Courier*

It is safe to conclude that "Tommy Carens" knows a little more about what was "seething under the surface" in New Hampshire than he did when he wrote that article for the Granite Monthly. —*Monadnock Breeze*

### Oil

How long has this country got to stand for the ridiculous stuff which is being sent out from Washington? A witness from Chicago tells a story. Asked if he knows this of his own knowledge he admits that he does not. Asked if it was told him by anyone who actually did know it, and he admits that it was not. That it was

only street rumors. The disreputable woman witness who has testified several times before the senatorial committee investigating Attorney General Daugherty Saturday gave a mess of "hearsay" guff. She had no facts with which to back up her statements. And the dignified senatorial committee listened to this for three hours. The country is surfeited with these lies! And the Congressional Record is broadcasting them with the aid of the daily press, to the four corners of the world. Is that what we send men to Washington for? The twaddle given in as "evidence" would disgrace the worst band of scandal mongers ever gathered together. It is time the better class of men in the Senate awoke to a realization of what they are doing, or aiding in doing.

—*Franklin Journal*

### Well Said

A drunken automobile driver in Franklin the other day received a sentence of 60 days in the house of correction. Had it not been for his youth the judge would have given jail sentence. A few such sentences as this would assist in freeing our highways from such menaces.

—*Bristol Enterprise*

### Challis for Governor

The main question now is did Major Knox or Capt. Winant gain by the recent presidential primary in their aspiration for the governorship, and if so, which gained the most? Maybe a dark horse was born. Capt. Challis has become a surprise individual.

—*Laconia News & Critic*

In commenting on the possible candidacy of Capt. Frank H. Challis for governor, the *Laconia News and Critic* says: "As we did not vote for Frank in this late engagement, we should not view the candidacy with enthusiasm; but those who put him

in, lifted him and put a new song in his mouth, we shall expect would turn to help the candidacy with considerable vigor." Well, we marked Mr. Challis's name at the primary, but we did so, reckoning that we were voting for Calvin Coolidge and not for Frank H. Challis.

—*Rochester Courier*

### Those Slickers Are Smart

With splendid forethought the Travelers' Aid Society is sending out caution to the unsophisticated Democrats who expect to dare the perils of New York at the next National Convention. Fear has been general that some guileless delegates might be lured into some high-priced roof garden. But the Travelers' Aid has come to the rescue. Warnings are being sent to all the prospective delegates.

"Don't forget your wife," reads one salutary bit of advice.

It is hoped that each delegate will tie a red string around his second half to remind him of his better half.

"Don't forget your wits," is another caution.

Wits lost in New York can not be recovered.

Don't forget your round-trip ticket," is another suggestion.

"Visitors should not become excited because of the size or strangeness of the place," continues the warning bulletin. "They must keep their heads, for to lose them leads to the very pitfalls which they wish most to avoid. The effusive stranger who volunteers information is dangerous. Don't take everything for granted. Don't gamble with strangers, and remember that conversation in hotel lobbies is public property and may be used in attempts to trap you before you leave town."

After such wholesome advice, it is difficult to see how any wary Democrat can be led astray in the great big wicked city. But you can never tell. Those slickers down there are smart.

—*Laconia Democrat*

# NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

## MOISE VERRETTE

Moise Verrette, a former member of the governor's council and for four years mayor of Manchester, was born in Stanfield, P. Q., 67 years ago. He died in Manchester, March 25, 1924.

The political career of Mr. Verrette was unique. Without training of any kind in public affairs he was drafted by the Democratic

tration, however, were pleasant throughout his term of service.

In 1918, Mr. Verrette was nominated for mayor of Manchester to succeed Harry W. Spaulding, Republican, was elected by a large majority and again established a precedent by holding the offices of councilor and mayor simultaneously. In his second term he was ill a great deal of the time, and when he left



party in 1917, to be its candidate for a member of the governor's council. He was elected by a large majority under the slogan "a business man's candidate." He was the first French citizen to become a member of the council in this state. In the council he was the minority member with four Republican colleagues and a Republican governor, Henry W. Keyes. His relations with the adminis-

the office he was broken in health.

Mr. Verrette's survivors are his widow Mrs. Virginie P. Verrette, and his sons, Vergile M. Verrette, who was his father's secretary during his mayoralty; Lionel G. Verrette; Avite J. Verrette, a veteran of the World War; Armand L. Verrette and the Rev. Adrien Verrette, one of the priests of St. George French Catholic parish.

## MAJOR SAMUEL SLADE PIPER

Died, in Manchester, February 19, Major Samuel Slade Piper, in the eighty-fourth year of his age.

Major Piper was a Civil War veteran with a distinguished record and for over thirty years was commander of the old First Light

Battery. He was for many years a prominent business man of Manchester and was the first postmaster to occupy the present federal building in that city. He was appointed postmaster April 19, 1890, and assumed office, May 11, 1890. The removal to the then new building at the corner of Chestnut and Hanover streets



took effect on Saturday night, January 31, 1891, and the postal force was ready for business the following Sunday. Major Piper proved a good postmaster and was much liked by the staffs under him.

Major Piper was born in Lyme in 1840, the son of Mr. and Mrs. James Piper. He went to Manchester in 1850 and was employed for some time in the old Manchester Print Works and later in the Amoskeag mills.

In August, 1861, only seven months after his marriage to Harriet Cahoon Porter of Manchester, Major Piper enlisted in the Civil War. He and his brother entered the state service in the First Light Battery of New Hampshire, which was mustered into service of the government on September 26, 1861. The Major first received the appointment of sergeant of the Fourth Section, gun detachment, served three years and was mustered out September 25, 1864. He engaged in a large number of important battles.

In January, 1865, Major Piper returned to the army and was stationed in the quartermaster's department in the Shenandoah Valley and later in the quartermaster's department at City Point, Va., serving in that department when Lee surrendered.

In 1867, at the request of Gov. Frederick Smythe, Major Piper reorganized the war battery and was its commander, while in the state service, for 32 years.

In 1877-78 the Major served his ward in the State Legislature and was clerk of the committee on military affairs, which revised the New Hampshire militia laws.

#### JUDGE JOHN W. ROWELL

Judge John W. Rowell, aged 88 years, the first chief justice of Vermont, died at his home in Randolph, Vt., February 13, 1924.

Mr. Rowell was born in Lebanon, June 9, 1835. At an early age he removed to Vermont and attended the common schools and prepared for college in Randolph. He received the honorary degree of LL. D. from the University of Vermont in 1893 and the same degree from Middlebury in 1913. He wrote the Constitutional History of Vermont.

#### DR. EUGENE A. WASON

Dr. Eugene A. Wason of Milford died February 28, following a long illness.

Dr Wason was a veteran of the Civil War, past commander of the State G. A. R., a graduate of the Dartmouth Medical school and for many years a leading physician. He was affiliated with the Masonic order and Masons conducted his funeral.

#### FRANCIS A. PERRY

Francis A. Perry, the oldest male resident of Keene, three times mayor of the city and for many years superintendent of the railroad construction and repair shops there; died February 19, 1924. Had he lived until the twenty-second of the month he would have been ninety-five years of age.

While a representative to the Legislature he was chosen as a member of the governor's

party to attend the World's Fair in Chicago. He had been a resident of Keene since 1853.

Mr. Perry was born in Wolfeboro, February 22, 1829. His early days were passed in Wolfeboro and Ossipee. At the time of his death he was the only surviving charter member of the Keene Lodge of the Temple, A. F. and A. M.

#### LILLA INGALLS FELCH

Lilla Ingalls Felch of Sunapee, wife of Albert D. Felch, was born in East Templeton, Mass., August 17, 1858. She died March 9, 1924.

Mrs. Felch was educated in the schools of her native town and later graduated from the Massachusetts Normal school in Worcester. She was for several years a successful teacher in the public schools of that city. Her marriage to Mr. Felch occurred in 1888. She was a valued member of the Methodist Episcopal church in Sunapee and from that church her funeral was held on March 12.

#### GEORGE H. EAMES, SR.

George H. Eames, Sr., former mayor of Keene died February 18th, 1924.

Mr. Eames was born in Swanzey, May 25, 1874, a son of Henry and Eliza Ann (Brown) Eames. He had lived in Keene since 1870. He worked as clerk in the stores in Keene a few years and later, with Loren W. Towne, built a store for wholesale and retail selling of grain, and the store is now known as G. H. Eames and Son. In 1883, Mr. Eames built a grain mill for grinding at Ashuelot, which was later sold.

#### WILLIAM P. GILMAN

William P. Gilman, one of the best known Grand Army men in Franklin, died at his home on Summit street, March 16, 1924. He was seventy-six years old on May 20 of last year. He was born in Bristol, a son of Wiggins and Fanny (Plummer) Gilman. He enlisted in the second company of the First New Hampshire Cavalry and took part in many engagements, being wounded and forced to use crutches from the days of the Civil War to the time of his death. Mr. Gilman died from cerebral hemorrhage with which he was stricken. He was a prominent member of George F. Sweatt Post, G. A. R., and had been commander of the Post.

#### FRED PARSONS

Fred Parsons died March 16, 1924, in Franklin. Mr. Parsons was fifty-three years old and was born in Colebrook. He had been a prominent business man in that town, being identified with the lumber business and also with the summer hotel business. For several years, in company with his mother, Mrs. Clara Parsons, he operated what was known as the Hampshire Inn, a popular summer resort in Columbia, near Colebrook Village, and situated on the Parsons farm, his boyhood home. Previously he owned and operated a summer hotel property at Dixville Notch. He had been ill for a year or more.

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May 1924

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### THE GRANITE MONTHLY.

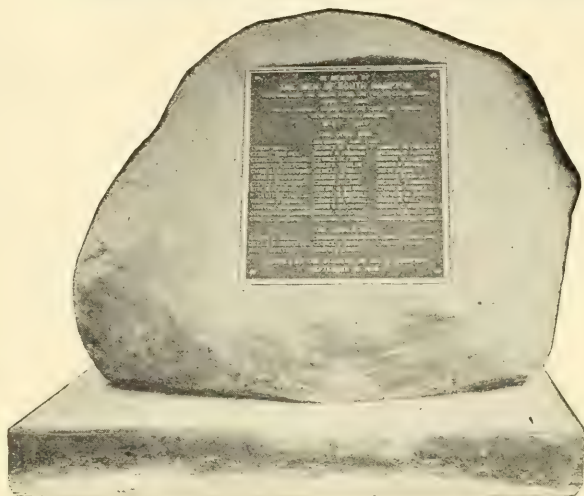
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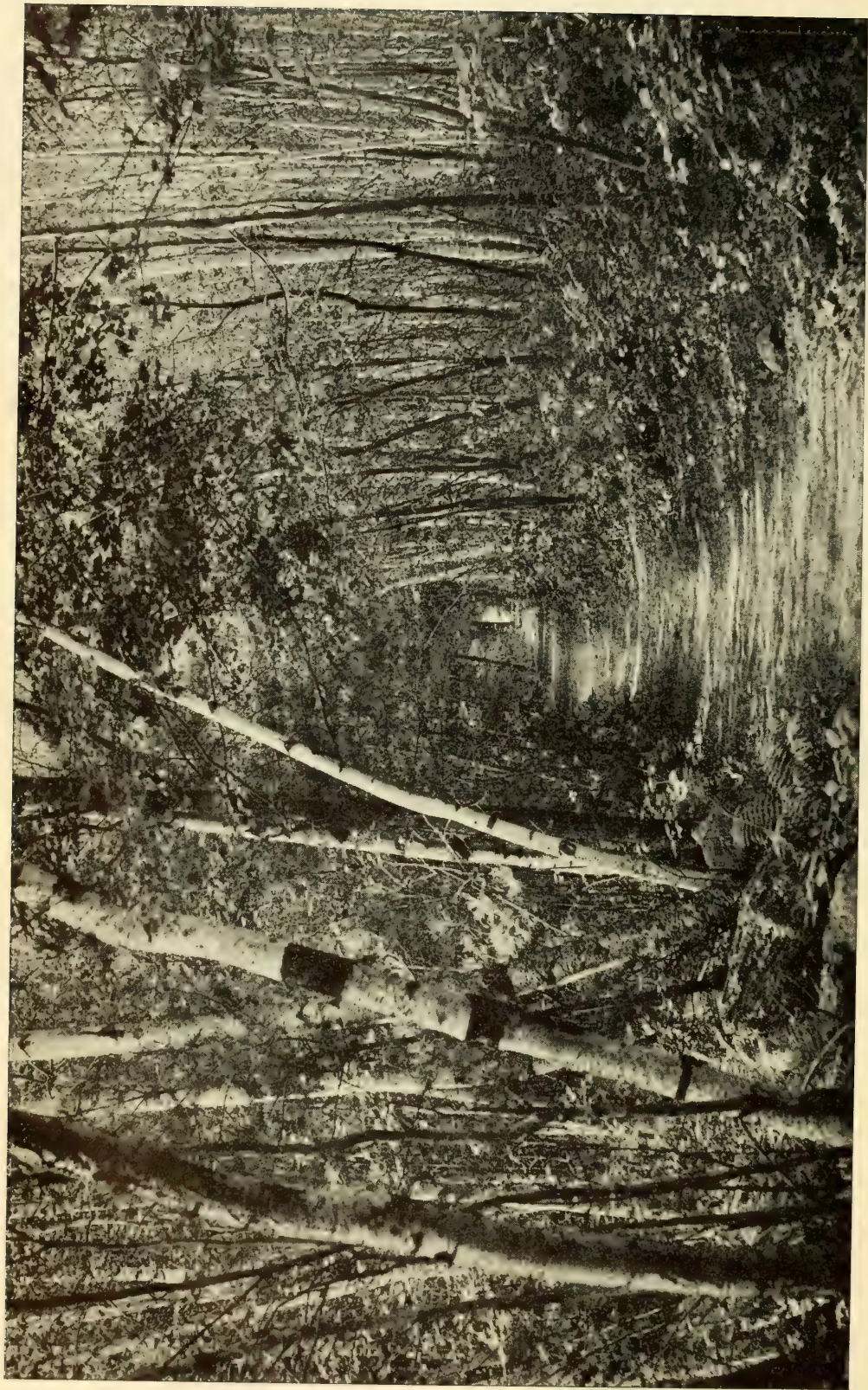
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# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

Vol. 56



No. 5

MAY 1924

## THE MONTH IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

### No Floods or Freshets

**T**HE month of April, 1924, in New Hampshire passed without the usual floods and freshets and the damage to roads and bridges done by the advent of spring was much less than the rule. The season was late, however, and the first of May found the mountains, even in the central and southern parts of the state, still snow-covered. By that date the ban on heavy traffic had been lifted from the trunk lines and state-aid roads except in the three northern counties of the state, but motorists who ventured off the hard surface highways usually wished they hadn't.

### Fast Day Observance

Fast Day was not observed to such an extent as usual for the opening of the baseball season, but the Scottish Rite Masons, assembled at Nashua, made it their great day of the year, as for a long time past, and the various county Unions of Christian Endeavor societies held their annual meetings in various sections of the state.

At Concord the day was very interestingly celebrated in a way which combined features of Fast Day, Arbor Day and Memorial Day. Under the auspices of the American Legion 400 trees were planted as a Memorial Grove from the south line of the city north along the

Daniel Webster Highway. Governor Brown, Mayor Flint and many other state and city officials not only honored the occasion with their presence, but took active part in the real work of the day. A fund is being provided for the care of the grove and the replacement of trees, so that the permanent beauty of this World War memorial may be assured.

### Arbor Day

In his proclamation of May 2 as Arbor Day, Governor Brown called upon all citizens "to take thought and action for the protection, preservation and judicious utilization of what remains of New Hampshire's forest cover; to increase the health and wealth that come from our orchards and the graceful beauty and grateful shade of our rural groves and roadside trees."

Especially, the Governor asked for observance of the day in the schools of the state in order that the rising generation may be educated for the action that will be imperative on their part in the years to come.

### Appointments to the Bench

In state history the month probably will be remembered longest for the nomination by the Governor and unanimous confirmation by the Council of a new chief justice of the state superior



court, Oliver W. Branch of Manchester, and a new associate justice, Henri A. Burke, former mayor of Nashua. Both are Democrats, but, as stated, the Republican councilors gave their approval to the Governor's choices.

The new chief justice did not allow his promotion to soften his heart, for on the day following his nomination he sent ten men to prison from the Merrimack county superior court, an unprecedented number for one sitting of the court in that jurisdiction.

### **Attempt for Pardon of Wren**

An attempt to get out of state prison a man who is serving a life sentence there caused a near sensation at the capitol during the month. John H. Wren, found guilty by a Cheshire county jury in 1913, on circumstantial evidence, of having killed his employer, an engineer on railroad construction, was recommended to the governor and council for pardon by the board of trustees of the state prison, and one of their number, Levin J. Chase, presented the case to the pardoning body in a manner that was severely critical of former Attorney General James P. Tuttle, the chief prosecuting officer at the time of Wren's trial. Mr. Tuttle was present at the hearing and reviewed the case at length, after which the governor and council took the recommendation of the trustees under advisement.

### **Dispute Over Manchester's Finance Commission Settled**

Another instance of the relations between the executive and judicial departments of the state government was the opinion rendered at its April term by the state supreme court in regard to the Manchester finance commission. The court held that it was the intent of the legislative act to have members of the commission serve until the appointment and confirmation of their successors; and

that the acts of the commission, with only two of its three members sitting, are valid. The interesting result is that the finances of the city of Manchester are in Republican control until the commission act is repealed or until the Democrats elect a majority of the executive council as well as the Governor.

### **G. A. R. Encampment**

The Department of New Hampshire, Grand Army of the Republic, with only a few hundred now left out of its many thousand members, held its annual encampment during the month and elected William Blair of Gorham as its commander. As usual it was visited by the national commander-in-chief.

### **New Hampshire Civic Association**

An interesting and important address of the month was given before the New Hampshire Civic Federation and Concord Chamber of Commerce by Maurice L. Cook, director of the "giant power survey," who told what the share of this section of the county may be in the super plan of power development.

### **Campaign for Orphans' Home**

The end of the month saw the inauguration of a campaign to raise \$125,000 for replacing the buildings burned a year ago at the New Hampshire Orphans' Home, Franklin.

By an almost unanimous vote the Concord school district decided to ask the next legislature for an increase in the district's bond limit so that it may proceed with a greatly-needed building program.

### **Autos and Gas Tax**

Prophecy was made in the Bulletin of the state highway department that 75,000 automobiles would be licensed in New Hampshire this year and that the receipts from the tax on gasoline would amount to \$750,000. —H. C. P.

# SOME FACTS ABOUT ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

By E. W. BUTTERFIELD

Some one has said that the trouble with most of us isn't that we don't know enough but that we know too much that isn't so. The following frank and open statement of facts by Commissioner Butterfield may put to rest some of the fears which have been simmering in the minds of many sincere and earnest people.

It is not propaganda, it is merely a summary of facts which we all should know.

IN our state, as in many others, this is a period of social and religious unrest, a period when in our anxiety that no ill shall befall the commonwealth we listen with apprehension to expressed fears and we question the motives and practices of all who differ from us. This fear is an expression of patriotism and, so far as it indicates solicitude for our state and nation, it is commendable.

From conferences, from letters and from reports I know that we have in New Hampshire no inconsiderable number of serious and devoted people who fear that the children of the state may through school influence grow into irreligious or unpatriotic manhood and womanhood. Since it is highly important that we know the situation, the purpose of this article is to give publicity to the facts which many seem to desire.

In New Hampshire all children of required age are in school. The few exceptions are those who have physical, mental or moral defects sufficient to preclude school attendance. Last year in the elementary schools, that is, in Grades I to VIII, we had 80,312 children. Of these, 58,475 were in public schools. 20,633 were in Roman Catholic parochial schools, and 1,204 were in state schools or miscellaneous private schools. It will readily be seen that 72.8% of our children of elementary school attendance are in public schools, and 25.7% are

in the parochial schools of the Roman Catholic Church.

The fear expressed by some is that the parochial schools are unpatriotic and so dangerous. The fear expressed by others is that the public schools are irreligious. I wish to answer the questions of these two groups.

Are the parochial schools dangerous? I am certain that they are not.

Before each year begins, each private elementary school, and this includes all parochial schools, must secure official approval from the State Board of Education. In its application blank, each school states the ground for the application and gives assurance that all laws of the state will be complied with. The records of these schools are kept in the regular school register of the state and at the end of the year each school submits its register to the office of the State Board of Education and makes such statistical reports as are required. During the year all of the schools are inspected by a deputy commissioner from the state educational office and the local truant officers have the same responsibility for the attendance of children in the private schools that they have for other children.

A visitor to these classrooms will find the American flag displayed, textbooks on history and reading, with the stories of the founders of our republic, and can ascertain that the

pupils have been taught our national songs and are familiar with the ideals of American democracy. He will find that the Roman Catholic people in the last few years have put through a building program which has brought to thousands of pupils convenient buildings of the modern type, well arranged and with satisfactory books and equipment.

The teachers are sisters or brothers who in preparation for their work have completed a long course of training and discipline. This training is in the seminaries of the orders to which they belong. In general they are competent teachers, devoted to their work and conscientious to a high degree.

The Roman Catholic parochial schools are commonly known as Irish, French or Polish schools. In the Irish schools, the English language alone is used, except that in some French is a junior high school subject in preparation for the work in the senior high school of the public school system. In the French and Polish schools, English is the language of the school administration and the language in which all of the basal subjects of the program are taught. In these schools, French or Polish is taught as a language and is used in religious exercises and instruction. It is, I believe, very desirable that the children from French and Polish families be given the opportunity to know the language which their parents speak and to appreciate the history and racial ideals of the people who gave them birth. It is even more important that through school instruction they know English and use familiarly the common language of America.

These schools are maintained by the Catholic people at their own expense. They receive not a dollar from public funds and never can be so aided. This their supporters perfectly well understand, for the entire separation

of church and state is a doctrine upon which we all agree. Moreover, our State Constitution has for all time raised this question from the realm of controversy.

"No money raised by taxation shall ever be granted or applied for the use of the schools or institutions of any religious sect or denomination."

Let me summarize by a statement which I believe to be absolutely true. In general the parents of these children are patriotic American citizens, even as you and I. These teachers have no less honesty and devotion than the noble teachers in our public schools, and these children will live side by side with our children, and the future of New Hampshire is equally safe in the hands of both.

Are the public schools irreligious? Most assuredly they are not.

If we are to understand each other in this connection, we must be certain that we agree in the meaning of the terms which we use. If religion means the inculcation of the theological doctrines or the impartation of the beliefs of any church or group of churches, the public schools are entirely unreligious. If, however, we mean rather the acceptance of ideals of character and of devotion and their expression in action and life, we may well say that the public schools are religious.

I will now try to answer the questions which are frequently asked about religion in the public schools. All schools have a period set aside for opening exercises or general exercises. Through long custom the repetition of the Lord's Prayer, the repetition of a psalm or the reading of the Bible without comment or sectarian explanation and the singing of some of the great hymns loved by us all are a part of these exercises. These brief exercises are important in unifying the school and in inculcating habits of worship. I am certain that they contribute to make children religious. I doubt that they do more



than contribute, however. In fact, it is my personal opinion that were these formal exercises omitted, the effect upon the children would not be deleterious.

This custom of a brief period of general devotion has been followed for many years but there is no evidence that were this period doubled or quadrupled or dropped from the program there would be an appreciable change in the character of school children.

In America we have had for many years a large number of children in schools conducted by different religious sects. In these schools there is a direct teaching of religion. I may be mistaken but I have been unable to find evidence that the graduates of these schools live more religious lives or lives of greater personal morality and civic or social integrity than those who have attended the public schools.

For this reason I cannot agree with those who would divide the school day or week so that children might disperse during the allotted school hours to churches for religious instruction by their parents or religious teachers. At the best the school day is none too long for the regular school work in which all children participate.

The Bible has never been, as many evidently think, excluded from our schools. There are few schools, if any, in which there is not a Bible used for reference and school exercises but not as a textbook. The laws of the state are explicit.

"No book shall be introduced into the public schools calculated to favor any particular religious sect or political party."

Upon this subject I would not be dogmatic but I believe that the public schools can be, and is, thoroughly religious. Honesty, morality, fair play, industry, all of these are school virtues and are inculcated by the school as well as by the home. Through much of the literature studied, through the songs and the

school music, through the truths of history, biography and of science, runs a deep religious vein which becomes a part of the life and ideals of children. When this is done well, the home and the church through its church school and other activities is able without undue time and effort to teach the church doctrines that still are lacking.

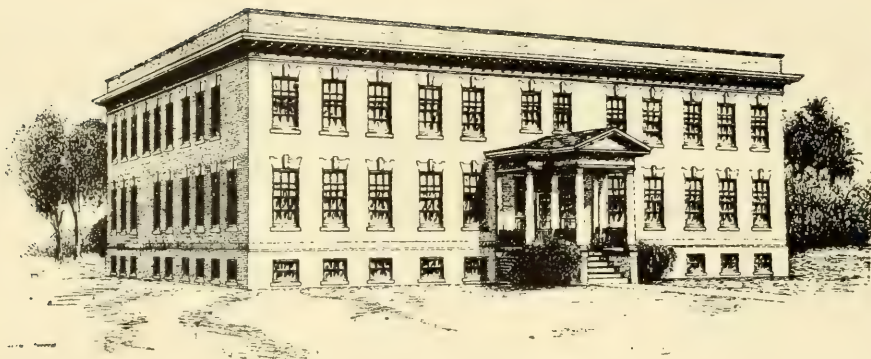
I think that many who read this will agree with me that children become religious more from associating with and imitating teachers of religious life and character than by any amount of formal or informal instruction. Most of us recognize that our own religious reactions are due more to the pure lives and consecrated endeavors of those with whom we have associated—parents, pastors and teachers—than to any other source. If the denominational school has more of these teachers than the public schools, it will have greater influence in making religious men and women; if not, it will have less. Let us all, then, seek for teachers of character.

I have a special purpose in writing this article. We have, it is probable, a small group of Catholics who are honestly convinced that the public schools are schools devoid of religion. We have, also, a group of Protestants who believe that our state is in danger from the parochial schools. Nothing that I can say will cause either of these groups to reconsider the evidence in the case.

On the other hand, we have a great body of Protestants and Catholics who are ill informed, who hear the vague rumors and the wild surmises which pass from lip to lip and are genuinely anxious over the schools. Since there are few who have the opportunity to know all of the schools of the state as well as I, this article is aimed to reassure those who believe that our children or our state are in danger.

In this time of social unrest, we all need to keep our heads and to be patient. If we support private schools, let us tell of their merits and not permit ourselves to listen to those whose knowledge of the public schools is but second hand. If we believe in public schools as the foundation of American democracy, let us uphold these schools and pay little heed to those whose apprehension is greater than their knowledge.

I hope that the day is not far distant when in New Hampshire we shall be less prone to fear the future and to suspect our neighbor and more ready to express a larger measure of confidence and mutual esteem. New Hampshire needs farmers and it needs artisans. It needs roads and it needs schools, but most of all it needs an era of good feeling.



The Proposed Daniel Webster Memorial Building.

## NEW HAMPSHIRE ORPHANS' HOME

By N. H. C.

A half century ago at about the same time that the Franco-Prussian War was raging there was founded in Franklin an institution since known as the New Hampshire Orphans' Home. It was brought into being through the efforts of the Hon. Dexter Richards of Newport, known to fame as the Colonel Isaac D. Worthington of Churchill's "Coniston"; the Rev. Daniel A. Mack; and Judge George W. Nesmith. Starting with only a small plant it began immediately to furnish protection and training for New Hampshire's orphans. And the same day that the treaty of peace was signed in Paris, marking the end of a cruel and bloody war, New Hampshire's haven of mercy opened its doors.

Since that time it has served 2,160 or-

phans and needy children. It is an institution typical of the spirit of the Granite State. Permeated by historic background, for one of its buildings was formerly the home of Daniel Webster, it has sought to impart to those homeless waifs who have come within its influence a realization of New Hampshire's ideals which will in a measure atone for the lack of family ties and home associations. Not only has it consistently done this but it has served as a clearing house for homeless children, receiving them without regard for their race or creed and placing them as soon as possible in good American homes.

During the fifty-five years of its history there have been many bright spots and happy characters in the life of this institution. Its plant was gradually enlarged until it included the Taylor Cottage for older boys, the Bartlett Cottage for older girls, the Mack Building for boys from eight to fourteen years, Creighton Hall for girls from eight to fourteen years, the chapel, a superintendent's home which was the homestead of Daniel Webster, and a nursery for the infants. Perhaps the apex of its development was reach-





ed when Mr. Henry of Lincoln gave \$40,000.00 for the erection of the Henry Memorial School which is now nearly completed.

It is unlike fate, however, to be perpetually kind even to a worthy cause and on the 13th of February, 1923 the blow fell. On that morning one hundred and fifty orphan children formed a sad little group about the smoking ruins of the nursery. The Home had lost the building which it could least afford to spare. In fact, it may be said that the State of New Hampshire had lost the building which it could least afford to spare, for the Franklin Home is the only Protestant institution in the state which receives infants, and the State House itself could not mean more to New Hampshire than the humble structure which had been the refuge for so many motherless babes.

The people of New Hampshire are resolved that this loss shall be replaced, and consequently at this writing a campaign is under way to raise the sum of \$125,000.00 for the construction of a



new home which will be appropriately called, "The Daniel Webster Memorial Building." His Excellency, Fred H. Brown, in his capacity of Honorary Chairman of the campaign, has proclaimed the week of May 16-24 as Campaign Week for the Orphans' Home, and has sent a personal plea to every town and city for its support.

The task of raising the money has been entrusted to a State Committee, headed by the Hon. Olin H. Chase of Concord, and including in its membership most of the leading citizens of New Hampshire, many of whom are already numbered among the officers, trustees and



The Orphan Children formed a sad little group about the smoking ruins of the Nursery.



corporation of the Home. Among these are Frank L. Gerrish of Boscawen, President of the Home; Judge Omar A. Towne of Franklin; William S. Huntington; Willis G. Buxton; Rev. Walter J. Malvern, Superintendent of the Home; Edwin C. Bean; Harry H. Dudley; Hon. Fletcher Hale; William J. Ahern; Alvin B. Cross; John B. Jameson; John G. Winant; Robert P. Bass; Albert O. Brown; John G. M. Glessner; President Ernest M. Hopkins; Charles E. Tilton.

It is safe to predict that the citizens of New Hampshire, especially those who have visited Franklin, and seen the long row of cot beds crowding the chapel, eloquent of the efforts made by the officers of the Home to care for the little tots made shelterless by the fire will unite to bring the drive to a successful conclusion.

Honorary Vice-Chairmen of the State Committee are as follows:—Copley Amory, John H. Bartlett, Robert P. Bass, Albert O. Brown, Orton B. Brown, Samuel D. Felker, Ernest M. Hopkins, Henry W. Keyes, Frank Knox, Samuel T. Ladd, Lyford A. Merrows, George H.

Moses, William N. Rogers, Eaton D. Sargent, Rolland H. Spaulding, Alvah W. Sulloway, George A. Tenney, George E. Trudell, Edward H. Wason. John

G. Winant, and Oscar L. Young. Other members of the State Committee are: William J. Ahern, Frederick W. Aiken, Benjamin K. Ayers, Waldo Babson, Fred A. Barton, Arthur H. Britton, Ora A. Brown, George A. Carlisle, Norris H. Cotton, Rev. Wilton Cross, Rev. Earl C. Davis, Harry H. Dudley, John H. Finley, Harold D. Foss, Frank L. Gerrish, George J. Gingras, James B. Hallisey, Samuel A. Hidden, Frederick A. Holmes, Rev. Raymond Huse, W. E. Johnson, Sr.,



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—N. H. C.

## DAWN

BY DOROTHY L. KINNEY

A wisp of a moon,  
And the glow of dawn,  
Speak of daybreak soon,  
And a night that has gone.

A fallen tear,  
And a smile again,  
Tell that joy is near  
After hours of pain.

# BENJAMIN THOMPSON'S COW COLLEGE

BY HENRY BAILEY STEVENS

THE story of the New Hampshire College of Agriculture is the strange story of a dream. Ask the date of the origin of the institution, and you will usually be referred to the Federal Land-Grant Act of 1862, and to the removal from Hanover to the present site in 1893. Yet neither of these dates is adequate. The college in its present form has grown largely from an idea that was conceived in the mind of an old Durham farmer, many years before the law-makers took action.

Benjamin Thompson had been a school-teacher, and he loved education. He had also been a farmer, and he loved the soil. As early as the fifties at least, he caught a vision of what agricultural education might mean to his native state. It was in 1856

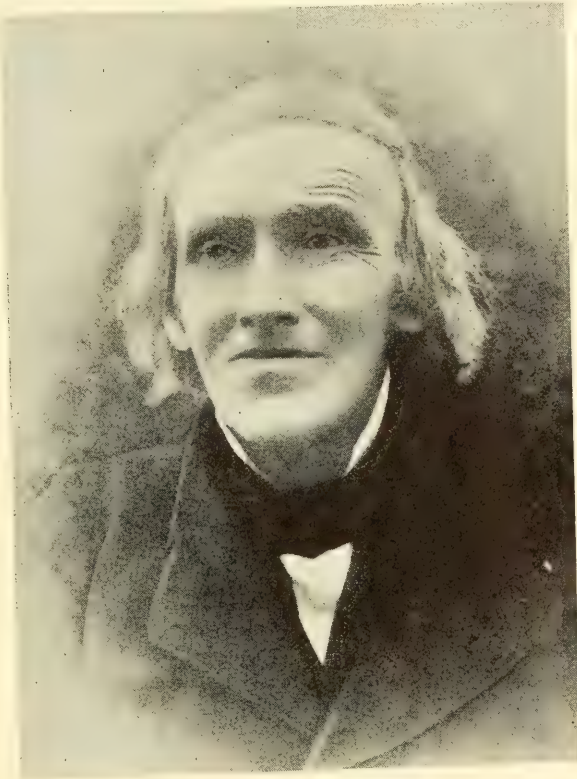
—six years before the passage of the Land-Grant Act at Washington—that he made his will.

"I, Benjamin Thompson, . . . *Farmer*," he wrote, bequeathing his entire estate, amounting eventually to about \$800,000, to the foundation of an agricultural school to be located after his death on

his farm at Durham "to promote the cause of agriculture."

It was a quaint will, made with curious Yankee shrewdness, as, for example, its provision that should the State of New Hampshire not see fit to accept his offer, similar terms should be given to the State of Massachusetts; also made

with the naive modesty of the truly great. "It might seem presumptuous in me to attempt to devise any plan for the ordering and management of such an institution," he wrote, "which will probably go into operation at a time so remote, when doubtless there will be great advancement in the knowledge of agriculture; so I leave this duty to the wisdom of the State, through its legislature, only claiming to make . . . suggestions."



Benjamin Thompson

"Frail wisp of an old man,—Some day songs will be sung about you and legends will grow up around you just as they have with Eleazer Wheelock, and John Harvard and Lord Jeffrey Amherst."

And then Benjamin Thompson began to grow old. He had never married. No one besides his lawyer, witnesses and housekeeper knew of his plans, and they no doubt thought such a disposal of property "queer." After the passage of the Land-Grant Act he added codicils so as to take advantage of that legislation.





A. B. Hough of Lebanon, whose crop rotation system has been taken as a model by farm management specialists.

He saw the state agricultural college started at Hanover; and if he had been a weaker man, he would have either given up his original plan or altered it more radically. He had no means of knowing that his stipulations would be accepted by the State; but for the remainder of his life—he died in 1890—he refused to give up the belief that the location of the college should be on his own “Warner Farm,” as he called it. He went so far as to plant trees along the roadside; and when he grew too feeble to walk out alone, he used to trudge past them holding to the arm of his faithful housekeeper.

“Up there,” he used to say, pointing to the hill where Thompson Hall now stands, “up there is going to be my college.”

It would be interesting to know what the housekeeper thought about this vision; for when she looked “up there” she could see only a grassy knoll, which was mowed over every summer for the hay. Frail wisp of an old man, trudging along with cane and cane, bearing stubbornly the serene belief of forty years which could be put to the test only after death had come! Some day songs will be sung about you and legends will grow up around you just as they have with Eleazer Wheelock, and John Harvard

and Lord Jeffrey Amherst.

Benjamin Thompson’s dream of a school to promote agriculture did not at once enchant the minds of either the state or the youths for whose benefit it was intended. After some hesitation the provisions of the will were accepted,

and the college with its struggling quota of students was established on the farm at Durham. Those were the days when farmers scoffed at agricultural education, and hardly dreamed that books could ever upset “the ways of their fathers.” Superficial souls mocked at the “cow college,” and state legislatures hardly deigned to consider it in their appropriation. Yet even in these early days the institution was turning out men who have since made their imprint upon New Hampshire’s agriculture.

To-day it is a strange and wonderful harvest that would greet old Mr. Thompson’s eyes if he walked beneath the tall maples that he planted so many years ago. Upon the hill stands the tall brick building that bears his name. Green lawns sweep out to other halls erected where the mowing-machine used to rattle. Near the site of his old barn stands the agricultural building. Dormitories and class-rooms have sprouted up. A thousand students throng over cement walks where meadows used to blossom with buttercups. They fill laboratories as full as a hay mow in August. Their numbers embarrass the administration like a family that is increasing beyond the size of the parent’s pocket book. The problems of the “cow college” are now a matter of pride to the state legislature in-



stead of being merely a joke.

In the agricultural college itself there are about two hundred students. They study the chemistry of soils and plants; the technique of agronomy and horticulture; the skillful handling of cattle, horses, poultry, bees, sheep and swine; the control of plant diseases and insect pests; the science of forestry; the intricacies of bacteriology. Modern agriculture constantly becomes a more and more complex science. The man who masters it to-day must know the quirks of a gas engine as well as of a horse. He must know how to deal with microscopic enemies. And if the world makes heavy demands of the farmer, the farmer in turn makes still heavier ones of his college. The ordinary farm can specialize on one type of cattle; but the college must maintain the various breeds. Machinery must be kept up-to-date, not only for actual farming but for laboratory work. Dean F. W. Taylor and his corps of department chiefs have had to figure both tight-fistedly and far-sightedly to put the college on a grade with that of similar institutions in states far more lavish with support.

Yet it is a most hopeful sign that the students of New Hampshire's "Aggie"

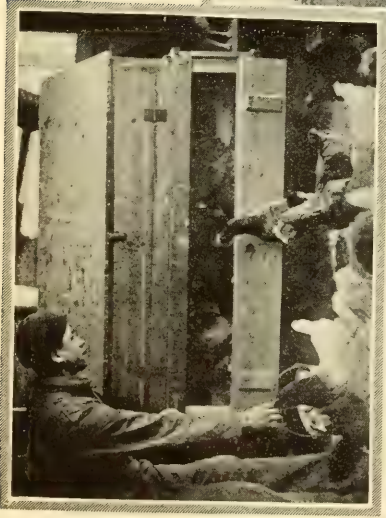
College are showing themselves an aggressive factor in the intercollegiate judging and demonstration contests in which they take part. A dairy products judging team carried off first prize—a \$500 trophy—last year in competition with teams from Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Maryland, New York, and Massachusetts. In livestock judging at the Eastern States Exposition the New Hampshire team ranked highest among the New England colleges. At the New York Fruit Show last November, Franklin Flanders, a New Hampshire boy, won first place in the packing contest open to all colleges in the east, and may thus be considered the best student fruit packer on the Atlantic coast.

Furthermore, the graduates are having an increasing effect upon the agricultural life of the state.

An expert in farm management, recently studying farms throughout the state, selected as a standard two-man organization that of A. B. Hough of Lebanon, who learned the science of practical agriculture at the State College in the nineties. Another specialist told me that he knew of no one in the state who had solved the farm labor problem so satisfactorily as Carroll Farr of Weare,



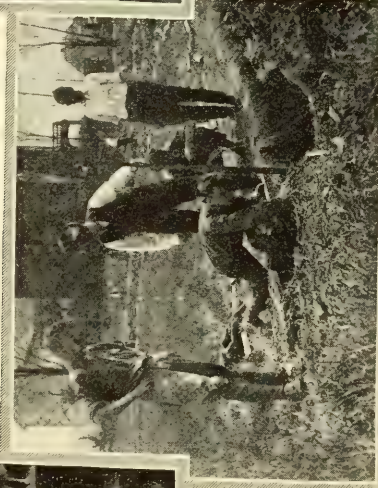
Thompson Hall, the first college building in Durham.



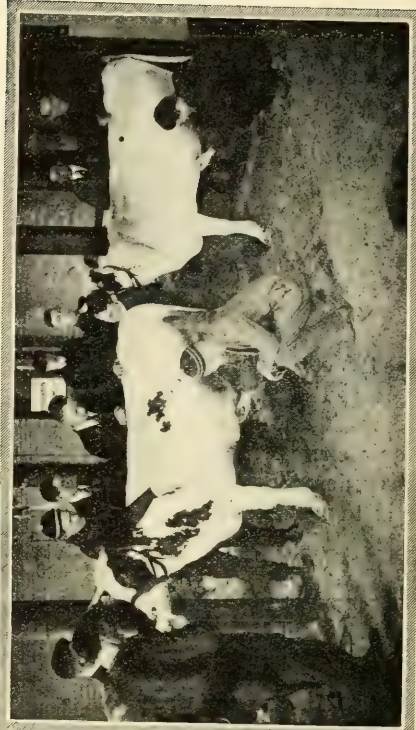
In the Poultry Plant



Studying Fruit Pests



Judging Beef Cattle



Practical Work in Soil Drainage

Students of Dairy Types



also a product of the college and one of the most successful farmers of the State. J. C. Kendall, who for more than a dozen years has been directing the policy of the State Agricultural Experiment Station and Extension Service, with their multiple influence upon the agriculture of the state, came to Durham from a Peterborough farm. H. S. Townsend of Lebanon; H. M. Lee, who has built up an exceptional Jersey herd at the Buena Vista Farm, Windsor, Vt.; W. D. F. Hayden of the Roby Farm, Nashua; Arthur G. Davis of Milford and R. E. Batchelder of Bath, former extension workers and now operating farms of their own in the state; H. P. Richardson of Milford; Henry Gowing of Dublin; J. E. Parker of Goffstown; Prof. E. S. Savage, head of the animal husbandry department at Cornell; Prof. A. S. Colby of Illinois; W. E. Britton, Profs. P. A. Campbell and A. R. Merrill of Connecticut; J. E. Ladd of Rhode Island; L. D. Batchelor of California; A. L. Sullivan, food and drug commissioner of Maryland; A. A. Livermore, and C. F. Jenness, prominent greenhouse men of Massachusetts; W. E. Chamberlain, director of the agricultural experiment station at the University of Peking, China; B. A. Corbett of Colebrook; H. T. Converse of Maryland; J. A. Foord, H. F. Judkins, and E. H. Forristall, who have been leading agriculturists in Massachusetts; C. H. Hood, who made a fortune out of milk; and J. I. Falconer, to whom Ohio farmers look for expert advice in farm management.

Already an article in the March Granite Monthly has called attention to the fact that a large proportion of the 1923 class are actively engaged either in actual farming or agricultural teaching within New Hampshire's own borders. Somewhat similar stories might be told of other classes. Here, for example, is a

Walpole boy, Oliver Hubbard, who in three years' time turned his father's 500-hen poultry plant into one that clucks out 75,000 chicks a year. Here are two other recent graduates, Perley Fitts of Etna and E. F. Forbes of Colebrook, who have in partnership recently built one of the largest poultry plants in the state. Here is another somewhat older graduate, Harold Hardy of Hollis, who has helped his father build up what is considered by many experts New Hampshire's premier orchard. Here is another, the enterprising Jim Tufts of Exeter, who is making a name for himself in the nursery business. Another, John Elliott of Madbury, is in partnership with his father in what is one of the largest rose-houses in the world. Among those taking a leading part in the co-operative or educational enterprises of the state are L. A. Carlisle, deputy commissioner of agriculture; H. L. Whittemore, supervisor of vocational agricultural courses in high schools; O. E. Huse, manager of the Rockingham County Farmers' Exchange; Profs. M. Gale Eastman, C. L. Stevens and S. W. Wentworth of the College itself; J. A. Purington, county agent in Rockingham county; H. V. Ingham, club agent in Cheshire County, and C. B. Wadleigh, State boys' and girls' club leader.

One might name many others who are supplying some of that much-needed "young blood" to the farms of the state. In the meantime, New Hampshire's "old blood" also has a duty. It is to see that the vision of that faithful old Durham farmer, Benjamin Thompson, is maintained fittingly and generously. This does not mean money alone, although the lack of that has been the most serious difficulty at Durham. It means interest. It means thoughtful study of needs and opportunities. It means faith in the essential soundness of the vision,



# AN ANTHOLOGY OF ONE POEM POETS

Compiled by ARTHUR JOHNSON

Illustrated by Elizabeth Shurtleff



## THE BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC

By JULIA WARD HOWE

1819-1910

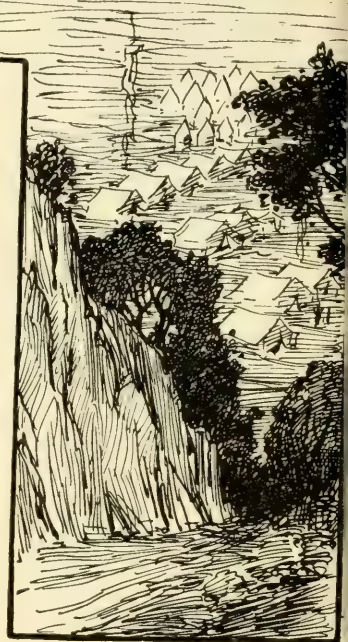
Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;  
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath  
are stored;  
Hé hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift  
sword;

His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling  
camps;  
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and  
damps;

I can read His righteous sentence by the dim and flaring  
lamps;

His day is marching on.

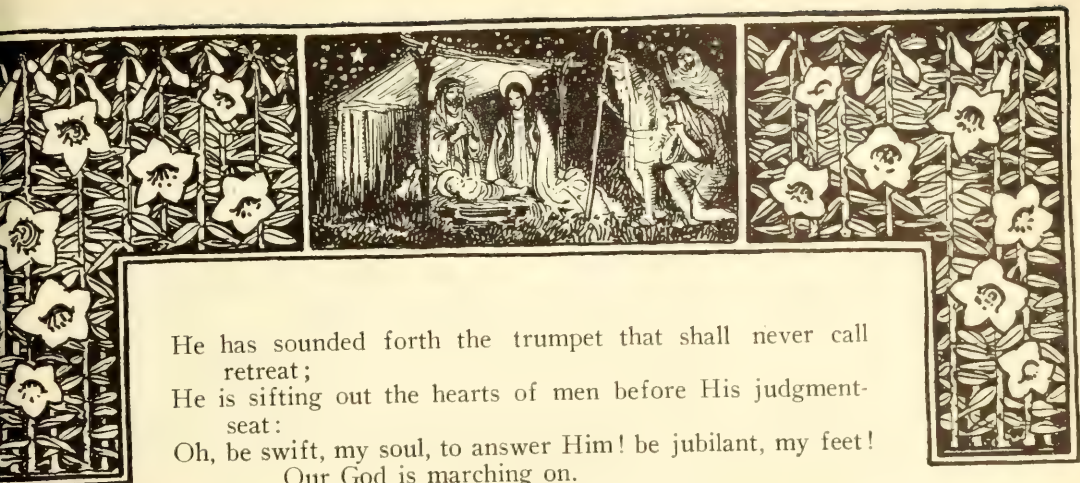


I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel  
"As ye deal with my contemnners, so with you my grace  
shall deal;

Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his  
heel.

Since God is marching on."





He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call  
retreat;  
He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment-  
seat:  
Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him! be jubilant, my feet!  
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,  
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me:  
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,  
While God is marching on.

## DRIVING HOME THE COWS

BY KATE PUTNAM OSGOOD

1841—

Out of the clover and blue-eyed grass  
He turned them into the river-lane;  
One after another he let them pass,  
Then fastened the meadow bars again.

Under the willows, and over the hill,  
He patiently followed their sober pace;  
The merry whistle for once was still  
And something shadowed the sunny face.

Only a boy! and his father had said  
He never could let his youngest go;  
Two already were lying dead  
Under the feet of the trampling foe.

But after the evening work was done,  
And the frogs were loud in the meadow-  
swamp,  
Over his shoulder he slung his gun  
And stealthily followed the foot-path  
damp.

Across the clover and through the wheat  
With resolute heart and purpose grim,  
Though cold was the dew on his hurrying  
feet,  
And the blind bat's flitting startled him.

Thrice since then had the lanes been white,  
And the orchards sweet with apple-bloom;  
And now, when the cows came back at night  
The feeble father drove them home.

For news had come to the lonely farm  
That three were lying where two had  
lain;  
And the old man's tremulous, palsied arm  
Could never lean on a son's again.

The summer day grew cool and late,  
He went for the cows when the work was  
done;  
But down the lane, as he opened the gate,  
He saw them coming one by one,—

Brindle, Ebony, Speckle, and Bess,  
Shaking their horns in the evening wind;  
Cropping the buttercups out of the grass,—  
But who was it following close behind?

Loosely swung in the idle air  
The empty sleeve of army blue;  
And worn and pale, from the crisping hair,  
Looked out a face that the father knew.

For Southern prisons will sometimes yawn,  
And yield their dead unto life again;  
And the day that comes with a cloudy dawn  
In golden glory at last may wane.

The great tears sprang to their meeting eyes;  
For the heart must speak when the lips  
are dumb;  
And under the silent evening skies  
Together they followed the cattle home.



# FRANK CRESSY TELLS HIS BEST STORIES

Mr. Cressy has been a regular subscriber to the Granite Monthly for fifty years.

THE editor of the Granite Monthly was a member of the last N. H. legislature. He is a lecturer, a lay-minister, student and well known in the State. Although he had on sundry occasions felt like removing the muffler from his battery of oratory he had managed to control himself until the last week of the session and near pay day when the whole immortal four hundred were present. The the editor unlimbered his artillery and the battle was on. One of his admirers, who was anxious to hear him, was called to a distant part of the State House. He came rushing back and asked the doorkeeper, "Has Cotton finished?" "Yes." "Did he electrify them?" "He did more than that he gassed them!"

Back in the seventies the Republican State Committee requested me to speak at a meeting, with Dr. Gallenger, in one of our rural towns. We were met by a delegation and escorted the Hotel. The Chairman of the Committee handed the Dr. notes of an address of Col. Henry O. Kent, Democratic candidate for Congress. The Dr. looked the notes over, handed them to me saying, "They are just in your line."

The hall was packed and the band was playing, "Hail to the Chief." The stage was decorated with the vice presidents. I was the first speaker. I went at Kent's speech with trip hammer blows, ending up by tracing the history of our enemies from 1840, their position on slave question, the extension of the same into the Free States, their opposition to the home-  
stead act and the resumption of spicy

payment. I had made it so hot that I could actually hear the hemlock wood snap and crackle down where I had consigned my opponents. At the end the large audience cheered, and the band played the Star Spangled Banner. I felt satisfied, as I wiped off the perspiration, until a tall vice president came up, grasped my hand with fire in his eyes and shouted, "Why didn't you give them hell!"

In St. Petersburg, Florida, a young man from Maine took a position with a real estate dealer who had built an attractive office on a tract of land on Coffee Pot Bayu at the end of the electric road. The property was laid out into lots and advertised. Right across the bridge was the largest golf course in the State. Hundreds of people passed by the office each day to the golf grounds. The agent had been there two days and no one called. Then a well appearing man stepped from the car and started for the office. "At last a customer," he said, then stepping to the telephone he took off the receiver and began to talk, "Oh yes, Mr. Chase—you have—that is correct, lots number four and five—yes—each, one hundred twenty feet front, one hundred ten feet deep,—yes that's twenty-five hundred dollars for the two lots—you'll take them both—all right. I'll meet you at the First National Bank and pass papers, thanks—goodbye." He turns, bids his visitor good morning and says, "What can I do for you?" Visitor, "I am from the telephone office and am here to connect your telephone."—FRANK CRESSY.





# WESTWARD HO

## Sons and Daughters of New Hampshire Who Built the West

(Reprint from Beloit Gazette)

### Leaving Home

**W**HEN my husband first suggested the idea of leaving our New England home and following the advice of Horace Greeley to "go west," I was filled with dismay. What! Leave my comfortable home, my father and mother, brothers and sisters, and other friends, and take our three little children, the oldest only four years of age, and enter upon a new life, in what seemed to me a dangerous locality! Visions of our children carried off by the Indians floated through my head, and many other troublesome thoughts found place there. But my husband was tired of following a pair of unruly oxen over the hills and rocks of the unproductive little farm, and pictured to me vividly the benefits that would accrue from the change, minimizing the dangers. At last he gained my reluctant consent that he should go and "spy out the land," and if found satisfactory we would leave all, and follow the setting sun.

Arrangements were soon made. Myself and children found accommodations for a year at the house of a neighbor, and Mr.— started for Kansas. Stopping on the way he induced a brother to join him, and together they journeyed toward the land of promise, arriving in what is now known as Mitchell county late in the fall of 1868. They soon saw the

They called it "Hampshire Street" for everyone who lived on it was from the old Granite State.

Truly our state has been "bled white" of her youth for the upbuilding of Western Commonwealths.

Read this fascinating narrative of the founding of a "Home in the West."

possibilities of the country and entered upon some land. It happened that other Eastern people had taken claims here, and for the sake of companionship they chose to take their land in strips a mile long, and a fourth of a mile wide; and true to the natural instincts of the New Englander, reared among the hills, they made their improvements on the edge of the valley, near the bluffs. As all the land for more than two miles was thus taken and improved it necessitated a road other than on section lines to accommodate them all. Accordingly a road was laid out for that purpose, and was known as Hampshire Street, all the settlers on the road coming from that state. I am sorry to be obliged to say that not one of the families, except ourselves, who thus founded homes here at that time, own

the farms they brought from raw prairie to cultivated fields. Some have returned to their first love, some have retired from the farm and gone to the city, and some to their long home. Some of the land has changed owners many times.

But I am getting ahead of my story.

When Mr..... and his brother had selected their land the first thing they did was to dig a well and then to build a house, the first stone house in the country; quite a pretentious affair, with a front porch and a chimney. As most of the settlers lived in dug-outs, this was regarded as a superior

kind of a dwelling, and here the brothers lived by themselves for a year, except for a while in the summer of '69, when several others joined them for mutual protection from the Indians, who made themselves unwelcome visitors. No one was harmed by them however, except by the loss of horses and mules, which the cowardly savages rushed upon and carried off when the men were out of sight, usually just at nightfall. On one occasion an ox came in from the prairie with two arrows sticking in his side which were promptly removed by the owner.

In the summer of '69 some land was broken out and planted to sod corn which did very well. A very good crop of potatoes was raised also, and being thus fortified against starvation, and realizing by this time that it was not good for man to be alone, Mr. . . journeyed eastward for his family. As I had been (as I thought) pretty well informed as to the situation by his frequent letters and glowing description of the country, I was very willing to accompany him to our new home. Of the parting from loved ones, of the long journey with three little ones to care for, with no sleeping car accommodations, I need not tell you but leave it to your imagination. We arrived in Solomon City, our nearest railroad point, rather the "worse for wear." When we went to the hotel we found it full. However, the landlord was a man of resources, and managed to find a straw bed which he placed on the parlor floor, and there we passed the night, my first night in Kansas. The next morning we packed ourselves into a lumber wagon with which a neighbor had come to meet us, and started up the Solomon Valley, reaching Lindsay (now abandoned.) There we found a very kindly family who willingly gave up their children's bed to me and mine. The next night we were at home, where a good supper of baked potatoes and buffalo steak was

awaiting us and to which we did ample justice. That night I expected to enjoy a good night's sleep; but unluckily an old rooster, the only one on the place, had found a roosting place on the porch just over the head of the bed, and persisted in marking time by crowing lustily every hour or two. As I was not accustomed to such things, it was, to say the least, very annoying. But I was young, and had made up my mind to put up with inconveniences, and soon became used to the unusual conditions in which I found myself. There were some things, however, that becoming used to could not make pleasant. One of these was the fleas. Oh! what a trial. They were indoors and out, all over us, in our clothing, and in our beds. Try as we would it was impossible to be rid of them. As a last resort we removed everything from the house, (not a very hard job though, as there was very little to move) scattered straw on the dirt floor and set it on fire. But it did no good. The children's bodies were covered with the bites, but they were so full of life and busy with play they paid little attention to them. I once asked my little boy if the fleas did not crawl on him, and on his answering yes, I asked him what he did about it. "Oh," said he, "I just let them crawl." The answer was significant. There were many things in those days that we were obliged to "just let crawl," and wait with what patience we could for time and hard work to make better conditions possible.

During the first winter Mr. . . busied himself making improvements, fencing a garden, etc. When spring came the garden was planted and came up nicely, and preparations were made for putting in the corn and potatoes. But with the coming of warm weather came the fear of Indians, and when Mr. . . . went to the field the children and myself went with him, remaining in a covered wagon with a field glass

to watch for any signs of danger, while he plowed and planted. We might have saved ourselves all that trouble if we had known how it would turn out.

### Prairie Hardships

No rain came to moisten the ground, the hot winds blew and not a kernel of corn or a potato germinated. That summer we lived on corn bread and dried buffalo meat, with a little milk, and white bread, made from wheat raised the year before and ground at the nearest grist mill 90 miles away. I cannot see now, looking back, how we all kept up our courage through that terrible summer, but I do not believe one of us ever thought of turning back. We visited one another and made as merry, as we could over the situation. Mr..... improved the time by building a house on our homestead. We were now living on our Preemption. The new house was much better than the other, being laid in lime instead of mud, with a stone floor instead of the ground. It was very small, 12x14 feet, but it held a family of five and afterward of six, as another little son came to increase our happiness.

It also served as a night's shelter for a party of 17 men from Pennsylvania, among whom was R. G. F. Kshinka, who were on their way to found what is now known as Cawker City. It was a novel experience for them, but they seemed to enjoy it, even though they had only a bed of straw on the stone floor. The roof, however, was like the other one, of Kansas dirt, and on being tested proved to be not entirely satisfactory under certain circumstances. We moved into this house about the first of August, 1870, and I felt as happy as a queen. But, it had begun to rain the last of July, and, to make up for lost time, it kept on raining. The first of September, Mr..... went to Abilene with a herd of Texas cattle

expecting to return in a few days. But the rain continuing raised the water in the streams making fording impossible, and as there were no bridges, he was obliged to wait till the water went down, about two weeks. I was alone with the children and it was then that the inefficiency of the roof was made manifest, for—it leaked. First a little, here and there, then more and more, until almost everything in the house was soaked. I stood it as long as I could, but my supply of fuel gave out, and I finally took the children and sallied out to see if I could find a dry place. I went to a neighbor's who lived in a dugout, and found them and another family in comparative comfort. We remained there through the night, but before morning the water was six inches on the floor, so we were all obliged to make another move. There were a few boards there and the men stood them up against a stone wall they had started for a stable, moved the stove under this shelter, and we stowed ourselves in with it, remaining there a day and a night. The next morning we were overjoyed to see the sun shine. I went home and spread out my household goods to dry. My neighbor brought me some fuel. I thought the worst was over and went to bed at night happy. But alas! The next morning the rain was pouring down as badly as ever, and the roof, already soaked, began to drip again. I had plenty of fuel now and made up my mind to "hold fort." That night I raised the leaves of the table and made a bed under it for the children, where they slept sweetly all night long. Well, all things must come to an end, and the rain was no exception to the rule. Fair weather came, made fairer by the return of the husband and father and we were content.

### Prosperity

So time went on for a few years, and we were prospered so well we



thought we could afford a more commodious dwelling. The rock was quarried and the ground staked off. To help in the undertaking, I taught school for three months, the first school in the district. There were about 20 pupils, seated on boards nailed against the walls of an old log house without desks, holding their books on their knees. Wages \$20 a month! What would our modern teachers say to that! But I was happy in doing it thinking of our new house. But alas for my anticipations. One

evening a neighbor came running in and said, "take care of your garden stuff, the grasshoppers are coming," pointing to the west. Looking in that direction I saw what appeared to be a cloud. But it came nearer, and finally settled down upon the ground, or rather on every green thing that grew out of the ground. We hastily collected what we could and put in the cellar. The rest was consumed. The whole crop was de-

stroyed and with it went all hope of a new house for that time. So we enlarged the old one, put on a roof that would not leak and began another period of waiting and hoping.

But I fear I am making my story too long. Perhaps also I have dwelt

too much on the shadowy side of life. But it is no fiction, just a simple record of things that I might tell, had I time and space, but this must suffice. The years have come and gone till 42 have been counted off. Some have been prosperous, some discouraging, but we are still

here. The new home has been built.

Our children have been spared to grow into manhood and womanhood, a comfort to us, and respected in the community. Grandchildren have gathered around us to make us feel young again. We have enough of this world's goods to make comfortable our declining years and have no regrets that we cast our lot in Kansas.



*"The years have come and gone—Our children have been spared to grow into manhood and womanhood, a comfort to us, and respected in the community. Grandchildren have gathered around us to make us feel young again."*

## TO ONE WHO REJECTED HOMAGE

BY PHILIP GRAY

If I the saga-king had been,  
And you his Nordic sun-haired queen,  
The shoreland's hoar-illuminated length  
Were ravished by no humbler strength  
Of Ocean's savage stone-green crest  
Than you by stormy homage pressed  
Upon you by your sovereign slave....

A strong king yielded to a wave:  
Shall not a queen then, frail and tender,  
To a king's obeisance surrender?



"The membership of the House of Representatives should be decreased."

## A REPRESENTATIVE SYSTEM FOR NEW HAMPSHIRE

BY NORMAN ALEXANDER, University of New Hampshire

**T**HE legislative branch of our state government is neither representative, nor efficient.

The first defect in our present state government is the presence of the executive council. This defect is intensified when the majority of the council, and the governor are of different political faiths.

Secondly, the principle of representation in the State Senate violates the fundamental principle of representative government—representation by the people.

Finally, the membership of the House of Representatives should be decreased. In the 1923 session of the General Court, 418 members were elected. Of this number one failed to qualify, and one died before the session opened. No other state has a legislative body approaching this one in size. Each member is paid \$200 per session exclusive of mileage. While this is a small salary, it imposes upon the state a fiscal burden of nearly \$85,000 not including the sum allowed for mileage.

And what does the state receive for this expenditure? Does the state obtain better legislation? Does it result in a more efficient despatch of business? It does not. The work of a session is done by a relatively small number of persons.

Their efforts are hampered by the hundreds of members who are lost in the congestion that is the inevitable result of large legislative bodies. No business man would deliberately expend money that would impair business efficiency. The state can well imitate this prudence.

A history of constitutional conventions in this state shows that this evil has been recognized, and solutions have been presented to the people, and rejected. In the first session of the General Court under the constitution of 1784 there were ninety-one members. Seven years later, an effort was made to limit the membership to sixty, but the proposal was defeated. In the Convention of 1850-51, another effort was made to limit the membership by increasing the number of ratable polls entitling a town, parish, to a representative to 175 instead of 150 as provided under the Constitution of 1784. The membership of the House in 1850 was 288. The amendment was voted down.

This defeat postponed efforts of reducing the House membership until 1876. The two hundred and sixty-eight members of that convention voted unanimously for a reduction in the number of representatives. This convention voted to submit to the people an amendment giv-



ing a village of 600, one representative. A population of 1800 would entitle a village to two representatives, and 1200 was made the mean for increasing the number for every additional representative. In effect this amendment did not change the basis of representation. A town with 150 ratable polls would have about a population of 600. This amendment was carried by a vote of three to one. Save a minor modification in 1889, this amendment is still a part of the organic law.

This brief history shows that the basis of apportioning representatives in the House has remained practically unchanged since 1784. It further proves that any amendment for a reduction in numbers has encountered the persistent opposition of the small towns who fear that they will be "swallowed up" if a larger district is formed. Any amendment submitted to the voters of this state must meet this objection if the amendment is to have a reasonable assurance of success. One proposal is offered.

The House should be reduced to about one-third of its present size. To insure a resident representative to all towns a portion of the time, the constitutional amendment should provide for the election of a representative in rotation from each town. For example, Durham, Madbury, and Lee under the present system each have one representative. Under the plan proposed each of these towns would be represented at every third session. The towns or wards having three representatives would have one representative each session. In the case of towns or wards where the present number of representatives cannot be readily divided by three, a change in the present division of districts would have to be made.

This proposal is constitutional. It does not in any way contravene the provisions of the Federal Constitution. That instrument guarantees to each state a Republican form of government. This clause is one which is construed liberally,

and if the people are given the power to elect state officials, and legislators, the federal government will not interfere.

It is within the power of a state to prescribe the qualifications of representatives. The state constitution at one time imposed a religious and property qualification upon voters. The state can require that a representative must reside in the district from which he is chosen. It is within the province of the state, therefore to choose the particular part of a district from which a representative shall be chosen at a fixed time. This is a political question to be dealt with by the political department. If the proposal is embodied in the organic law, the courts are bound by it.

The proposed plan will effect a financial saving. For the biennial period, it will cut the state's expenditure from \$60,000 to \$75,000. This is based upon the premise that the House membership is to be reduced to one-third its present size.

This plan will improve the calibre of our representatives. Suppose three towns are united into one district with a representative selected from each town every third session. Each of these towns will vie with the other to select a representative that will bring credit to the district as well as added prestige to the town electing him. A town failing to elect a representative of high qualifications will find its prestige diminished.

This plan, moreover will add to the efficiency of legislation. Under the present system, the House is unwieldy. A reduction in number will materially assist the despatch of business, and obtain greater responsibility in legislation. The legislative machinery would be simplified.

This plan is just to all towns. Every town with a representative under the present system will retain a representative though such representation will be in rotation, and less frequent. On the other hand, the town in question will exercise a much greater influence on those occasions. Its representative will



not be a mere cog in the legislative machinery. He will be a potent factor in legislation. The larger towns and cities will have continued representation, but decreased } number of representatives. The proportional weight exercised by the larger towns and cities will remain unchanged.

Finally, the proposal is practical. It would of course be possible for a constitutional convention to submit an amendment to the people providing for a reduction in number only. Such a plan would have all of the advantages of the plan advanced, but it would be impractical. History shows that efforts to reduce representation by those methods have been repeatedly defeated due to the opposition of the small towns. To offer the same proposal would invite defeat.

The proposal advanced is legal. It assures to the small towns intermittent representation with its total weight in the shaping of legislation unchanged. It

gives to the larger towns the same proportionate weight in legislation. It would decrease state expenditures. It would insure representatives of a higher order. It will bring to legislation more responsibility. It will expedite legislation. It marks a step toward a more efficient government in New Hampshire.

It is not presumed that the abolition of the governor's council, the revision of the basis of representation in the state senate, a reduction in the size of the House constitute a panacea for the problems and ills of the state. It is contended that the betterment of conditions is made very difficult when the agencies of government are not representative. It is urged that the opportunity for the solution of the problems that vex the state is enhanced whenever government permits of popular control, and a swift execution of the judgment of the people. Government exists for the people. We must either support that principle, or admit that our avowed faith in democracy is a lie.

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## NORTHERN NEW ENGLAND SCHOOL OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION

**A**NNOUNCEMENT is made of the ninth Annual Session of the Northern New England School of Religious Education at the University of New Hampshire, Durham, N. H., July 14-21, 1924.

The new Community Parish House recently dedicated at Durham is offered for the morning sessions, and having an Assembly Hall, seating 450, fourteen class rooms, parlors, and club rooms, a stage and two pianos, furnishes ideal equipment for a school of this kind.

The Evening Sessions convene in the College Buildings as usual, through the courtesy of President Hetzel and the Board of Trustees. The Executive Office of the School will also be at the College.

Registration begins at 10 A. M. Monday, July 14. Classes will be held in the afternoon and the Alumni Association tenders a Reception to Faculty and Students, Monday evening, followed by an address by Dr. Wm. Byron Forbush of New York, one of the most renowned and forceful speakers of the day.

Dr. Forbush will give two courses, one in general Psychology and another in "Understanding Our Boys" and "The New Girl Problem" especially for parents and teachers. Dr. Forbush's specialty is boys. The Boston Herald calls him "the best authority on boys in America." His book "The Boy Problem" has been for a long time the authorized book in the field. Judge Ben Lindsey has publicly given it the credit for starting him

in his well known work for delinquents. Its view point later made possible the Boy Scouts.

A number of Pastors are planning to enroll their troupes of boys for the week and several evenings Dr. Forbush will hold a camp fire for them around the well known "Campfire Rock" overlooking the College campus. Arrangements are being made for all boys who wish, to bring their tents and camp through the week. He is much in demand as a speaker at Boards of Trade, Bankers' Associations, Rotary, Kiwanis, and Lions Clubs.

Another new member of the faculty this year is Prof. R. W. Manton, Director of Music at the University of New Hampshire, who is to teach a course on the appreciation of Church Music and one on Hymnology. Prof. Manton will direct all the Music during the session and will organize a chorus for special occasions and give several recitals on the new Skinner organ recently installed in the Community Church.

Dr. Ernest A. Miller comes to us for the first time to give a course on Administration and Getting Results in the Church School that stand for 100% efficiency. Dr. Miller has specialized in Religious Education in Boston University School of Religious Education and School of Theology and for three years was Director of Religious Education for all the Churches of Cleveland and has been an instructor in summer schools in both the East and the West.

Mrs. Mary I. Chamberlain, Supervisor Massachusetts Universalist Sunday School Association, will teach Primary Methods.

Rev. Lewis E. Perdum of the First Parish Church, Dover, N. H., takes the course in Biblical Geography. Mr. Perdum's familiarity with the Holy Land makes him a valued instructor on this subject.

A number of the former members of the faculty will return, among them Miss Laura E. Cragin of Boston, whose term

of service dates from the organization of the school. Miss Cragin is eminently known as a leader of Older Girls' Conferences and has endeared herself to many hundreds of girls and has had a great part in shaping their lives. She will conduct the Older Girls' Round Table and teach story telling.

Miss Anna Marie Hansen of Winter Haven, Florida, conceded to be the leading worker of the Elementary Division of the M. E. Church, South, will conduct Junior work and extension courses.

Mrs. Eleanor Wood Whitman of Boston will teach Drama and Pageantry and is writing a new pageant "The Birth of the Bible" to be produced Saturday evening.

Recreation plays an important part in the school every afternoon except the opening day being given over to this feature, which is planned with the needs of the social and recreational life of both the city and rural school in view, and the students have many suggestions to take home and carry out in their local schools.

Rev. Arthur H. Gilmore of Plymouth, N. H., is Director of Recreation.

The Recreations include a fifteen minute recess every forenoon and in the afternoon hikes, tennis, ball games, swimming contests and other water sports made possible by the nearness of the famous Oyster River. Mr. Gilmore will also direct the stunts on Saturday afternoon when the classes vie with each in producing mirth provoking feats. Picnics and a breakfast in the beautiful College woods add to the week's enjoyment.

A much larger enrollment than ever before, is already assured. The very low rates for Tuition and Board (\$13.00 covering the expense for the full time) make it possible for every one interested in Religious Education to attend.

Further information and enrollment blanks will be supplied by the Dean, Mrs. Nellie T. Hendrick, 18 Wellington St., Nashua, N. H.

# A FISH STORY

## THAT *MIGHT* BE TRUE

BY MOTT L. BARTLETT, Commissioner of Fish and Game

**T**HE Editor of The Granite Monthly asked me to write a "true fish story" of a trip taking in the principal fishing localities of New Hampshire and I (poor simp) agreed to do it.

A fish story that is true isn't a fish story any more, it is an ordinary tale. No one would recognize it. Without some embellishment it might as well be a news item in the daily press. No one

would believe it any way. Fish stories like list prices are subject to a discount. Take off thirty per cent before you consider it at all. Then careful study shows probably ten per cent more and perhaps five per cent and two per cent if you know the ropes. What is the use of going fishing if you can't brag about what you got? Yet the Lord knows, you know and I know that you didn't get half of it. A wonderful string, yet the neighbors didn't get any and probably your wife got her Friday dinner from the market. There was a time when we bragged about what we brought back. How times have changed. Some still boast of what they brought back, more don't boast at all and most (if they can get it) brag about what they took with them.

I suppose I have to keep my promise to the Editor as best I can so I am going to take you on a fishing trip that at least might be true if we had time for it and

could have the luck of a life time all at once.

So many fishing trips are spoiled by having someone along who really wants to fish but I heard at least one man complain of a trip last year when he couldn't get enough men into camp for a "friendly game." They do get them nowadays. The old advice in baseball was "hit 'em where they aint." The only advice I

know in fishing is "catch 'em where they are and when they are biting."

As "Ike" Rawson used to say "the man that gets 'em is the man that's got a hook in the water." You don't catch fish lying under a pine tree or watching the one piece bathing suits.

"Short trout" fishermen claim they shrink after being caught and measured. My own experience is that they grow after they are dressed. I once

shipped a salmon for a friend that "weighed eleven and a quarter when he came out of the water," but I paid express on less than eleven pounds including fish, sawdust, ice and a seven-eighths pine box.

Let's see where did we start on this trip? If you have any choice speak right up. If not, we may as well start from the Capitol city, take the Sunapee Lake route. You will see some "Passable but unsafe" signs and probably you will believe them. Soon, however, you

**"You don't catch fish lying under a pine tree or watching the one piece bathing suits," says Mr. Bartlett and he ought to know.**

**The Commissioner's mind seems to dwell more on the places where he can get a "good feed" than upon the fishing prospects but he takes the readers of the Granite Monthly on a beautiful trip through the state.**

**Read this narrative by the "boss of the fishermen" and believe as much of it as you like.**



come to Bradford and here and at Warner you catch some of a variety of fish that are caught by and known to more people than any other fresh water species, speckled-beauties, squaretails, brook trout, they are all the same. Hunt up "Old Dan" Peaslee if you don't know where to go.

Toward evening you start again and go to Sunapee Harbor. The Fern Croft, Mrs. Graves in charge, accommodates you. Her husband, Perley, probably has more "parties" than he can attend to but he will recommend someone else to guide you. Next morning a real day of lake fishing starts.

If you can remember to "yank just before they bite" you soon have some smelt on your number eight hook. One of these on a larger hook and you are ready for a salmon or, that most beautiful of all, the Aureolus (white) trout.

Someone gets them every day. You may be lucky too. You get a sunburn any way.

When you come in how you can eat, and sleep, you never knew how thoroughly unconscious you could be and still live.

Two days at this and you strike across country over the "top of the world," New London Hill, by Pleasant Lake at Elkins, where if you have time you try the salmon and squaretails again. On through the Andovers to the head of the Merrimack River which as everyone should

know rises back of "Warren Daniel's barn" at Franklin.

You talk it over here and decide to go through Hill to Bristol. Dr. Calley may be induced to tell you how he coaxes the rainbows from Smith's River. It is worth a try.

Next morning you are at Pasquaney Inn and "Chuck" Coburn of Coburn and Johnson, takes you in his launch for a try at salmon and "lakers." Chuck heads out around Whittemore's Point for the "Acre of Sand." If you come in empty handed, it won't be Chuck's fault.

Stay as long as you like then head north. You ought to go through the Notch and see the Old Man, but this is a fishing trip so we swing west at Plymouth and go to Warren. Bailey's Tavern takes excellent care of you and my! how you eat.

No guide is necessary here. Bailey will tell you where to go and rainbows in Baker's River are easy to catch if you know how. I don't so I won't



Fred H. Thompson of Hampton is the  
Captor of this Salmon.

try to advise.

You could, of course, just as well have gone through the Notch with stops on Beebe River, Mad River, and the Pemi-gewassett.

There are places a plenty to "put up" and there are brooks and ponds a plenty to fish, but I can't have the whole magazine for this article and you can't visit them all in one trip.

Suppose now you call up Ramsay's camps at Big Diamond and see if you can get in for a few days. Don't worry about how "Louis" will feed you.

Here is an impossible thing, accomplished. In touch with the world with telephone and electric lights, yet in the big woods miles from civilization you sleep in a one room cabin with seemingly nothing but the trees and wild things for company.

May be you hear an owl hoot, may be a wildcat wail. Across the pond almost opposite camp, a colony of beaver are working. While you are quietly watching a deer wades into the water to drink. Between times there come those periods of absolute stillness which are only found next to nature and next to God. Then you can commune with nature and know how grand it is. Then you can commune with self and know how small you are.

You will wish to stay here. I never care to leave but there is one more real pleasure in store for you this time. Perhaps sometime in the future the Editor will ask us again and we will send you on another vacation when you can visit Milton Ponds, Winnisquam, Winnepesaukee, Umbagog Lakes, Tamworth, Passaconaway and Wild River valley streams, and many others including that wonderful section of God's own country around Berlin and Gorham.

When "Louis" bids you goodbye, you back-track to Colebrook and taking either side of the Connecticut River go on north through one of the most beautiful sections of northern New England into

that little part of New Hampshire that seems to invade Canada; into that town which reminds you of the city of the same name because it is so different, Pittsburg. With its Connecticut Lakes and eighteen other lakes and ponds, with its miles upon miles of trout streams, no better place can be found to round out your vacation.

If you cannot get in at "Ace High" Currier's or Scott Brothers, they will tell you where to go.

Troll in First Lake, drive into Second Lake, bathe in Back Lake, fish the streams, try the big rainbows in the river. Take your duffle on your back and hike to Third Lake. Don't fail to get acquainted with the "natives." You will love them.

Above all don't fail to take at least one night to sleep out under the pines where you can once more look into God's sky undefiled by sky-scrapers or smoke. Be careful of fire and of the rights of others on whose land you have been allowed to seek recreation and health.

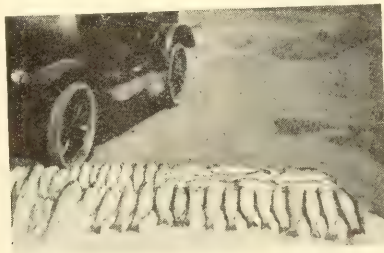
The night before you return to home and business, think it over and write me a line telling, not so much how you have enjoyed it, but rather whether you are a better man or woman physically, mentally, and morally for your trip and whether these privileges that have been preserved for you should be preserved for your children.

MOTT L. BARTLETT.

P. S.

Don't forget to take some mosquito and black fly lotion.

M. L. B.



Brook Trout caught in Pine River  
by Walter Symonds of Rochester.





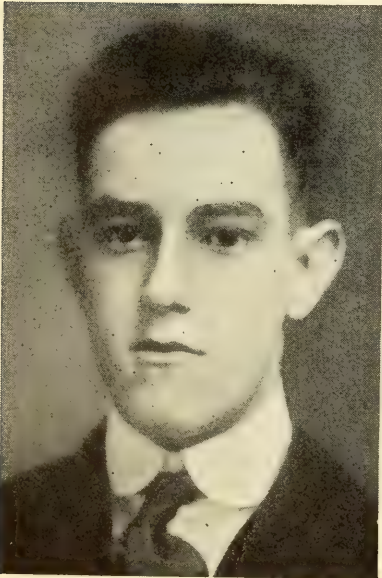
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"The Citizens of Concord shouldered their shovels and picks."

## CONCORD'S TREE PLANTING DAY

A New Idea Born in New Hampshire

By N. H. C.



Commander George W. Conway

ON the 24th of April the eyes of the nation were turned toward Concord, New Hampshire. Newspaper reporters, photographers from neighboring cities, and moving picture camera men from the national news distributors were all present at our Capital City. The event which occasioned this universal interest was the action of the Concord Post of the American Legion in devoting the day to the planting of trees as a memorial of the city's soldier dead.

In the early hours of the morning the Legionnaires, together with various citizens of Concord who had volunteered, shouldered their shovels and picks and marched down the Main thoroughfare leading to the south. The procession came to a halt at a point near the "Gates of Concord" and there the Governor of New





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"At noon the ladies of the Legion Auxiliary served lunch to the laborers."

Hampshire planted the first tree. Throughout the hours of the morning the entire force labored industriously, making excavations at regular intervals along each side of the highway. The work was not easy and the spectacle of professional men, clergymen and city officials toiling away had its amusing side. One of the officials of the Forestry Department tells of finding one of Concord's most eminent citizens working furiously digging a hole where no tree was to be planted. The official started to inform him of this fact but as he watched him perspiring at his task he lacked the heart to do so.

At noon the ladies of the Legion Auxiliary served lunch to the laborers who rested their aching muscles and ate ravenously.

Most of the afternoon was taken up in setting out the trees in the holes that had been prepared, and just as it was growing dark the last tree was placed in the ground, completing an orderly row upon each side of the

thoroughfare. Posterity will doubtless be told how His Excellency, Governor Fred H. Brown, planted the first tree, but without attempting to rob him of the credit which is his due,



Vice Commander Harold Gibson

it might seem to some that even more honor should be paid to those unknown heroes who "remained unto the end."

The first tree to be seen in crossing the bridge was marked in commemoration of Concord's ranking soldier who died in the last war, Brigadier General Doyen, United States Marine Corps, who commanded the first group of marines to go over to France. The two trees directly following were selected from the front lawn of the Moberg home, and were planted in memory of Charles Moberg and John Martin, two boys who grew up together, received their education together and sacrificed their lives in the armies of the United States.

The day's work was planned and executed under the direction of Commander George Conway of the local Post, assisted by John M. Corliss and Thomas King of the State Forestry Department. Among the notables who were present and who as-

sisted in the task were Governor Fred H. Brown, Executive Councilor Oscar P. Cole, Mayor Willis H. Flint, Adjutant-General Charles W. Howard, State Forester John H. Foster, and State Treasurer George Farrand. In the parade were two men who marched out from Concord to fight for their country when many a towering tree of today was but a sapling. These were Major Trickey, Commandant of the Soldiers' Home at Tilton, and Comrade Loren Richardson of the Concord G. A. R. Prominent Concord Leigonnaires were Capt. John G. Winant, candidate for Governor; Dr. Robert O. Blood and Adjutant George W. Morrill. Several local clergymen were also conspicuous among the workers.

The committee of ladies who served the luncheon were: Mrs. George W. Morrill, chairman; Mrs. H. H. Amsden, Mrs. Clarence Keniston, Mrs. Mary Hodgman, Mrs. Ben Blair, Mrs. Jerome Clinton, Miss Mary Salt-



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"His Excellency Governor Fred H. Brown planted the first tree."

marsh, Mrs. Martin Quimby, Mrs. Louise Chaplin and Mrs. Robert O. Blood.

The Concord American Legion deserves the wide-spread commendation which they will doubtless receive when the country learns of this splendid innovation. It has been a perplexing question as to the best way of commemorating the soldier dead. On every hand we have witnessed scheming by those who have something to gain from the various projects advanced for this purpose. As a result many a city and town have commemorated their dead by gaudy pieces of architecture which remain as glaring testimonials of the ill taste of those who reared them. Certainly in this day when our virgin forests are disappearing and we gaze too often on bleak plains of desolation there can be no more fitting memorial

to those we have lost than stately trees, each one in itself a thing of life and beauty, symbolic of the life that was sacrificed. The spectacle of Concord citizens marching out by the city's gate to labor shoulder to shoulder in the hope of honoring their dead or beautifying their city is a touching one. The dreamer can gaze ahead through the vista of the years and visualize a beautiful thoroughfare shaded by giant trees, each bearing a tablet in memory of a life. Perhaps he can also visualize the sturdy young Leigonnaires who planted those saplings marching along the thoroughfare a decimated band of old and feeble men, even as the Grand Army of today.

"The old order changeth, yielding place to new,

And God fulfills himself in many ways."

—*Idylls of the King*

## SONG OF THE SEASON

BY JEANNETTE S. CROWELL

Rain drops caressing the hill and plain  
Call to the buds to come out again.  
Daffodils slowly lift shining heads  
Up from the pillows of winter beds.  
Fi with trouble! The world is young,  
So awake. Awake! Awake!

Fairies dance gaily in glen and field,  
Violets shyly their perfume yield,  
The meadow lark flings his silver song  
Out for the breezes to waft along.  
The crinkling brook joyously ripples and sings  
Oh awake! Awake! Awake!

What if the world be full of strife?  
What if the pricks and pains of life  
Scourge the soul with bitter woe?  
Lift up your head and you will know  
The season is bursting with promise new,  
With a message of hope if only you, will  
Awake! Awake! Awake!



# "WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR YOUNG PEOPLE?"

## A Symposium

In reply to a query by the Editor, two New Hampshire clergymen gave their solution of the "young people problem."

The Granite Monthly invites others to follow in the June issue.

Rev. Arthur Gilmore, Pastor Cong'l Church, Plymouth, N. H.

THE eternal problem is the young people. A record in the possession of Dr. Barton, of the American Board in Boston, reveals that in 3000 B. C. it was troubling the good people of Mesopotamia just as it is vexing most churches in 1924. Even China is alarmed, for has not a Peking girl with a high school education, recently inserted an advertisement in the press, declaring her refusal to recognize her betrothal agreement made by her parents when she was an infant? Each generation of adults feels the responsibility, but unfortunately forgets how it felt in youth, having taken very literally, the Biblical statement, that "when I became a man, I put away childish things."

The problem is made more acute for our churches because our traditional policy has been to disregard one of the major instincts of childhood—the desire to play. Richard Cabot has told us that men live by work, worship, love and play. The first three we have preached and given opportunity for expression: the last we have looked upon as questionable if not sinful. To be sure we have had church sociables, but the games have been too tame for the youngsters, and no fun for the older ones; or if something more exciting is offered, it is probably "winkum" which, while orthodox, is extremely vulgar. The next most popular game in good standing is "Hot Coffee," which has neither dignity nor beauty, although it is accompanied by music, and then there is "Going to

Jerusalem" which sounds religious, but usually results in "a rough house."

Most of our New Hampshire towns have no Y. M. C. A. buildings and the church has a wonderful opportunity to put on a similar program which will not only be a service to the youth of the community but which will give the church a contact with boys. In my church, the chapel is open certain evenings for the boys to come and play. We have checkers, pingpong, pool, and a host of others. The introduction of that pool table troubled some good saints because pool, a scientific game, was associated with evil. We have had interesting checker tournaments which have run the whole winter and have organized baseball, football and tennis teams in the Sunday School. Book reviews, motion pictures and the stereopticon have made the Sunday evening services attractive and have given the young people a feeling that we are interested in helping them play as well as pray.

But these are not enough, and neither do they absolve us from responsibility in bettering that amusement which attracts nearly all our young people, namely, dancing. Our socials do not appeal to them nor those middle aged couples whose absence from the church reveals our failure. In our churches there is a great gulf between the older members and the young people. Whether we admit it or not, we have obligations for the way our own church people dance, to say nothing of that great crowd who dance,

but never enter a church. When this question faces us, we look the other way and pass by on the other side. Some ministers denounce it and with the pulpit utterance the matter ends, for these same ministers take into church membership young people who dance. These boys and girls, if they ask whether they must give up this pleasure, are assured that it is a question of conscience.

Now if dancing is wrong let us know it and then get together to ostracise it from our communities. But scarcely anyone thinks that dancing itself is wrong. They know that there are dances which are good and those which are bad, just as there are books, pictures and companions which are good and bad. In these other fields we are taught that life consists of selection and the church helps our young people to choose. But as the question of dancing stands to-day, our young people do not know where the church places itself. One of the most Christian girls in my congregation, a Sunday School Teacher, Christian Endeavor officer, a wonderful worker has been kept out of the church for years because she feels that the church is against dancing while she believes in it. Our churches have lost a great army of young people who have felt the same way.

Why not boldly face the facts? Our own young people dance in ever increasing numbers. Unwilling that they should dance under good influences we compel them to go to other places. A well lighted, well chaperoned church parlor with parents present is incomparably better for the morals of our own children than a place where there is no one present who cares whether they have souls or not. Thinking people and careful parents are unable to understand our attitude when we promote "winkum" and promenades but oppose clean dancing at proper hours.

A New Hampshire minister recently wrote to me and asked if I could describe the Portland Fancy as he wanted to encourage square dances and the Virginia Reel in his Parish House. This pastor

is a very successful worker with young people and is not driven to this position as a last resort. He is facing squarely the proposition that his Christian young people dance and he does not oppose it and therefore he has every reason to furnish them with a better environment for their play.

Havelock Ellis points out in his "The Dance of Life" that dancing was once a part of the ritual of the Christian Church and that it persisted well into the Middle Ages. And now there are evidences that it is coming back as a part of the play of the church. Some churches provide evenings for games and dances. Dr. W. W. Leete of the Congregational Church Building Society in Bridgeport, Conn., which is equipped with a stage and bowling alleys, says: "The hall is open to dancing as well as basket ball." The Outlook in an editorial thinks that it is dangerous for the church to give up control of this popular pastime; "Little children take to dancing as naturally as a duck takes to water. There is nothing essentially evil in rhythmic motion to the accompaniment of music. To banish dancing from assemblies under the control of Christian people is dangerous. To prohibit dancing altogether is to run counter to nature, and is generally futile. To regulate dancing under proper guidance is both safer and more practicable."

We need to face anew the whole question of wholesome amusement. Just as the game of Mah Jongg has become popular and is to be found in all Christian homes that can afford it, word comes from China protesting against its use because it is the gambling game of that land. William Leverett, a missionary recently home from China, told me with what surprise his Chinese friends greeted his announcement that a relative in America wanted him to bring back a set. I showed him a tiny ivory domino set which my sister, a missionary in Mexico, sent to my children. He said that domi-

noes were taboo among Chinese Christians and related his experience at a picnic where some American visitors at his mission started to play dominoes to the horror of the natives. When it was suggested that instead, they play cards, the Americans were scandalized. The time has come when we should teach our young people that games in themselves are not wrong, but that gambling is always wrong, whether at home for a penny or at the county fair for a blanket.

Sharpen the conscience against gambling. Organize against evils. Teach our children that most of life is a selective process and that as churches we want to help them select the good books, pictures, plays, and companions. This is a moral responsibility and when we face it intelligently and in the Christ-like spirit, we will find that it will help solve our young people's problem—help, I say, for the problem will always be with us.

Dr. Burton W. Lockhart, Pastor Emeritus, Manchester, N. H.

*St. Augustine, Fla., April 18, 1924.*  
My dear Mr. Cotton:

Owing to my absence from Manchester and my library it will not be possible for me to comply with your request which I should otherwise be glad to do.

I am in sympathy with the Boy Scout Movement. But not greatly so in the effort to win the young folks to the church by the appeal to pleasure and the senses rather than the soul. The older church—the Catholic—I think teaches us a lesson there.

Is there not something hectic, something unnatural in the American habit of putting young people in the center of the stage and shrieking—what can we do for them! It excites a morbid self-consciousness in a child to be paraded before the public.

What can we do for children but give them the right kind of home and school? When the religion of the home breaks down—as it so largely seems to have done in large circles of society, the soul of the child is exposed naked to the world: Naturally all kind and religious folk are concerned to find a garment for this soul, hence the mighty outcry.

However, it is as well to face the fact that in religion as in all else, nothing can take the place of real homes and parents. A home without religion is no home for the child soul. Why not ask the question, what can we do for parents? And this would bring us face to face with the problem of restoring God to man once more, and man to God. You can't do it by ice cream and church dances.

## GULLS

BY MILDRED FOWLER FIELD

Gulls, white gulls in a cobalt sky,  
Leisurely circling low and high—  
What do you see beyond the rim  
Highways of gold.... Cherubim?  
Gateway of pearl and porphyry  
Or nothing but sky, clear cobalt sky—  
As you fly?





Author of the Prize Winning Essay

## ON BEING ONESELF

Miss Margaret Jean MacGregor whose essay "On Being Oneself" won first prize in the Granite Monthly high school contest, is the sixteen year old daughter of the Rev. Charles P. MacGregor, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Manchester, N. H. She is a senior at Manchester High School and plans to enter Radcliffe College next autumn. The teacher under whom she studies English is Miss Anna B. Murphy.

**A**RE you one of those people who never act without first considering whether other people are doing the same thing? Are you one of those boys who never does anything without questioning, "What will the fellows think?" or one of those girls who invariably asks "What are *you* going to wear?" If you are, nine chances out of ten you are not a leader. You are never asked to fill an important position in your school or social life. You do not stand out—you are just like everyone else.

Have you ever had an impelling idea which you forced back for fear that it would be laughed at, and have you felt the experience of having some one else

propose the same idea and meet with applause? Much worse, have you ever put forth a thought which was not your own and with which you did not thoroughly agree just because you thought it would "take," and it didn't? For your sake I hope you have.

Maybe you have never reached the bed-rock in your confessions but when you come down to analyze it, the most interesting thing to you in the world is yourself. You may bore your family, you may bore your associates, but you never bore yourself. It is a wonderful thought that there is no one quite like yourself; that you have a disposition and a set of experiences that

have no double. This something intangible but noticeably different is about the nearest we come to being divine and yet, this something is what we are constantly restraining.

We argue that we are acting from an unselfish view point when, in truth, by reserving our own opportunities, the world is losing by our refusal to impart our conceptions. When we contend that as we are in the minority it really makes but little difference, we forget that history has proved again and again that the minority often leavens the majority in the end. We try to conform with man-made laws which are not our own, laws of precedent, etiquette and absurd fashion, and we lose ourselves in their depths. We confine ourselves to consistency and soon we are beating against its walls to escape. We find ourselves unconsciously repeating others' thoughts when if we analyze them they are really not our own.

Consider the great men of the world. Christ, the twelve year old boy who was not afraid to express his youthful ideas before the doctors of the temple; Mo-

hammed, the youth, whose personality and deeds exist centuries after his death in a race of people because he ventured to reveal his dreams; Napoleon, who swayed the world because he dared; Lincoln, the rail-splitter, who climbed over circumstances with the courage of his convictions, and all outstanding figures of History. Is their greatness not all in the fact that they were not afraid to do something different—to act upon their dreams, inspirations or convictions?

But all great ideas have not found light. New ideas and personalities are constantly appearing and working themselves into the lives of the world. There are thousands of thoughts lying dormant in the mind of the youth of to-day. Some of these thoughts will blossom forth in due time for the betterment of the world, but, alas, the others will continue to lay dormant because the inventor, the engineer is afraid of the world, afraid to be himself!

Don't be of the mediocre class, always willing to agree and conform. Be a sounder, not an echo!

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#### SECOND PRIZE ESSAY

### Why New Hampshire Appeals to Me

Written by Lucille Whipple, Milford High School

COME and stand with me on the tip top of old Monadnock and gaze with reverence over the exhilarating beauty of the mass that lies before us, and then you will understand why New Hampshire appeals to me.

Out in the space before us lies a sheet of pure white mist which seems to glide on the wings of morning into eternity. As its mystic form departs, the gorgeous mountain tops come into view and cast their majestic spell as they loom dominant over all. As the entire mist subsides, little villages become prominent, merely as dots of civilization among the greater tracks of fields and woodland. Yonder a majestic pine seems to command the hilltop and the peaceful valley

beneath, where cattle are grazing a short distance from an old farm-house. If our eyes could but span the distance and see with exactness we would, I am sure, find a group of merry, carefree children quenching their thirst at the old oaken bucket or playing happily in the shade of the ancient willow tree.

But now we must leave the children and turning we see a little blue spot, just like a piece of the sky above us, nestled among a group of pines and fringed with sparkling sand. Now a tiny speck skims over the blue and we can imagine the sparkle in the fisherman's eye or the glow of a lover's smile as they glide over the peaceful waters and gaze at the splendor of the mountains, which

seem to reach up and touch the sky. Then as the heat of the noon day approaches we can imagine the joy of the children as they gingerly place one tiny foot after another in the cooling depths of the water. Again our imagination brings to us the cheery shouts of the children as they tumble, in ecstasy, on the sheet of sand.

But hark, in another direction our fancy is attracted, and amid a dull haze of smoke, large chimneys ascend, and beyond the church spires lend peace to what would without them be utter confusion. Listening again, with our imaginative ear, we hear the shriek of the whistle, the echo of the bell, and the melody of the chimes as they announce the mid-day. Now with our wonderful eyes we can see streams of human beings, some old, some young, some rich, some poor, some cheerful and others despondent, still are relieved from the duties of the morning by the whistle, the bell or the chimes. This is the city or large town where industry, tumult, and recreation have stolen from Mother Nature the simplicity that reigns in the unmolested hill and valley.

Now that the daylight is fast fleeting and the world is preparing to receive the

night, our attention is drawn by a brilliance which excels all beauties we have seen before. What can it be? And as we ask the question, our minds are filled with awe as to what great power can command such wonder for just plain human beings. Close to the mountain top a great ball of gold seems anxious to retire from view and as it slides from sight it sends back a most gorgeous promise for the morrow. Now a streak of gold surmounted by a mass of purple and in back of all a screen of pink blends gradually to the deep blue of the sky above. Now the shadows droop and the glory of the colors becomes hidden by the peaceful mist rising as a protecting shield to guard the world as it sleeps.

Slowly the darkness gathers and as we are about to return to our camps we stop a moment, for from somewhere in the valley below us we hear the low sweet call of the whip-poor-will and the answering love note from its mate.

As the cool, fresh air sweeps our faces and lulls us into the land of dreams we recall the scenes, imaginative and real, of the day, and we fall to sleep with a murmur, "This is New Hampshire, our own dear Granite State."

### THIRD PRIZE ESSAY

## A Home that Journeyed Afar

Written by Gordon F. Palmer '26, Laconia High School

[The following article is based on a story told to a prominent Laconia citizen by Dr Lewis J. Hackett, a graduate of Harvard and grandson of a man who emigrated to California in 1849. The present whereabouts of Dr. Hackett are unknown and I have not been able to ascertain either the name of the ancestor or of any one else connected with the story. However, it seems to me rather unique, and I am writing it, hoping that some one with more information than I possess, will find it possible to supply the names or add details:—G. F. P.]

**H**HE was restless—even more so than most young men. Excitement had always appealed to him. Why should he lead the humdrum existence of a farmer? But he might have done so had not the gold fever of '49 spread to the remote town of Sanbornton, where he had lived his uneventful life until

then. The whole neighborhood was set agog. A number of families banded together in order to make the journey, he of my narrative being one of their leaders. Thus at last he became the Adventurer.

Unlike his companions he did not literally leave home; he took home with him.



The house was hammered apart and carried by team to Portsmouth, whence with its owner it was transported *via* Cape Horn to the Golden Gate.

As the ship gradually bore him away from the New England shore, he must have realized that he was leaving every scene with which he was familiar. But the spirit of adventure more than counterbalanced the effect of any regret which may possibly have crept into his mind.

This being his first voyage, he found much of interest to occupy his attention. He roamed over the ship, becoming acquainted with various phases of nautical life, such as the daily routine of officers and men, the strict standard of discipline, and the nonchalant attitude of sailors toward danger. Often he would stand beside the railing and gaze far out upon the waters. Day succeeded day and eventually the fabled albatross flew overhead or rested on the sea.

While the schooner was making its way from eternal summer at the equator to perpetual winter at Cape Horn, many were the tales told of disaster at the tip of South America. That region had long been the most dreaded spot on the mariner's chart. No part of the year was free from furious storms. Vessels were thickly coated with ice. Their decks were swept clean by tremendous waves. They were battered about until passengers became convinced that the end was near. How thankful were those on board when their ship had passed into the calm waters beyond! But far below the surface of that raging stretch of sea were the wrecks of those who had not passed.

The ship with the *Adventurer*, however, safely rounded the point and reached its destined port after a voyage which had become monotonous. With relief the Sanbornton party stepped on shore. The city in which they found themselves was a center of feverish activity. San Francisco in 1847 had a population of only 450. But the discovery of gold

had changed it from a quiet village to a riotous metropolis.

Immediately after his arrival the *Adventurer* went inland and at Sacramento put up his dwelling, which is said to have been the first frame house in California and afterwards to have been occupied by the first governor.

This city was also undergoing a great boom. In January 1849, house lots were offered for sale. In October the population was 2000. By November it had doubled itself. The next year it was 10,000.

Back among the Granite hills the Sweetheart was waiting. Six months later with a second company consisting of her sister and some neighbors she started for California, intending to marry her lover there. It was decided to avoid the long trip around the Horn by crossing the Isthmus of Panama, then called the Isthmus of Darien.

The first railway not being completed until 1851, the most common method of reaching the opposite coast in 1849 was by the Chagres River and a mule trail. Travellers were paddled along the river in boats part of the distance by natives, after which astride mules they followed a narrow, rocky trail. Four days were generally taken in the passage, nights being spent in squalid native huts. Many hardships had to be endured. It was always a welcome moment when the waters of the Pacific were sighted.

Yellow fever was the greatest enemy to life. Its sickening clutch was everywhere. Countless were the golden dreams of wealth which were ended by the bony fingers of the plague; many were the homesick hearts that forever ceased to beat; countless were manhood's mental images of power in the wild new country that were destined never to have reality. Many were the womanly visions of homes in the land of the setting sun which changed, let us hope, to something much fairer beyond the gates of Paradise!

This fever claimed the Sweetheart as

one of its victims. Her companions sorrowfully pushed on until the ocean was reached. Here they took ship, and after a successful voyage they arrived at San Francisco. The grief of the Adventurer can well be imagined. It is not for me to attempt to picture his feelings when he learned the home that he had so confidently anticipated could not be.

Nevertheless he went about his work

with dogged Yankee perseverance, finding solace in the companionship of the sister. Their mutual sorrow proved a strong tie, and gradually affection took the place of sympathy. There came a day when they agreed to blend their earthly fortunes, she who would have become the sister-in-law becoming the wife, and mistress in California of the same house she had known so well in the far away New Hampshire town.

## SONS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE IN BOSTON

BY ALBERT E. PILLSBURY

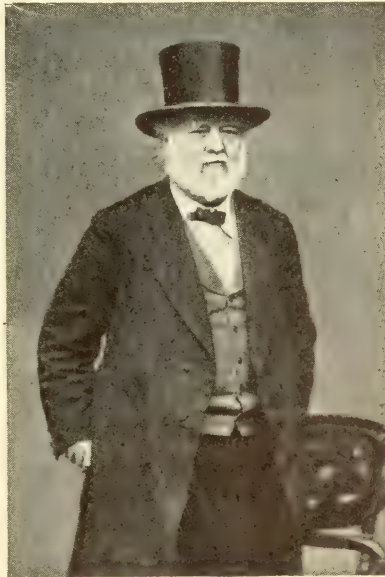
THE writer has been asked to revive for the Granite Monthly the vanishing recollections of several attempts by New Hampshire natives living in Boston at some sort of social organization based upon their common origin in the Granite State.

The great New Hampshire Festival of November 7, 1849, embalmed in a volume of 181 pages long since out of print,\* is the earliest of which any known record remains. This originated with Dr. Jerome V. C. Smith, a native of Conway, who later held the chair of the Mayor of Boston in 1854-55. A public meeting of New Hampshire natives, called at his instance, was organized with Daniel Webster as president and an impressive array of vice presidents and committees, the whole under the active leadership of Hon. Marshall P. Wilder, a native of Rindge and a prominent figure in

Massachusetts for many years. The roster includes such names of New Hampshire origin, familiar to that generation, as General John McNeil, Samuel and Nathan Appleton, Henry

Wilson, Charles G. Greene, Jonas Chickering, John P. Healy, Isaac O. Barnes, Charles B. Goodrich, Joseph M. Bell, Fletcher Webster, Thomas W. Pierce, Harvey Jewell and others not unknown to fame. Probably no other Boston celebration of similar character had ever enlisted the numbers or talent or developed the spectacular features of this festival of 1849.

Under the chief-marshalship of Colonel Horace G. Hutchins, assisted by Jabez B. Upham and Benjamin P. Cheney as aides and an imposing military staff, a procession was formed



Charles Louis Woodbury

\*Festival of the Sons of New Hampshire, with Speeches, etc. James French, Boston, 1850.

by counties, each with its own banner and emblems, marching from the State House by the music of numerous bands to the new Fitchburg Railroad Depot, which then boasted the largest hall in Boston, (soon after made famous by the Jenny Lind concerts) which was elaborately decorated for the occasion with New Hampshire scenes, mottoes and mementoes. In view of the 1500 persons for whom dinner was laid, and the expansive character of the oratory, evidently the hall was not too large. The menu, almost elaborate enough for Lucullus, announces no liquids more incendiary than the "Lemonade and Coffee" at the end, but from the multitude of "sentiments" and the responses thereto it readily may be inferred that no dry toast was offered the New Hampshire men at that feast. The interesting historical fact is noted that "the Hall was lighted by Gas, then introduced for the first time." Webster and his speeches were naturally the principle feature. He presided apparently as long as he was able to remain, the procession, scheduled for two p. m., not having reached the hall until about five, and surrendered the chair in a second speech not less eloquent, if briefer, than that with which he began. Both are preserved and familiar in his collected works. The cold print of the published narrative hardly tempers the warmth of the occasion, in which the flowers of oratory, poetry and song bloom and resound at their brightest, largest and loudest. If any son of New Hampshire remembered the hour of final dispersal apparently he did not mention it, and it is lost to history. If not in a feast of reason, certainly in a flow of soul, this generation must yield the palm to the New Hampshire men of '49. The register of New Hampshire natives at the tables embraces not less than 1350 names and bears impressive testimony to the part played by the New Hampshire-born of

that generation in the social, political and commercial life of Boston.

It was voted to continue the organization and to re-assemble for another festival in 1852, but this plan was disturbed by events of more than local interest. Four months to a day after the festival of '49 Webster made in the Senate the fateful seventh of March speech, to which the response of Massachusetts found voice in Whittier's "Ichabod," the dream of his ambition was shattered in the Whig national convention, his nature turned to gall, and on the 24th day of October, 1852, he died at Marshfield, a broken idol and heart-broken man, for want of vision to see or courage to speak the prophecy that followed so soon upon his death—that the Union could not continue half slave and half free\*. The arrangements already in hand for the second New Hampshire Festival were turned to funeral rites, the Sons of New Hampshire in great numbers followed him to the tomb at Marshfield, and crowded Faneuil Hall at the Boston commemoration of Webster in November, in which the New Hampshire Executive and Legislature joined at their invitation.

Obviously the Festival of 1849 was quite as much a celebration of Webster as of New Hampshire, but the filial and Fraternal New Hampshire spirit seems to have survived him. On November 2, 1853, again under the leadership of Colonel Wilder, who succeeded Webster as president of the association, the festival was repeated on even a larger scale, the registered attendance embracing a still greater array of notable New Hampshire names. In form and character it was a substantial reproduction of the pageant and ceremonies of 1849. A full

\*Abraham Lincoln's Peoria speech of 1854 contained the germs of all that he ever said or did about Slavery and the Union from that time to the end of his life.



account of the proceedings was published\*.

It was voted to hold another festival at some time within five years, and a committee was appointed to arrange for it. If that duty was ever performed, diligent inquiry has disclosed no public record or recollection of it. From this time, for nearly half a century, the New Hampshire men in Boston appear to have abdicated all their gregarious instincts, if they had any, though local New Hampshire societies appeared and are still on foot in Somerville, Worcester, and perhaps other Massachusetts cities.

Meantime the natives of Maine had established in Boston the Pine Tree State Club, a society holding annual and successful celebrations, and the active and flourishing Vermont Association was out-distancing the Maine banquets by the turkeys and maple sugar for which the Green Mountain State is famous. New Hampshire was not heard from, notwithstanding some 25,000 natives of that state were reported by the Census Bureau in 1895 as residing in the Metropolitan District.

Considering these things, a New Hampshire exile condemned to live in Boston took it upon himself to assemble 100 names of his compatriots in that city and sent to each under date of January 1, 1895, a circular inquiry for his view of forming "an association similar to those of the natives of other states which now exist here." The responses being full and favorable, a voluntary committee, comprising Charles Levi Woodbury, Charles Carleton Coffin, Arthur Little, Edwin D. Mead, Mark F. Burns, John L. Gilmore and the signer of the circular, called a meeting and dinner at the Revere House for the evening of February 21. At this time and place, with an attendance of about 100, an organization was formed under the name of Sons of New Hamp-

shire, with these officers: President, Charles Levi Woodbury; Vice Presidents, Jeremiah Smith, Alonzo A. Miner and the signer of the circular aforesaid; Secretary, Arthur L. Spring; Treasurer, George A. Alison; Executive Committee, the president and secretary, Mellen Chamberlin, Arthur Little, Mark F. Burns, Samuel L. Powers and John L. Gilmore. Later Mr. Gilman succeeded to the offices of secretary and treasurer. The Constitution, of five commendably brief articles, declared as its purpose "to gather into a social organization the natives of New Hampshire residing in Boston or vicinity, and to join in bonds of fraternal feeling those who, though absent, still hold the Granite State in honor and affectionate pride," and prescribed an annual meeting in Boston between January 1 and April 1 of each year. The speaking on this occasion, voluntary and impromptu was principally contributed by Rev. Dr. Little, Judge Nathaniel Holmes, Rev. Dr. Miner, Judge Mellen Chamberlin, Hon. Charles Carleton Coffin and Prof. Frank Goodwin.

The benign and jovial Judge Woodbury, placed at the head of the new association, merits a word of remembrance. Few men were better qualified, given the materials then available, to make a social occasion "go." He was a learned and accomplished lawyer and scholar, though his judicial title was honorary, perhaps by descent from his distinguished father, Levi Woodbury, (who is said to have held more high public positions than any other American citizen down to this time) or from the office of United States Commissioner which he held for a season. His genius was convivial and shone on occasions like these. The running fire of wit and wisdom that came from out his ruddy and smiling counte-

\*Second New Hampshire Festival, James French & Co., Boston, 1854.

nance was the salt of the feast. To hear the Judge and Frank Sanborn match wits across the New Hampshire table was an entertainment in itself. He was no stranger to the cup that cheers; his eulogist, Woodward Emery, afterward declared that the Judge probably had more personal experiences of old Madeira than any other man of his time. Imagination shrinks from the conception of what this jocund bachelor Democrat and devotee of the Federal Constitution would have been under that revered instrument as now reformed by the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Amendments.

A brief abstract from such records of the society as remain will indicate its subsequent history.

Revere House, February 15, 1896: Special guest, the Governor of New Hampshire; addresses by Judge Jeremiah Smith, Admiral George E. Belknap, Judge James B. Richardson, Frank B. Sanborn, Rev. Dr. Charles L. Hutchins, Judge Andrew C. Stone and others.

Revere House, February 19, 1897: Special guest, the Governor of New Hampshire; addresses by Hon. Carroll D. Wright, Edwin D. Mead, Commodore George H. Perkins and others.

Hotel Brunswick, February 15, 1898, Judge Jeremiah Smith presiding in the absence of Judge Woodbury, then sojourning in Florida for his declining health. Special guests, President William J. Tucker of Dartmouth, who greatly eulogized New Hampshire, and Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

Of many entertaining incidents of these gatherings one may be noted. It was intended that the governor of New Hampshire for the time being should be a guest of the society, but his attendance was not always secured. At a dinner from which that dignitary was missing an irreverent brother suggested that if it was desired to entertain the governor of

New Hampshire the invitation should be sent to the President of the Boston & Maine Railroad. This gibe, which elicited much derisive laughter but no direct contradiction, has long since ceased to have any meaning for the people of New Hampshire; happy if they have not found the last state of the Boston and Maine to be worse than its first.

A complete record of the proceedings is not available and doubtless names and incidents are overlooked which deserve mention. Such records as remain are deposited with the New Hampshire Historical Society for preservation.

About this time the New Hampshire Club, composed of residents of New Hampshire who were accustomed to dine together at intervals at some Boston hotel, conceived the purpose of establishing a club-house in Boston, as a headquarters there for New Hampshire men. This enterprise does not concern the Sons of New Hampshire in Boston except as it may have hastened the demise of that organization. A house was taken on Beacon Hill where the New Hampshire Club was maintained for a few years, when it seems to have disappeared.

As the New Hampshire Club, though projected by and for residents in New Hampshire, had invited into its membership natives of that state living in Massachusetts, it naturally tended to divert the interest and divide the strength of the Sons' organization. The committee of the Sons earnestly debated the question of attempting to continue in the face of the new movement, and concluded to stand aside at least for a time sufficient for trial of the club venture. This suspension of its activities proved to be permanent, no call having ever been heard for their resumption.

As this is neither an elegy nor a eulogy of any particular society of

New Hampshire men in Massachusetts, but a chronicle of facts which may be for the benefit of any who come after in the same field, it should be said that the Sons' organization enlisted the active interest of but few of those for whom it was intended. Probably this is not an unusual experience in such ventures. Out of the 25,000 natives of New Hampshire in metropolitan Boston the membership never rose above 300 nor the attendance above 150, though on one or two occasions when, as it was whispered, certain political candidacies were active in New Hampshire, it reached this peak. Was there anything in this side-long imputation upon the laudable ambition of New Hampshire men? Are New Hampshire natives more eager in politics than other natives? Probably not, and yet it has been said by captains and perhaps envious, people in Massachusetts that the principal New Hampshire industry in that Commonwealth is the pursuit and capture of public office. If so, may it not be due to the ill example of their Massachusetts neighbors, from which New Hampshire men who stay at home are free? However this may be, if the people of New Hampshire have been deluded into the belief that the best of their native talent is drained off into Massachusetts, let them be reassured. A great deal of post-prandial nonsense, principally due to the Webster tradition, has been uttered and printed on this topic. The impressive exhibit of New Hampshire's contributions to the country collated in Mr. Metcalf's valuable "New Hampshire in History" does not show, apart from Webster, that Massachusetts has levied tribute of genius on New Hampshire more than on other neighboring states. It would in truth be difficult to account for the

part played by the immigrants in her public affairs except by their own actively receptive attitude toward public office. The original and remarkable characters in the line of New Hampshire emigration into Massachusetts are Webster himself and—*horresco referens*—General Benjamin F. Butler. Think of what might have happened to New Hampshire if the godlike Daniel and the doughty General had stayed there! Probably nothing remarkable would have happened, but they would not have been the Webster and the Butler we know.

Whether the Sons of New Hampshire of 1895 died of the New Hampshire Club, lack of interest or management, or a combination of these, perhaps with other causes, it is not worth while to inquire. It had a distinguished precedent for dying. The monster organization of 1853, embracing substantially all of the best-known New Hampshire men in metropolitan Boston, vanished without a sign.

Meanwhile the Eternal Feminine persists, and prevails. The Daughters of New Hampshire, or New Hampshire's Daughters, howsoever called, have maintained in Boston for many years, if the public press may be trusted, a flourishing organization of their own. Is it here, after all, that the clue is found to the success of the Sons? Was it because they did not embrace the Daughters? There were those who thought so at the time, though the question was never formally raised. Now that Woman is in the seats of power and moving, ballot in hand, to reconstruction of societies and states, it is safe to assume that Sons of New Hampshire, abroad or at home, are not likely to forget her.

—Boston, December, 1923.



# TWO FIRES

BY BEATRICE MORSE TRACY

**E**ZRA Burns sat with his head in his hands, his long fingers working nervously through his curly iron grey hair. His heavy fireman's shirt was open, revealing his bony neck. His shoes were loosely fastened after the habit of years from being "on duty;" ready to hop into his high boots at the first tap of the gong. He raised his head and looked doggedly at his wife.

"Don't keep harping that Jack needs an operation. I know it as well as you. The only thing I see we can do right now is to send him to a free clinic."

"A free clinic!" gasped his wife. "Do you think my child, the child of a Gordon is going to a free clinic?"

Ezra's lip curled. "Then ask your mother, a Gordon. She might loan you the money. You know as well as I, that your last sick spell took every cent we had."

"Ask my mother! Do you think I would take one cent of my father's money when he cut me off with a paltry dollar and all because I married you."

Judith Burns' eyes filled with tears. She had been pretty, but years of discontent, combined with neglect had made her a faded, dejected looking creature. Hastily wiping away the tears with the corner of her apron she continued, "Many a girl has fallen in love with a good physique in a uniform,

but the one of fireman holds the least hope and promise." Then with a sad shake of her head she added, "I can testify to that when I think of the drab, yes, hopeless years I have had."

Ezra rose and began pacing the room, "What is the use of whining? Why don't you be a good sport? It seems

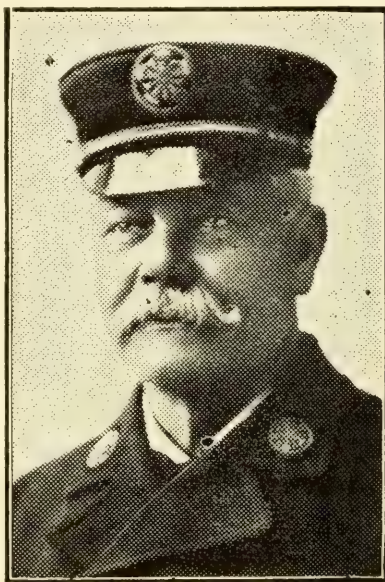
to me, Judith, that ever since the boy had meningitis you have tried to make everybody around you miserable. Buck up, the money will come somehow. Anyway, the boy ain't suffering and the last doctor who examined him said it would be all right if we could get it done within a year."

"Yes, a big chance we have. You male Pollyannas makes me tired. A big chance, with you in line to be laid off on pension. God knows what we will do when that happens. It is what I get for marrying an old man."

A twinge of pain passed across Ezra's face as he dropped in a chair. His tall, gaunt form seemed to crumble and he made

no comment.

The tap, tap of a crutch was heard on the porch and a boy with a thin, white face, accentuated by a mop of black hair as thick as a virgin forest, entered the room. He stood still for a moment as he realized that the usual controversy of some kind was on. He



Chief Green

"A fine story" said William C. Green, veteran chief of Concord's fire department, after reading "Two Fires."

If it pleased the Chief it must be the real thing.

looked anxiously from one to the other. "What is the trouble, Mother?" was his question as he moved slowly toward her.

His mother looked irritated, "Oh, your father and I were just having a little argument. Now you run on, Jack and play." The child hesitated for a moment. "My teacher says the right kind of arguments are good. That they sharpen your wits, what ever that means."

"Then ours should be like razor blades," remarked Ezra as he straightened himself in his chair.

Jack grinned, then going to his father he leaned on the arm of his chair and said in a half-whisper, "When you go back to the fire-station may I go with you?"

"Indeed you cannot," answered his mother, "I don't want you with that crowd of rough men, it is no place for a little gentleman."

"But, Mother, I am not a little gentleman and Joe Beck promised me—"

"Mr. Beck, please Jack. Your mother was not reared in such familiarity and will not countenance it in you."

The little fellow looked pleadingly at his father, but receiving no encouragement, sighed heavily as he left the room.

"That was a nice way to speak of my associates. They may be rough fellows, Judith, but they are doing rough work. Fighting fires is no pink tea and I'll have you know that finer, bigger hearted fellows never lived. You may be ashamed of the fact that I am a fireman, but I am proud of it. My father was one before me and——. He did not finish his sentence, but pulled his shirt up close around his neck, fastened it with deliberation and without another word left the room.

Judith followed him to the door, her face showed the desire to speak, but instead she stood motionless.

As Ezra turned the corner he looked back and saw her form in the doorway and realized as never before that there seemed to be growing between them, a

barrier as opaque and solid as a Chinese lacquered screen. Resentment filled his heart as he saw her looking at her small, well shaped hands that he knew were rough and coarse from the hard work she had done. And he asked himself the question, "Did we really love each other, or wasn't our love big enough to stand the strain of sacrifice?" A wave of compassion passed over him as his thought went back to their wedding day. He saw her in her freshness, her innocence, yes, her girlish joy, not only in their love, but the surprise they were giving her parents and their friends, for they had eloped.

A cloud passed over his countenance as his thought brought the vision of her father's anger and their banishment from his home—the home to which Judith never returned as long as her father lived. For a time this anger had seemed to draw them closer together, but with the arrival of the boy had come sickness and with it more sacrifices.

Ezra walked slower, his figure more bent as he retraced the years of almost poverty that had been theirs, but the crushing blow of all had been the crippling of Jack—their beautiful boy. Now, now he must tell her he was going on pension next month!

He braced himself as though ready for a blow, shook his head as a spaniel does when he comes out of the water. He must be more kind, more patient and thoughtful of Judith. She might fuss and scold, but she had been faithful, her marriage vow had meant just what she said. She had stuck, "for better or for worse." What if she did complain a little bit?

He entered the fire-house clubroom almost oblivious to his surroundings, for he was puzzling how he was going to tell Judith about the pension. It took courage, for he realized that like the fire-horse of olden days, he could hear the gong, but would only be in the way.

He saw the men in groups, they would soon see him no more. Passing Joe Beck and Sam Kane he heard Joe say:

"Ez goes on pension the first of the month."

"Yes, and so would poor old Martin, if he had lived."

Ezra measured his steps, determined they should not think he had heard them talking about him. Walking slowly to the table he picked up a magazine and to all outward appearances was soon buried in it. From the corner of his eye he saw Joe draw his chair closer to Sam and heard him say, "Between you and me, Sam, I don't believe Martin died the hero he was thought to be. I think he committed suicide."

Sam's brow wrinkled, he looked Joe straight in the eye. "Better be careful, that is a pretty hard thing to say about a fellow that's dead."

Slowly Ezra edged his chair closer to the engrossed men.

Joe squared his shoulders, "Well, of course, I expect you to keep a secret. You see I had known Martin for years, he had a sickly, extravagant wife and seven kids. He knew his pension would not take care of them, but the insurance would. That is, it would until some of the kids got old enough to earn something."

Sam still looked dubious and Ezra leaned on the arm of the chair nearest the men.

Joe continued in a low voice, "In the fire I worked along side of him on the pipe—he did not seem himself, was nervous and did not hear the orders. When we were sent to the second floor he went like mad and worked like the devil. Not that that was anything different than usual," he added hastily when he saw the scowl deepen on Sam's face.

"You see it was when we got orders to leave the building he was right behind me and I turned around just in time to see him run back up the stairs. I called to him, when he reached the top he turned around. The expression on his face was awful, but he did not waver for a second and deliberately ran into that hell of flames."

Both men were silent, finally Joe added, "I kept his secret. Sam you are the first one I've told that he followed me down the stairs and then ran back."

Sam shook his head, "Well, at that—I think he was a hero."

Just then a tap, tap was heard on the polished floor and Jack almost breathless, came into the room. Going straight to his father, he cried, "I played a trick on mother and ran away." Then spying Joe Beck he called out, "Hello there, Joe, when are you going to teach me to play chess? Remember you promised."

With effort he climbed on his father's lap and putting his cheek against him said with conviction, "Daddy, when I grow up I am going to be a fireman just like you. Why don't you ever take me to a fire? I ought to be getting a little 'sperience."

Ezra laughed, and drawing the little figure closer to him sat looking at the lovely boy, his well shaped head and the manly way in which he held it. He sighed deeply when his eyes rested on the thin little limb in the heavy steel brace. "Someday I will take you to a fire. It is a great life, son, but don't ever let your mother hear you say you are going to be a fireman."

Jack threw back his head and laughed, the idea of telling his mother seemed to amuse him, "That is our secret, Daddy, and don't you tell."

Clang—clang! Clang—Clang! The fire bell!

Jack was quickly dropped and in the twinkling of an eye the men shot down the poles.

The fire was only a block away, a factory filled with chemicals. It was the kind that firemen dread, gases, explosions, and smoke so thick at times that you could almost cut it. One of those treacherous fires, beautiful from a pyrotechnic standpoint but dangerous for the employees and firemen.

Soon all the apparatus in the district had been called out and ropes stretched for two blocks. Being in a thickly pop-



ulated section, all space was soon filled with excitable humanity.

Ezra Burns worked as though possessed, for the fire before him was not burning more fiercely than the fire in his heart. He kept saying behind tightly drawn lips, "Martin did it, why can't I? It would be such a help to the boy." His mind was never clearer, orders came as though spoken for him only. As he swung a hysterical girl from a window, clearly he heard the cheering of the crowd below, still he felt more like a spectator than the one who had done the deed.

The building was doomed, the back walls were weakening. All through the fire Ezra had watched his chance, coldly calculating—for he knew he must not be caught as Martin was. The back wall was beginning to totter, it fascinated him. Slowly he moved toward it, the hot breath from the flames leaped and hissed at him, almost blistering his face and still he came closer. That tottering wall held him. He began to gamble with it. Where would it break first, where would it fall? His body began to sway slowly as he watched it. The hose had dropped at his feet. Then in the flames he saw himself, crushed and lifeless. Out of his lifeless form rose that of his boy, his head held high, shoulders square, limbs straight and strong. Out of his worthless hulk had come this fine specimen of boyhood. He looked closer—the boy was still carrying a crutch, but he wasn't using it, of

course he did not need it any more. The boy was saying something—it was great he could still see and hear, but the voice seemed far away. It seemed to say, "Daddy, see we are firemen together!"

He heard shouts all around him, but he was not disturbed. He stood as though transfixed. The voices came nearer and nearer and he felt a blow on his arm. At last the wall had fallen!

Ezra dropped in a crumpled heap. Anxious arms carried him to a place of safety. When he regained consciousness a frightened little face was peering into his. "Daddy, I had the worst time getting through the lines and when I did find you and talked to you, you wouldn't answer. I touched you on the arm with my crutch and you dropped on the ground."

Ezra's drawn, white face was turned toward the boy. His lips barely moved. "The wall—didn't it fall?"

Jack nodded his head with much importance. "It did, right after we carried you out. Joe Beck telephoned mother and she was frightened and cried so that I had to talk to her and tell her you weren't hurt so very bad. Now don't you think, Daddy, that it was a good thing that I came to this fire?"

Ezra's weak and trembling hand reached for the boy's and he closed his eyes contentedly, for no one knew better than he how fortunate it was that the boy, his boy had come to the fire.

## BOOKS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE INTEREST

### Days of Delusion

BY CLARA ENDICOTT SEARS

Conducted by Vivian Savacool

Most of us have heard rumors of a time when people were possessed with the belief that the world was about to come to an end and of the strange things which happened as a result. Few really know, however.

of the great, religious upheaval which took place about eighty years ago causing unrest in the churches and wild confusion among thousands of people. Radical views on religion were preached from many pulpits just as discussion and argument over spiritual matters compose

(HOUGHTON  
MIFFLIN CO.  
\$3.00)

many of the sermons to-day. In the midst of all this agitation rose the warning of Prophet Miller, his voice crying out for all to prepare to meet the Lord who would come in 1843 to judge the world. Wildest hysteria and fanatical fervor burst into flame, the story of which is, of course of dramatic and human interest.

Clara Endicott Sears in the skillful way which has made her novels of olden times delightful, revives this period for us. She begins by telling us of the early life of William Miller, an unusual little boy who unlike his brothers and sisters thrilled over the adventures of the heroes of fiction and worked only for money to buy books. Unable to satisfy his craving for knowledge by instruction in any but village schools, he went on by himself reading the works of Voltaire, Hume, Volney, Paine, and Allen, gaining from them a strain of pessimism, sorrow for the corrupt character of man. In an effort to find perhaps one bright spot in the nature of man, in his patriotism, Miller left his farm at Poultney, Vt., his young wife, and the start he had made as a respected and leading citizen to join the army. By this time he had lost all faith in God and the religion of Christ.

The author then brings to us scenes from the War of 1812, for, through Miller's letters to his wife, we gain an accurate impression of his experiences at this time as well as insight into the character of the man, who fought and exulted in the thickest of the fighting and was present at the final victory. Miller's reaction to the war was such as to throw him into a chaos of religious doubts from which he emerged a more ardent Christian than ever before, devoting all leisure from his farm work to poring over his Bible and to working at charts and mathematical calculation for fourteen years. At the end of this period he was con-

vinced that all evidence pointed to the year 1843 as the time of final judgment.

From 1833-43 was a period of great, balanced minds such as Daniel Webster, Wendell Philips, Emerson, and our poets Whittier and Longfellow, but it was also a time teeming with lesser heads whose emotions overwhelmed their reason. To these the doctrine of Prophet Miller spread and created havoc, as is shown in Whittier's poem "Snow-Bound." From Miller's first speech in the tiny church at Dresden appeared increasing numbers that were convinced of the truth of the doctrine and were ready to give all to be prepared for the coming of the Lord. The author delves into the period and brings out for us its pathos, its humor, and its all too numerous tragedies. There were many people who like Miller honestly and sincerely believed and joyously awaited the Second Advent; others who liked the excitement and emotionalism, and those uncertain members of the band who timidly feared it might happen and wished to be on the safe side. As always it was the second class who created the most stir and aroused antagonism by doing great harm. As Miller grew older and weaker, as the movement enlarged and had to be left to leaders, the doctrine was distorted and changed in a way distressing to its originator and the more conservative followers.

"A strange bit of history" Miss Sears calls her book. It is strange but rather because of its unique place as an account of psychological event than in the strangeness of the occurrence itself. For such mental delusion is behind many of the unaccountable turns and twists in our history, and spiritual agitation is only one of the unseen forces which roll over us in recurrent waves obliterating much of the old and effecting permanent changes.

## “JUDGE NOT”

Alice R. Knox, Student in University of New Hampshire

IT was five years since Mrs. Wood had taken to her bed. Five long years of suffering,—scolding,—and being taken care of, and now she was dead. She had awakened in the night and finding herself alone, (her son Charles, thinking her comfortable and resting well, had gone off to his own room to get some long deserved rest),—she had died simply of spite. Her last thoughts had been spent in gloating over the remorse they would feel at having left her to die alone,—and so she was dead.

Finding her in the morning, even after a good night's sleep, her son was too weary to feel deeply sorry. Caring for his mother had been a heavy burden on him,—she had suffered long,—she was old,—it was well.

Two days went swiftly by—and then, the funeral. How differently the little sitting room appeared. The bed upon which Mrs. Wood had died had been removed and in its place was a small black casket; chairs had been moved in. Everything was neat, orderly, ready.

And now the people were beginning to come. There was the doctor, as ever firm yet sympathetic;—there was the lame man who lived just down the road and who had been wont to spend hours by Mrs. Wood's bed-side;—there was the little girl who lived across the field, the little girl with the big scared brown eyes. The one who had brought flowers so often and whom Mrs. Wood had delighted in scolding because the brown eyes would fill so rapidly with tears, and yet the little head would be held up bravely and she would go away with never a retort but always to forgive and to come back with more flowers because she was so sorry for those who were ill and suffering.—And there were the four deacons of the village church, stiff and forbidding in their Sunday best;—there was dear fat Mrs. Carr who sent the broth in and who never “spoke back” when told it was not salt enough or

too salt or not enough butter, and who had sympathetically helped Mrs. Wood's son to carry more easily the difficult burden of caring for an invalid mother. (She and Charles had been sweethearts from childhood—but Mrs. Wood had objected—and—well, Ed Carr came along, and under the circumstance, who was to blame? But Ed Carr had been in his grave ten long years now. Perhaps, when Mrs. Wood was—but who knows?) There were some others present, of course there would be,—and there was the minister.

Yes, they were all there, heads bowed, silently waiting—waiting—waiting for what? The clock ticking on the mantel was irreverent to that quiet. How it rattled!—how it shouted!—how it gloated over its own power to grate on jagged nerves. “Tic-toc! tic-toc! Tic-toc! Tic-toc!” How loud it was getting. Something, someone must break that awful monotony—.

And then the minister raised his head and smiled at the little brown-eyed girl, and the spell was broken. She rose and standing with one hand on the casket, she sang in her clear childish treble, “The Lord My Shepherd Is.” She sang it well—any heart should have been touched—but she looked at the form sleeping there in the casket and she trembled, her eyes filled, but she threw back her head proudly and waited for the scolding which she sub-consciously expected was forth coming. Again the minister smiled and another spell was broken. It may be that he was young and new to the village, but he knew the heart of a child and he had interfered for the little brown-eyed lady before, and had in consequence evoked wrath upon his own head—but small matter, that!

And then in a slow, clear voice, he gave the eulogy of the dead. It was splendid—exactly as Mrs. Wood would have wished it—perhaps she had ordered it so, perhaps she had told him pre-



cisely what to say. The clear inspiring voice continued in even monotones,—now, he was speaking almost as the clock ticked! How monotonous, how nerve racking it was!

"Death has taken from us our loved one. —Heavenly Father, in this our time of sorrow, we thank Thee for Life. We thank Thee for giving us an opportunity to know this kind and loving friend whom it was Thy will now to call from us. —Sorrowing friends be comforted,—oh, lonesome son be comforted. We can not call her back, this loved one, we would not call her back to the suffering of this our world.—The kind, forgiving, thoughtful, grateful spirit, who suffered so long in the flesh, has fled—we are left lonely—."

Perhaps he looked up just then and saw the expressions on the faces about him, or perhaps, being young, he forgot what service he was giving; be that as it may, he paused abruptly and interrupted himself saying:

"If anyone present knows any reason why these things should not be said, will he speak now, or forever hold his peace?"

The old kind doctor spoke first: "I—I—," he said falteringly, "I should hardly say that she had suffered long,—at least, not in body, for she was as sound physically when she went to her bed as I am, sir, and in so far as I know, sir, she still is,—that is, was."

Then the lame man spoke: "I, sir, think that the word thoughtful would hardly apply in this case. I—I—I doubt if she ever thought of any one but herself, sir."

The little girl with the big brown eyes, looked wistfully at the pastor, —"She, she was not grateful either, sir—"

that is, she never thanked me for bringing her flowers—but, sir, I didn't care —'cause I was so sorry for her."

And fat Mrs. Carr shook her head: "Neither was she forgiving, sir, for she never forgave me for something I did when I was but a chit of a child, sir!"

Sitting with his head bowed in his hands, Mrs. Wood's son sobbed aloud: "'Tis better, sir, not to say any of those things. She was my mother, sir,—I—I did my duty by her and I've reason to know."

Anyone imagining that a corpse cannot hear and does not have feeling is wrong. They all do have feelings! And at that very moment, Mrs. Wood's heart and soul were filled with rage.

"The idea," she thought, "the very idea of their saying these things about me—now—NOW—when I am dead and cannot stop them. OH!"

And she sat right up straight in her —BED.

\* \* \* \*

The next morning, (that would be two before the funeral should have taken place), when Charles entered the sitting room, he found his mother sitting up in a chair, her hair neatly brushed and looking very comfortable.

"Good-morning, son," she said pleasantly, "See how much better I am to-day. I wouldn't wonder if by to-morrow or the next day I could be up walking around."

"But, mother—."

"Now, not a word, I am better, I said, and I shall be quite well soon. Why, I shall live to dance at your wedding yet!" —and she favored him with her first smile in five years.

## THE EDITOR STOPS TO TALK

WITH a good deal of interest we read the statement of a Concord clergyman that the people of this generation are demanding the truth. He intimates that the era of hypocrisy is fast drawing

to a close and that the world is entering upon a period which will be marked by plain speaking. We are inclined to agree with the Reverend Doctor and to rejoice with him over the fact. However, we

look forward with some curiosity to those days when unfaltering candor and brutal frankness will be the watchwords of the hour. The following are imaginary clippings from the newspapers of 1940:

### **Fast Day Proclamation**

By his Excellency, the Governor. "Following an invariable custom inaugurated by our fathers, I proclaim Thursday, April 25th to be observed as Fast Day. On that day I urge that all citizens see that their back yards are cleared of rubbish, that any missing pickets be restored to their fences, that the storm windows be removed, stoves taken down, and all other household chores necessitated by the coming of spring be attended to. Ball games should be the order of the afternoon in all towns and cities. I would commend to your attention the special reels advertised for that day by the various movie houses. Should there be any time left over it might be well to utilize it by some religious observances, although it is probable that it will be more practical to balance up cash accounts and see that life insurance policies are paid up to date.

Given under our hand and seal at the Council Chamber in the year of our Lord one thousand nine hundred forty.

### **Announcement of Candidacy**

I have long been exceedingly desirous of serving my district in Congress. No one else has seemed anxious to have me become a candidate, but upon my earnest request, my grocer, coal man, gardener, and chauffeur have each written me a letter begging me to become a candidate. In response to this wide-spread solicitation I have decided to announce my candidacy. My enthusiasm in my own behalf is genuine and intense, and I hope it will prove contagious and communicate itself to the voters in my district.

### **Address of Welcome**

The State Association of Baptist Ministers gathered in Forestown last evening for the opening service of their an-

nual convention. After the opening prayer the meeting was welcomed to the city by Mayor Bentley. The Mayor said in part, "As far as I am concerned this convention might just as well have met in some other city. I am not much interested in religion. In fact, I never rise before noon on Sunday, and haven't attended church in fifteen years. "However the innkeepers and merchants of the city are rather glad to have you with us although their ardor is somewhat dampened by the rumor that ministers never pay their bills." The mayor was obliged to leave the hall immediately at the close of his speech to attend a poker game at his club.

### **Senator Bowser's Address**

An enthusiastic rally of the Former-Labor party was held in the Odd Fellows Hall last evening. The principal address was made by Senator Bowser who spoke as follows:—"I can't hand your city a thing. It looks to me like the last place God ever made, and I never pass a night in this city if I can possibly make my arrangements to get to a town that has a decent hotel. I shall limit my remarks to a little emotional plea for the Star Spangled Banner. It will do no good to discuss issues with you because you aren't intelligent enough to understand them. In fact, the most distasteful thing about campaigning is the fact that the people are such dolts, and every time I look into the blank faces of an audience I instinctively recoil from contact with such a group of imbeciles and idiots. It is my fervent prayer that sometime we may repeal the direct primary and the popular election of United States Senators so that politicians will not be obliged to expose themselves to all kinds of contagious diseases and risk their political futures to the discretion of the common herd." The Senator concluded his remarks with a burst of profanity in the course of which he cursed every prominent member of the opposing party and most of the other members of his own.

# CURRENT OPINION IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

## Clippings From the State Press

### Daylight Saving Again

Next Sunday morning daylight saving will take effect in Massachusetts, New York and Nashua, New Hampshire. The official clock in Nashua will not be set ahead an hour. That would be against the law of the state, but by general agreement of most of the merchants and the manufacturers of the city and agreed to by most of the laborers in the factories the arrangement will again be put in force in the Gate City. The railroads will do likewise and set their trains ahead an hour to conform to the general adoption of the daylight saving plan. Confusion will again reign supreme in border towns and cities where standard time continues. No matter whether one agrees with the general principal of the daylight saving idea or not he can but regret that one time is not standard. This is especially true along the border towns of New Hampshire where the two times are in constant conflict and making much annoyance and inconvenience to the public. When we had daylight saving time by national edict it was generally liked but this confounded mix-up is a nuisance.

*Milford Cabinet.*

Next Sunday Massachusetts will set the clock ahead one hour and all the rest of us will be inconvenienced thereby. About the only thing not disturbed by the change will be the rooster who wakes us in the morning at sunrise or before with his crowing. It will make it easier for the rooster—he will get his breakfast earlier in Massachusetts. It has always seemed to us that this was a foolish proceeding unless it could be made universal and even then why set the clock ahead? Setting the alarm an hour earlier would accomplish the same end. Why call

it Daylight Saving Time? There are just so many hours of daylight in spite of the fact that one old lady, when she heard Daylight Saving Time was put into effect said, she was very glad because it would give her plants an extra hour of sunlight. That remark was about as sensible as some of the reasons given for adopting this time. Any one who is obliged to travel finds his morning nap cut short when the "sunrise horror" leaves at 5:10 instead of 6:10. Why not all adopt it or nobody adopt it?

*Peterborough Transcript.*

### Appointments

Gov. Brown's nomination of Judge Oliver W. Branch and ex-Mayor Henri A. Burque for positions on the superior court bench are receiving much favorable comment from the press of the state. Justice Branch was appointed by Governor Samuel D. Felker of this city in 1913.

*Rochester Courier.*

Gov. Brown has made a good appointment of Chief Justice, to fill the decease of Chief Justice Kivel, of the Superior Court—Oliver W. Branch. A Democrat; but we think a Republican governor would have made the same appointment. A Republican council has done right in confirming it. Our courts must be kept non-partisan; not more than three out of five of any one party.

*Granite State Free Press.*

### A Liberal Offer

A Democrat congressman from South Carolina challenges Theodore Roosevelt to come into his congressional district and try conclusions with him to settle certain charges, which the South Carolinian has made against the colonel. What a splendid



opportunity for Roosevelt to vindicate himself! A Republican running for office in South Carolina would have about as much chance of winning as Tom Thumb would, if he were living, in the prize ring with Jack Dempsey. In the first place there are not enough Republicans in all South Carolina to make a respectable crew for a row boat. Furthermore, under the laws and practices prevailing in that state, a man, who would be silly enough to engage in a contest with the Democratic machine, would be placed in a home for the feeble minded.

*Republican Champion.*

### Trouble at Dover

With stories of machine guns set up last week in Dover's public square and calls upon other cities for policemen, as a precaution against possible labor riots, the seriousness of the situation in our sister city became emphatically apparent. It is generally understood that the real agitators are a few people who are not residents of Dover, and so have no interest in the outcome, save from a personal standpoint. It's a most unfortunate condition for all concerned, unless we make exception of the leaders, whose pay, evidently, goes on so long as there is trouble. But the 1,200 mill operatives by reason of over twenty weeks of idleness, have lost something like half a million dollars in wages, and business in this city of 14,000 people is at a standstill.

*Rochester Courier.*

### Old Jim Crow

A great powder company of this country is offering \$2,500 in merchandise prizes in a three months' crow-killing contest. The Audubon societies of our country are protesting against the wholesale slaughter of the crow, claiming that while it destroys some corn when it first sprouts, the crow is engaged all the year round

destroying insect pests that are harmful to the farmer. Governor Baxter of Maine is out in a vigorous protest against boosting the powder business by this method. He said this shooting contest will result in destroying most of the birds beside crows that are not protected by law. Prominent naturalists all agree that the crow is one of the farmers' friends and should be entitled to the protection of the law. They say that any extensive interference with the balance of natural life as nature has adjusted it is likely to have serious consequences.

*Rochester Courier.*

The du Pont Powder Company will give \$2,500 in characteristic merchandise to the individual or club which, during a three-month period, shall kill the greatest number of crows.

From the standpoint of the crows there doubtless should be a shrill protest. But ancient tradition forbids men from speaking in defense of the crow, which belongs to the category of things unspeakable. Certain omnivorous qualities of the bird are responsible for this state of anathema. The crows eat corn and wheat, which is the reason farmers invented scarecrows and declared the birds outcast. Small success has greeted the recent attempts of naturalists to procure a measure of credit for the crows' noble destruction of the harmful insects which prey on the farmers' crops.

The crow remains as he was, a subject for hate and derision on the part of the public. Tender-hearted persons who drop tears over the wholesale slaughter of the crow can look forward to little else than ridicule. The country as a whole will sympathize heartily with the du Pont prize plan. And surely none will be so unkind as to hint that the du Pont powder and du Pont prizes will be expended from other than the most altruistic of motives.

*Laconia Democrat.*

# NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

## COL. CHARLES H. GREENLEAF

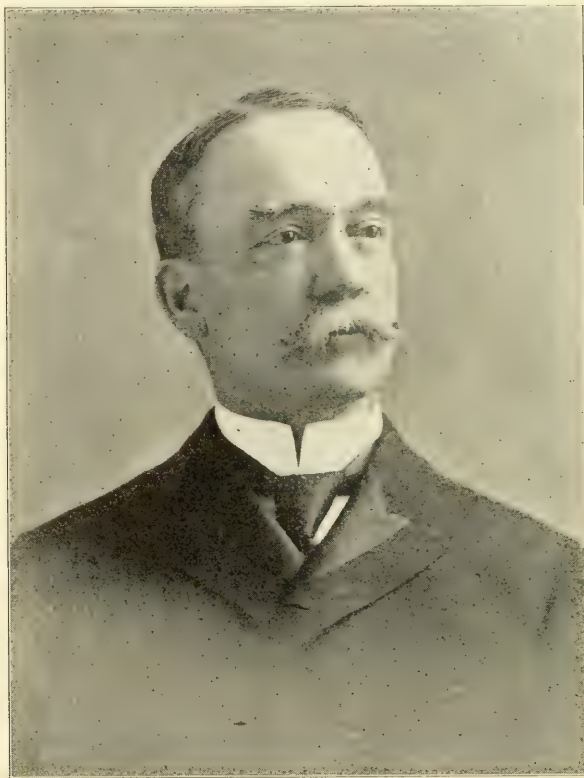
Col. Charles H. Greenleaf, former proprietor of the Profile House, was born in Danville, Vt., 83 years ago. He died suddenly at Pinehurst, N. C., April 8, 1924.

Colonel Greenleaf was one of the most prominent hotel men of New Hampshire. He began hotel life as proprietor of the Pro-

file House at Franconia, sixty-two years ago, and remained in that capacity until his retirement two years ago. For the last forty-five years had been proprietor of the Hotel Vendome in Boston. For a brief period in his early hotel life he was proprietor of the Crawford House. It is claimed that no hotel man in the country had a longer experience

or a wider acquaintance among the highest class of tourists.

Colonel Greenleaf was a candidate for governor of New Hampshire in 1906 but was defeated by the late Gov. Charles M. Floyd of Manchester. He was appointed to the staff of Governor Prescott with a rank of colonel in 1877-78, was a delegate to the Republican national convention in 1888 and was



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## DR. ORISON SWETT MARDEN

Perhaps few people who have been inspired by the writings of Dr. Orison Swett Marden, editor and founder of Success Magazine, whose death occurred recently, realize that he was a native of New Hampshire.

Dr. Marden was born in Thornton 75 years ago. Educated at Boston University, he took a degree in medicine at Harvard and in

1897 founded the magazine of which he was editor until 1912.

Prominently associated with the management for the development of personal efficiency and longevity, he was the author of many books and articles on the subject.

In 1905 he married Miss Clare L. Evans of Louisville, Ky. He was president of the Aldine Club and of the League for the Larger Life. His home was at Sea Cliff, N. Y.

## JOHN KIVEL

Chief Justice John Kivel of the New Hampshire Superior Court was born in Dover, April 29, 1855. He died in Newport, April 1, 1924.

Chief Justice Kivel was one of the most striking figures on the New Hampshire bench, and was the oldest judicial officer in the state in point of age and service. He was the son of Patrick and Katherine Kivel. After his High school course, he entered Dartmouth College, and was graduated with the class of 1876. He studied law in Dover and was admitted to the bar in 1879. That same year he married Miss Eva G. Ennis of Dover. Mrs. Kivel and one of their sons died in 1917 during the epidemic of influenza.

In 1887 he was elected county solicitor for Strafford County, and served in that capacity for six years.

Chief Justice Kivel was appointed to membership in the state licensing board in 1903, and served through various administrations for 10 years as its chairman. As a member of the board, under the conditions peculiar at that time to his own state, his interpretation of the license law became standard authority. On May 26, 1913, he was appointed an associate justice of the Superior Court. He became chief justice in 1917, succeeding Chief Justice Chamberlin, and since that time had assumed his full share of assignments, presiding over the terms of the various county courts.

## PERLEY PARKER PILLSBURY

Perley Parker Pillsbury, one of the best known business men of Manchester, was born in Lynn, Mass, March 31, 1866, and died in Manchester, March 30, 1924.

Mr. Pillsbury was treasurer and manager of the Hanover-Street garage. He was at one time president of the New Hampshire Automobile Dealers' association. He was a member of Grace Episcopal church, the Derryfield club, the Manchester Country club and the Rotary club. He was a talented musician, and at one time was organist and bell-ringer of St. Stephen's church in Lynn.

## RICHARD W. HUSBAND

Richard W. Husband, associate dean of Dartmouth College, was born in Milton, Ontario, in 1869. He died at Hanover, April 9, 1924, after an illness of two months.

Professor Husband was graduated from Leland Stanford University in 1895, and taught Latin at that school before going to Dartmouth in 1900. He served at Dartmouth successively as instructor, assistant professor and professor of classical languages, before becoming associate dean in 1919. He was secretary and historian of the New Hampshire committee on public safety and a member of the Protestant Episcopal diocese of New Hampshire.

## GEORGE H. TURNER

Former State Senator George H. Turner was born in Bethlehem, July 29, 1859, and died in a hospital in that town April 17, 1924.

Senator Turner served as treasurer and later commissioner of Grafton County and was councillor under former Governor Robert P. Bass.

He was educated in the public schools of his birthplace and Littleton High school. He was a member of the Congregational church. He was a Republican holding town and county offices. He was selectman of the town for 12 years and held the office of treasurer of Grafton county for four years and was a member of the lower house in 1907-8, a member of the State Senate in 1909-10 and a member of the executive council in 1911-12.

Senator Turner was married to Susan R. White in 1881. He was an active farmer and widely known hotel keeper.

## WILLIAM H. LYONS

William H. Lyons, one of Manchester's most noted physicians, was born in Manchester in 1864, and died in that city April 2, 1924.

Dr. Lyons was a member of the Manchester Medical association, of which body he was at one time president, of the Hillsborough County Medical society, the New Hampshire Medical society, the American Medical association, and was a fellow of the American College of Surgeons.

He was appointed by Gov. John H. Bartlett as a member of the board of trustees of the State Industrial school, and was chairman of that board, relinquishing membership on the board comparatively recently. He was a member of the Knights of Columbus (fourth degree,) and of the Manchester Institute. He was a member of St. Joseph's parish and an attendant at St. Joseph's cathedral.



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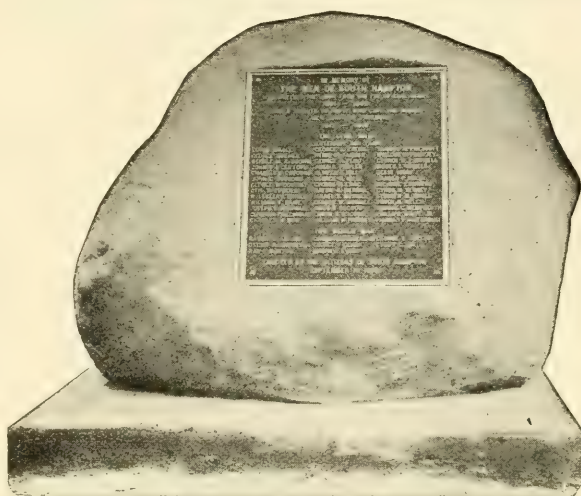
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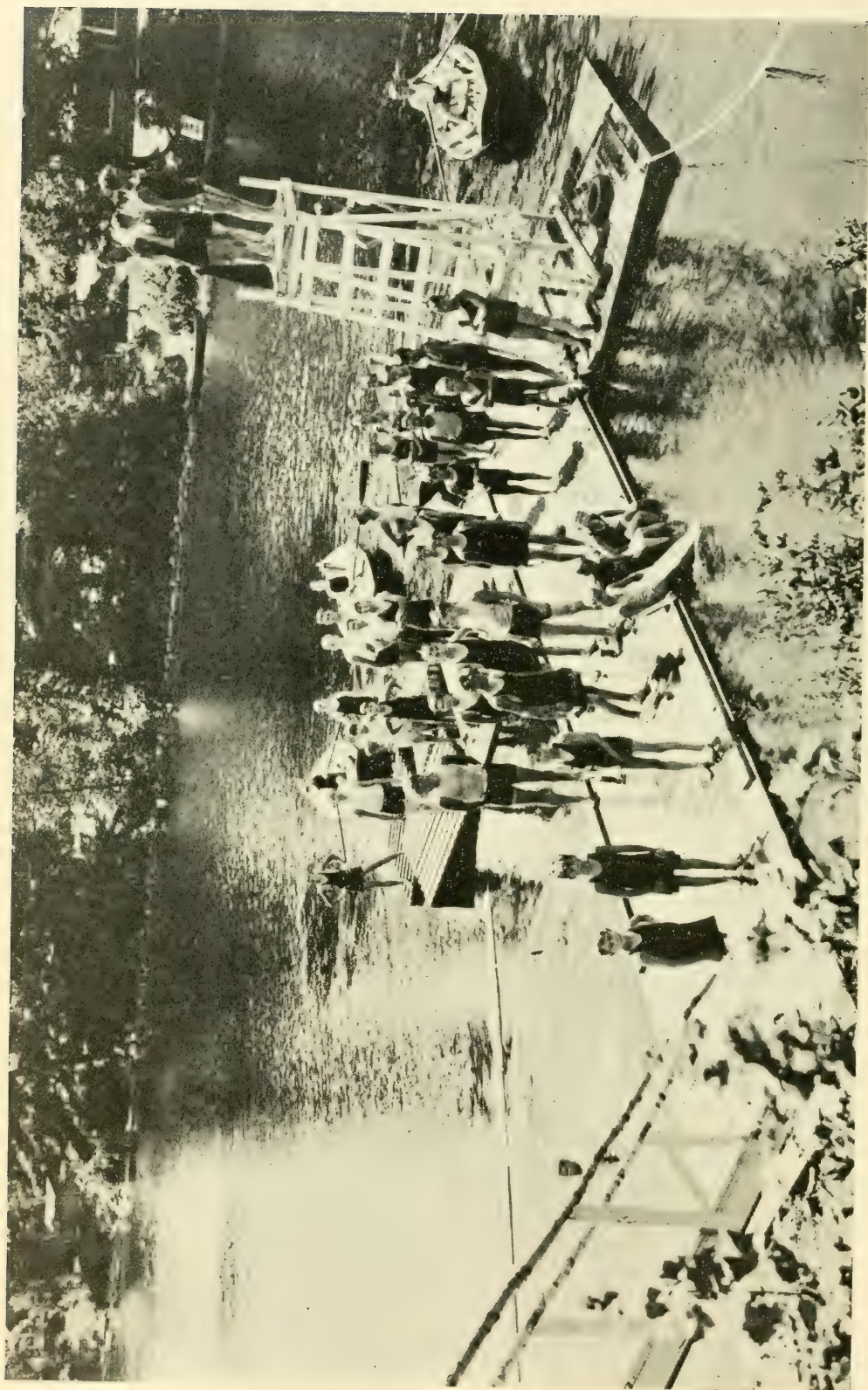
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# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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JUNE 1924

## THE MONTH IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

MAY, 1924, was not much of a month for warming up things, weather, politics or business, in New Hampshire. The snow clung tenaciously to the mountain sides as well as summits and newspaper paragraphers referred facetiously to the early beginning of the winter of 1924-5. However, while humans were either wearing overcoats and furs or shivering, the birds came and sang and nested, as usual, the grass and the trees never were greener, the early fruit trees and shrubs and plants flowered beautifully, gardens were made and farming operations advanced. The baseball and golf seasons opened and more than 50,000 motor cars tested the condition, from excellent to impassable, of Granite State highways. "Cannonball" Baker found it a harder task to take an automobile through Crawford Notch under its own power in early May than to motor across the continent in record time.

### Politics

Politically, in state as well as in nation, interest centered in the veto by President Coolidge of the adjusted compensation bill and its passage over his veto by House and Senate. In the House Congressman Rogers and Wason were paired, the former in favor of the measure, the latter in opposition. In the upper branch Senator Moses voted twice against the bill. Senator Keyes helped to pass the bill, but voted against over-

riding the President's veto. At home, about the only observable political activity was the continued pursuit of the Republican gubernatorial nomination by Captain Winant and Major Knox. The Democrats announced the opening of their campaign on June 11, with their annual banquet, to be addressed, principally, by Homer S. Cummings of Connecticut, former chairman of their national committee.

Former Governor John H. Bartlett, now first assistant postmaster general, was honored during the month by being chosen to deliver the "keynote" speech at the Vermont Republican state convention; and further gained public attention by his prompt denial of a rumor that he would be a candidate against the re-nomination of Senator Keyes. On the other hand, Congressman Wason, whose voluntary retirement from politics had been rumored, made formal announcement of his intention to seek another term at Washington.

A criticism of Senator Moses which gained no credence with those experienced in politics, and to which he made vigorous reply, was based upon the failure of the Amoskeag Manufacturing Company of Manchester, N. H., to gain a large contract for khaki cloth in competition with Manchester, England, manufacturers.

At a meeting of the New Hampshire delegation to the Republican national



convention at Cleveland, the veteran member from the Granite State of the national committee, Fred W. Estabrook, of Nashua, was re-elected to that position.

Of political, as well as other interest, was the removal during the month of Ku Klux Klan headquarters for northern New England from Portland, Maine, to Rochester, New Hampshire.

### Conventions

Every month is a Convention Month in New Hampshire. In May the state federation of woman's clubs met at Claremont and the state federation of musical clubs at Concord. The state conference of Congregationalists was in session at Durham and the Episcopal diocesan convention was held at Concord. The bankers, the jewelers, the Masons, the Anti-Saloon League and the League of Women Voters of the state also held annual meetings at the state capital, the bankers being addressed by Congressman McFadden of Pennsylvania, author of the important banking bill now under consideration at Washington. Irving T. Bush of the Bush Terminal, New York, addressed the last meeting for the season of the Concord Chamber of Commerce, on international conditions.

Readers of New Hampshire newspapers during the month found, somewhat to their surprise, religious conventions getting almost as much space and almost as black headlines as murder trials. One reason therefor was the emphatic insistence by Bishop Edward M. Parker, in his annual address to the Episcopal diocesan convention, upon the doctrine of the virgin birth; and another reason was the declaration by the Congregationalist conference that "we will not officially bless another war." Rev. Roy Chamberlin of Hanover sought to further enliven the resolution by having it read "we will not again put Christ in khaki," but to this the conference would

not agree. As it was, the resolution adopted created contention in various congregations and the historic Old North church at Concord promptly repudiated it as an expression of its opinion on the matter of war and peace.

Another item of real news from Durham was the choice by the conference for the first time in its history of a woman as its moderator. Mrs. Helen R. Thayer, wife of Rev. Dr. Lucius H. Thayer, of Portsmouth, was the recipient of this honor.

The State Federation of Woman's Clubs, in session at Claremont, elected Mrs. William B. Fellows of Tilton, president, and among its resolutions endorsed the World Court idea, called for the purchase by the state of the Franconia Notch forests and protested against the defacement of our highways by billboards and posters.

Together with the arrival of all the songbirds and the music federation meeting, the annual musical festivals at Keene and Nashua, a recital by Geraldine Farrar at Concord and the rendering of "Elijah" at Hanover by a community chorus from that and other towns made May a month of music in New Hampshire.

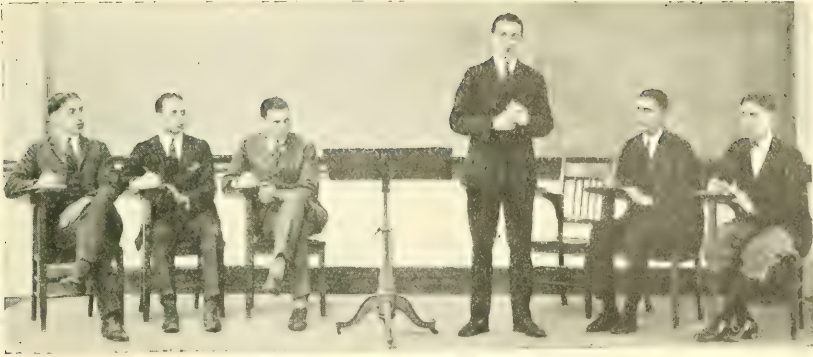
### Memorial Day

Memorial Day had its usual wide observance in the state and in several towns soldiers' memorials were dedicated. Governor Fred H. Brown gave the oration in his home city of Somersworth.

As usual, the May holiday was made the occasion for the opening of the "season" at Hampton Beach and the lesser resorts in the southern part of the state. The great mountain hotels will not be open until the last of June, but as soon as really warm weather sets the motorists touring, a myriad of tea rooms and little inns will blossom forth all up and down and across the state. Come to New Hampshire!

—H. C. P.





The University Debating Teams

## THE COLLEGE OF LIBERAL ARTS Of the University of New Hampshire

BY HAROLD H. SCUDDER

WHEN in 1866 the legislature of the state of New Hampshire created the New Hampshire College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts it did so because its members were convinced that the people of New Hampshire demanded a college where both agriculture and engineering should be taught to the young men of the state. The reasoning was sound, and it continues to be sound. The people wanted just that thing and they still desire it. In fact they even want more of it today than they did then, but in the meanwhile they have decided that there are other services which their college might just as well render them, and the College of Liberal Arts has been born of this added demand. Indeed the very act of incorporation reveals the fact that the founders felt that the new college should not be confined to agriculture and mechanic arts, and that they felt in advance the demands that time was to make upon the new institution. Section One of the act of incorporation declares that a college is hereby established "whose leading object shall be, *without excluding other scientific and classical studies*, and including military tactics, to teach such branches of learning as are related to agriculture and the mechanic arts."

It would be difficult to trace step by step the creation and growth of the present College of Liberal Arts, but in general there were two phases in evolution. In the first place such departments as those of English, Modern Languages, History and Economics were created largely as service departments for the departments of Agriculture and Engineering. They were created to give the agricultural and engineering students knowledge which would be of the greatest value to them, but which would not be strictly vocational.

The second phase began when the first student who had entered college to study agriculture or engineering found economics or English more interesting than either, and made up his mind to be a banker or author instead of a farmer or engineer. The movement gained early an added impulse when women presented themselves for admission to the college. No one had either the hardihood or the imbecility to deny to the women of the state admission to the state college, and they were promptly admitted, but they obviously were not, as a rule, going to become either farmers or engineers. Many of them, it is true, eventually married farmers or engineers, but in the meantime they asked

for a liberal education, together with such vocational instruction as would be of value to them. Women in business and the professions were not so numerous then as now, but from the earliest times the woman teacher has been a familiar figure. The women who came to New Hampshire College felt that they ought, when graduated, at least be able to teach in the high schools of the state, and they asked the college to prepare them for such work. Later, with the addition to the curriculum of Home Economics,

pense of the other divisions. Each September saw more men in agriculture than ever before, and more men in engineering, but, what had not been expected, there were in a very few years more men and women enrolled in Arts and Science than in either of the other divisions.

When the New Hampshire College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts was transformed into the University of New Hampshire, the old Arts and Science division became the new College of Liberal Arts, with an enrol-



A Chemical Laboratory

the numbers of women students rapidly increased.

In this way it came to pass that in the New Hampshire College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts, to meet the needs of the students just described, there was created after a time a third division of the college, called the Division of Arts and Science. It included those men students who had come to college originally to study agriculture and engineering, but had found after trying these subjects that they were not fitted for either, and now had resolved to enter business, medicine, the law, or other profession, and all women students. The growth of the new division was remarkable, though never at the ex-

ment greater than that of the other two colleges combined. It should be remembered always that the College of Liberal Arts has not only made this phenomenal growth, but has done so not due to any falling off of interest in agriculture and engineering, but while the agricultural and engineering colleges themselves have steadily grown, increasing their enrolments each year. One explanation lies in the fact that there are nearly 300 women students regularly enrolled in the University now.

The University of New Hampshire is, indeed, the only institution of higher learning in the state which admits women. In days gone by the New Hampshire girl who aspired to a col-

lege education had to leave the state to secure it, and the men, likewise, who now enroll in the College of Liberal Arts, in other years went to Dartmouth, or Harvard, or Yale. Now these men and women stay in New Hampshire and come to Durham. In other words the state is now giving to all its high school graduates the opportunity it once offered only to those who wished to study agriculture or engineering. As the endowed colleges are one by one compelled to limit their enrolment it becomes imperative from the standpoint of state welfare that state institutions be prepared to give these opportunities to more of the young men and women.

If the growth of the College of Liberal Arts has been remarkable in the past, and it has been, there is indication that its growth in the future may surpass all previous achievements. Fifty years ago the leaders in agriculture and engineering appreciated the fact that an educated man in those fields was better worth while than an uneducated one. Today business has reached the same conclusion, and business now goes direct to the colleges of liberal arts for its recruits. With the job thus, literally, seeking the man, it is scarcely necessary to point out that the man will seek the liberal arts college.

How business goes to work can best be made clear by one or two actual cases. A short time ago a group of hotel owners approached the liberal arts college of one of our larger universities and asked that a course be arranged for the training of hotel managers. Men who take charge of great hotels or parts of hotels, they declare must be educated men. The university, however, or the state legislature, or both, being conservative, hesitated and eventually declined. The idea of its being necessary to go to college to learn to serve as hotel clerk sounded to these gentlemen somewhat ridiculous, to put it gently.

Nor did it strike the college authorities as quite dignified, this business of giving special training for hotel keepers, and having the graduates begin their life work as bell boys. It turned out, however, that the hotel men were dreadfully in earnest about it. Hotels ran into millions, they were enormous business enterprises, and the safe-guarding of their interests could only be entrusted to men of integrity, intelligence and wisdom. The future managers of this business, said the proponents of this plan, must enjoy the best training that could possibly be given them.

Arrived at this conclusion the hotel men carried their point with the university by paying all the bills. The combination of inn keepers advanced the money, and told what it wanted in return. It would furnish the students and pay for their education, and it wanted them taught English, history, economics, modern languages, and such natural science as obviously applied to the business of hotel management. The course was a combination of the average liberal arts studies with a generous dash of home economics.

The second example is a New Hampshire one. Last year a representative of the Bell Telephone Company presented himself at the office of Dean French of the College of Liberal Arts and asked for a list of names of the best dozen or two men who were to graduate that June. The Dean gladly furnished the necessary information and then asked for enlightenment. It was customary for such companies as the Telephone Company and the General Electric Company to apply for graduates from the College of Technology; but application to the College of Liberal Arts was new. The explanation, however, was simple. The company had already visited the College of Technology and had secured many of its graduates. These men in the service of the great corporation would event-





The University Library

ually secure highly valuable technical positions. The liberal arts graduates, however, were slated for another career. They were to enter the business, not the technical, departments. They were to become departmental and divisional managers. The future corporation presidents, in fact, are to be recruited from the arts colleges.

Business will undoubtedly by its demands stimulate tremendously the growth of the College of Liberal Arts at New Hampshire, but were business utterly blind to its own best interests, there are other reasons for predicting the college's continued growth and prosperity. The boy who would become a lawyer or a doctor finds that the best road lies through the College of Liberal Arts. The best law and medical schools now accept none but men with college degrees. Educated men it seems make better doctors and lawyers than uneducated men. In fact educated men are better than uneducated men in all departments, and all parents, recognizing this, strive to secure education for their sons and

daughters. Some demand a strictly vocational education; they ask for agriculture, or for engineering. But many more ask simply for education, by which they mean a broad, a liberal training, which shall bring their children abreast of the times, teach them what has been and what is elsewhere, that they may be ready to assume intelligent leadership in whatever is to be, here.

The College of Liberal Arts at the University of New Hampshire as now organized includes ten departments: Economics and Accounting, Education and Psychology, English, History and Political Science, Home Economics, Language, Music, Physical Education for Women, Sociology and Zoology and Geology. Among these departments and those of Mathematics, Physics and Chemistry in the College of Technology, and that of Botany in the College of Agriculture, the student arranges the broad, general course characteristic of the college. Such a course leads in some instances to the degree of Bachelor of Science and in others to that of Bach-

elor of Arts, depending upon the department in which the major subject is taken. It is this kind of course which interests the business man, and which furnishes the undergraduate with that preparation which the better professional schools demand.

Besides this general course there are, however, many opportunities for vocational work. A student, for example, who expects eventually to do college teaching begins here as an undergraduate, his preparation in the department he elects. If he, or more usually she, expects to teach in a high school he finds in the College of Liberal Arts a program especially arranged for this purpose. The work in Home Economics offers women students a variety of vocational work. If the girl expects to marry and devote her life largely to the housewifely pursuits of the average woman she finds in the Home Economics course an opportunity to secure a broad general education and at the same time a special training for home making. If she aspires to become a teacher of Home Economics in college or high school she finds here an opportunity for special training to that end, and an institutional course

in this department sends out many other graduates fitted as dietitians, or managers and assistants in public institutions of various kinds. A special arts course in chemistry prepares the student for work in certain kinds of commercial chemistry and for the teaching of science in secondary schools.

Nor does the vocational training offered by the College of Liberal Arts end with the subjects already outlined. The department of English offers a course in news writing, which in part prepares for a newspaper career, and the department of zoology offers a pre-medical course which prepares students for their subsequent studies in the medical schools.

To summarize, the College of Liberal Arts acts as a service college for the two highly technical schools in Agriculture and Technology; it offers highly specialized training which prepares the student, in some instances completely, and in others partly, for the earning of a livelihood immediately upon leaving college; or it furnishes that broad general education for the student who can afford to leave his strictly vocational preparation until after graduation.



A Home Economics Laboratory

# THE COUNTRY SCHOOL AND ITS IMPORTANCE IN THE REGENERATION OF RURAL NEW HAMPSHIRE

BY GEORGE M. PUTNAM

President New Hampshire Farm Bureau Federation

THE educational opportunities available in a community undoubtedly have an important bearing with respect not only to continued residence, but also upon the final decision with respect to location of families considering a change of residence. Especially is this true with farm people having children to educate. The farm so located that there is no school within from three to five miles or, if there should perchance happen at the time to be, within reasonable distance, a school with a half dozen pupils under the instruction of a young girl, perhaps just graduated from high school, does not appeal to the progressive young farmer with a family, because if he purchased he has no reasonable assurance of permanent and satisfactory educational privileges for his children, and while the price of the farm may seem reasonable it does not interest him because of the likelihood of further isolation, and further, depreciation in the value of his investment.

It has been truly stated, that the value and desirability of farm property for purposes of a loan is greatly increased if within a reasonable distance is located a good school house over which floats the American flag. A system of permanent schools with

rural teachers comparable in efficiency with those employed in village schools, is I believe, fundamental to continued permanent occupancy of farms in sections of our state far removed from village centers.

There is on the part of our rural people, and justly so, a feeling of pride in the rural school, and a realization that in its removal would be taken away an institution that has for generations served as a center around

which have been built social activities, and rural community life. Regardless of what differences of opinion may have existed in the past, at the present time all agree I believe, that the country school is essential and must be maintained. The continued trend, however, from country to town has in many instances so depleted these country neighborhoods or what were originally known as school districts, that an insufficient number of chil-

dren remain to make it practical to have a school. What then, is the solution? In the past, in most instances, one of two methods has been employed. First—the transportation of children from these isolated groups to some more central location, usually the village school. Second—the holding of schools in these rural school houses whenever a half-dozen children of school age and sometimes



GEORGE M. PUTNAM



less can be gotten together. Neither of these methods offer, I believe, a solution of the problem satisfactory to the rural people, because of the hardship upon small children, especially in cold weather, incident to long rides to school over country roads under the first plan; and because of the usual employment of inexperienced teachers for such schools under the second plan, and their adoption has contributed in no small degree to the continually increasing abandonment of the rural sections of our State.

### Effect on the Farms

In the early days of this migration from the farm, but little thought was given to what might be the effect of this farm-to-village policy of school transportation; but the rapid decline in farm occupation with a corresponding increase in school transportation has brought about a situation which endangers our whole rural community life. We have been struggling to maintain the rural school, failing to recognize what must inevitably result, namely, the further abandonment because of location and lack of school privileges of some of the best agricultural lands in the State, unless we make some modification in our present policies. What changes are necessary that our rural schools may be looked upon as an asset rather than a liability by the person looking for a farm home? First—We must come to recognize that consolidation to some extent is necessary. Second—that such consolidation should be toward rural centers rather than into village units, and to such an extent only, as would seem necessary in order to give reasonable assurance of sufficient scholars for at least a sizeable one-room school at all times. A careful survey of each town by its citizens, having in mind its desirable agricultural sections, its rural homes, both occupied and unoccupied, would be helpful in establishing a sufficient

number of schools so located as to reasonably meet the probable needs present and future, of all rural sections of the town. Third—no discrimination should be permitted as between village and rural schools in the selection of teachers both as to training and salary, as now exists as shown by appended tables from the last report of the State Board of Education:

#### Average Salary Paid Elementary Teachers

(Report N. H. B. Board of Education, 1922)

Schools	Salary
Rural	\$720.00
Village Elementary	900.00
City Elementary	1100.00

#### Training

(Not including college education)

	Rural	Village Elementary	City Elementary
No training	243	103	65
Six weeks	227	99	26
12 to 30 weeks	107	89	33
One year	30	38	7
Normal graduates	111	324	569
Total	718	653	700

I am informed however, by the Department of Education, that the next biennial report will show some improvement both with respect to the number of fully trained teachers and salary paid in rural schools.

### Better Teachers

With a limited plan of consolidation as above proposed, there could be no justification for the continuance of the present discrimination with respect to salary and training of teachers employed in country schools, as shown by the above tables. To again quote from the last report of the Board of Education:

"Trained teachers may be retained

in rural schools if provision is made for an end of the year addition to the teacher's salary, provided that she be a normal graduate with at least two years of experience and is teaching a one-room rural school of not fewer than fifteen (15) pupils, at a salary not less than the average for teachers of similar qualifications. I can see no other way to get competent trained teachers for our rural schools. We must increase the supply. We must increase the inducement. No amount of persuasion or plausible argument can permanently convince young girls that country teaching is more attractive than work in a village or city. We must then have country girls, accustomed to country life, trained for rural schools and, in addition, we must pay them enough so that they will choose to remain in a rural school. This would mean that a large rural school must expect to pay at least \$100 more than a village school nearby of like size and importance. I believe this is the only plan which will save our one-room country schools and I believe they are worth the saving."

### **Better Economy in Buildings**

During this long period of rural decline, necessary re-adjustments have been made to meet an existing situation, without giving consideration to probable future requirements. We have in most cases been keeping in some sort of repair a large portion of the little district school houses that were necessary when our rural population was double what it is now, and in many towns it is now common practice to hold schools in these school houses, under the plan previously referred to. One particular town, with a consolidation of rural schools from six to four, the salary of rural teachers which is now nearly one-third less than that paid to village teachers,

could be increased as proposed in the department of education report, to one hundred dollars in excess of that paid village teachers, practically all scholars attending rural schools would be within two and a quarter miles of a school house, and a saving of several hundred dollars could be made in teachers' salary expense to the town.

### **Less Teachers Required**

Under this suggested plan, if generally adopted, a substantial reduction could be made in the number of teachers employed in the State, and if those least qualified were eliminated, the standard would be raised. It would establish permanent school locations rather than movable rural schools. With the establishment of permanent rural school locations should come re-modeled buildings and up-to-date equipment, giving with sufficient appropriations by town and State equal educational opportunity to all pupils wherever located, which was the intent and purpose in enacting our present school law.

In the preparation of this article, I am influenced only by a desire to contribute something to the discussion of this most important question so vital to the welfare of all our people. A volunteer committee of influential and public-spirited citizens is now engaged in making a survey of the State's resources, from which it is hoped to evolve a constructive program for State uplift. Any program that does not give due recognition to the importance of the rural school problem will fall short of accomplishing the much desired result. I am confident this committee will, in its survey, give to the problem of rural education that consideration its importance deserves, and in its report make definite recommendation as a guide to the establishment of a permanent future educational program for the State.

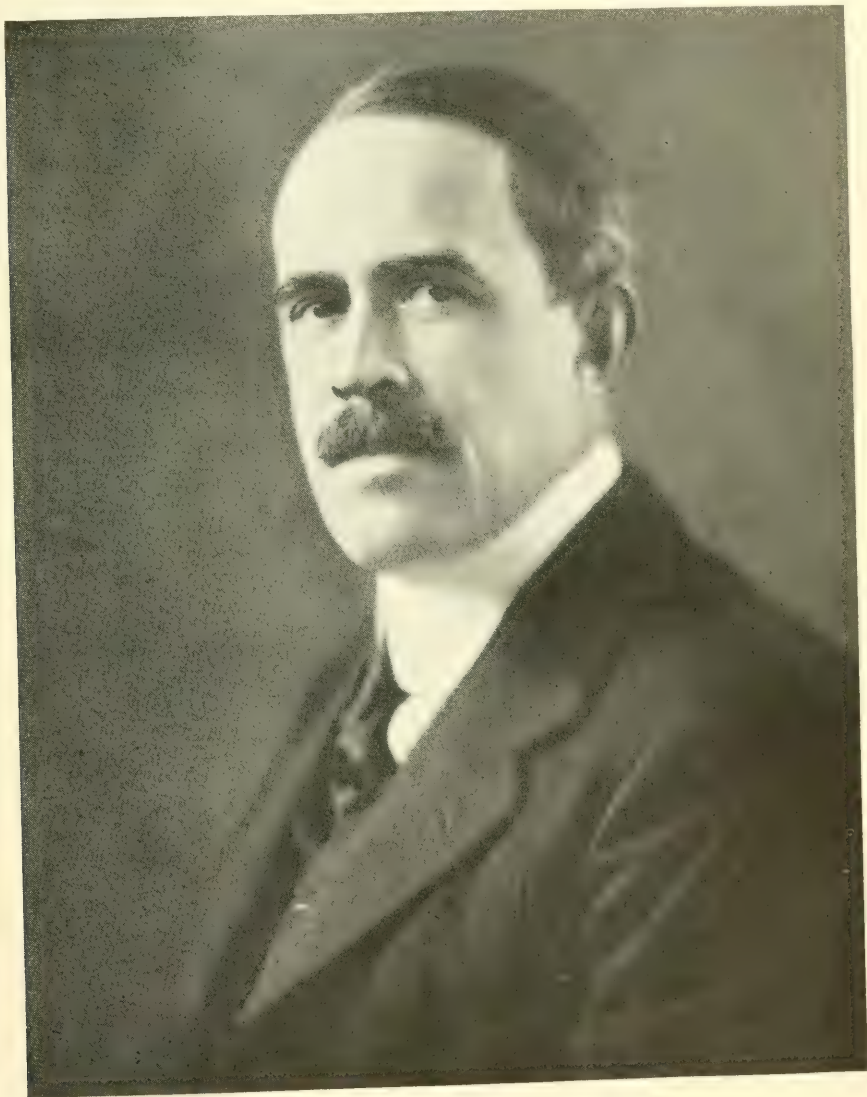
# GIANT POWER DISCUSSED AT CIVIC ASSOCIATION MEETING

BY H. STYLES BRIDGES

**T**HE first meeting of the year of the New Hampshire Civic Association was held in Concord recently in co-operation with the Concord Chamber

Llewellyn Cooke, Director of the Giant Power Survey and one of the best authorities on the subject in the country.

Mr. Cooke is a man of considerable



MORRIS LLEWELLYN COOKE

of Commerce. Nearly one hundred seventy-five people were in attendance, coming from all sections of the state. The speaker of the evening was Morris

experience on Power Resources of the country. He is closely associated with Gifford Pinchot and Herbert Hoover in their work on Giant Power. He is also



a noted author, writing such books as "Academic and Industrial Efficiency," "Are Our Cities Awake?" and many others.

The meeting was presided over by the Honorable Allen Hollis of Concord, a member of the Executive Committee of the New Hampshire Civic Association and well known throughout the state.

Mr. Cooke gave a very interesting address in which he praised the work of the Survey now being made in New Hampshire under the auspices of the Water Power Committee of which Ex-Governor Robert P. Bass is Chairman. This committee is working in connection with the New Hampshire General Survey Committee. Mr. Cooke urged the development of all available water power in New Hampshire. He brought to his audience an extremely interesting and instructive report of the work that has been done in Pennsylvania. He stated that he believed Pennsylvania, through her vast coal deposits and through her location as a state seemed to be the keystone in the arch of the electrification of the whole northeastern section of the United States.

He stated, "We are facing an age of electricity and we are going to see tremendous changes in the next few decades."

"Distance as a factor in the electrical development is fast disappearing," said Mr. Cooke. "The isolated plan of yesterday radiating its current a few miles at most yields to the interconnected sys-

tem of to-day and the future. Almost universal electrical service at economically feasible rates for agriculture, for industry, and for the home are coming in much more rapidly than we yet believe."

He stated that the people of New Hampshire as well as every state in the Union should be on notice for their participation in the benefit of cheap and widespread electrical service.

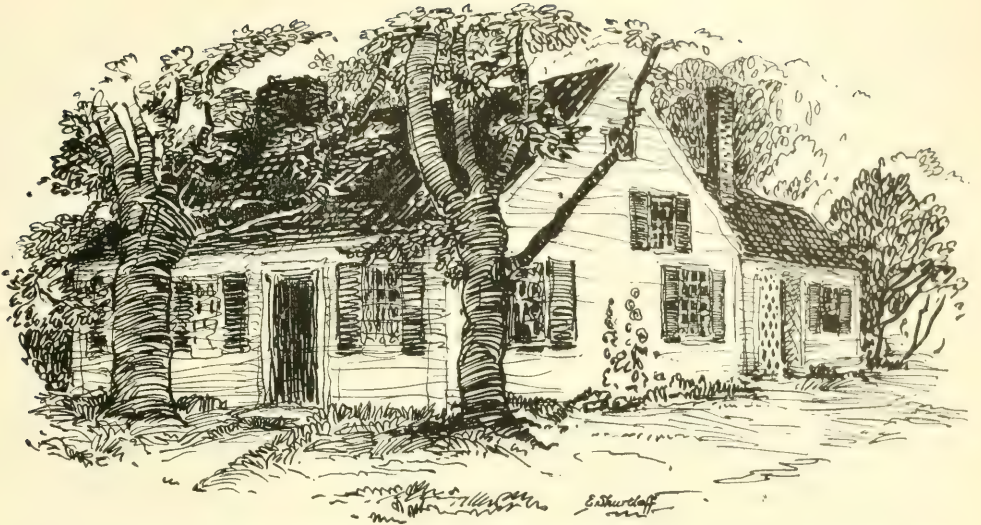
One point raised by Mr. Cooke in his talk has since brought very decided replies from various leading men in the state. This was his statement in opposition to Henry Ford's offer for Muscle Shoals. Mr. Cooke, in stating his opposition to the Ford offer said that its passage would junk the Federal Water Power Act which Progressives have obtained after twenty years of struggle.

The day following Mr. Cooke's address, Mr. George M. Putnam, President of the New Hampshire Farm Bureau Federation, replied to Mr. Cooke's attitude on the Ford offer and gave his reasons for believing Mr. Cooke to be wrong.

This meeting of the Civic Association in co-operation with the Concord Chamber of Commerce has tended to arouse considerable interest in the power developments of New Hampshire. People are looking ahead with interest to the report which will be made some time later in the year by the New Hampshire Water Power Committee.

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Through an unfortunate error the portrait published in the May issue in connection with Mr. Albert E. Pillsbury's article, "Sons of New Hampshire in Boston" was unidentified. Most readers have probably recognized it, however, as the portrait of the late Charles Levi Woodbury. —The Editor.



*"It is tucked cozily under the low spreading brow of the hill just beyond, this little white house with shutters of green. Its life has been busy, full of bustle and hurry, with some pain and much joy of a family long since scattered but still cherished by the little house."*

## HOUSES I HAVE KNOWN

BY JEANNETTE S. CROWELL

COME with me over the hill. Not far back from the street nestles the little friendly house. It is tucked cozily under the low spreading brow of the hill just beyond, this little white house with shutters of green. Its life has been busy, full of bustle and hurry, with some pain and much joy of a family long since scattered but still cherished by the little house. From out its doors children have run back and forth at play. They have hung on its high gate and swung perilously back and forth. But the little house has not minded. It has a friendly spirit and loved the children at their play. They have brought their childish hurts and pains into its low, wide kitchen there to be comforted by its cozy warmth and firelit glow. They have brought their sacred, childish treasures and hidden them securely in a dim, dusky attic, and even now should the little house feel so disposed, it could whisper of forgotten treasures still sheltered under its friendly roof. It has watched silently and lovingly these same

children grow to manhood and womanhood and sympathized quietly and even comforted them in its own inimitable way, as only a little friendly house can do, when pain and sorrow came into their lives. It has watched them depart one by one with deep regret and longed for their return and the joys of a family circle again. All this is over now, and the little house is at peace but somewhat tired. It is a bit grayed with age, but cheerfully its shutters swing wide and the little white framed window panes, clouded with dust, blink and flash cheery smiles to the passersby as the summer sun turns its colorful steps back over the hill for the long, long journey down the West.

And what is this other little house standing so erectly close to the road? The prim little house! Its outlines are harsh and severe. Its doors stand cold and forbidding like the pursed lips of a disapproving spinster. Orderly and precise is *this* little house with not a blade of unruly grass softening the curt edges

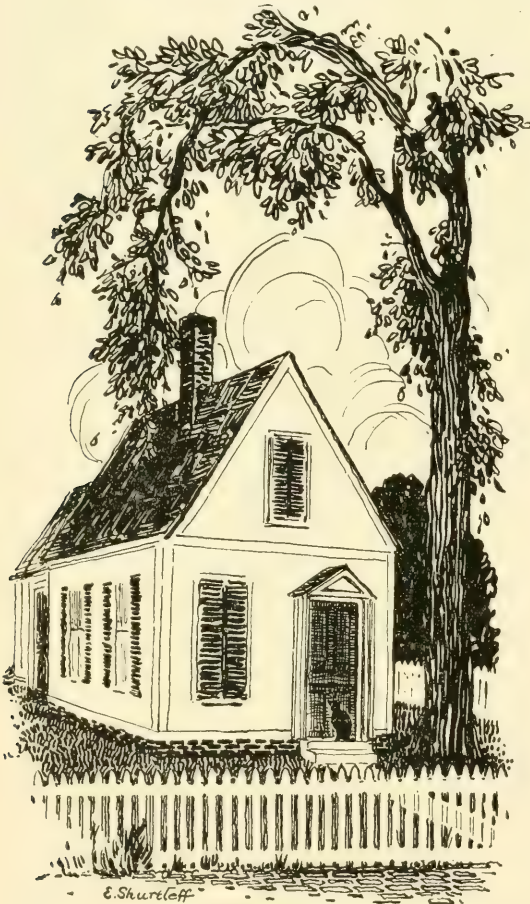
of its tight little walk. It has known life, but not the love life of the little friendly house, and no warmth or welcome radiates from its drawn shades and closely drawn gates. A family circle of discord has dwelt within its walls and the unhappy atmosphere has obviously soured the prim little house. How cold and sharp its reflection stands in the summer shadows. Impatiently it has waited for the noisy, frolicsome children to grow up and go away and leave it to its own cold silence. Greatly have they annoyed it as they have hung on its white fence and soiled its gleaming boards with childish finger marks. It has frowned with disapproval on their antics and scorned to unbend though the lovely elms daily caress its sleek roof with low grown branches. Full well

we know your human counterpart, Oh little prim, cold house!

Your laughter rings out. I know! The funny little laughing house with its perky spiked, gable windows breaking out in riotous architectural disarray, like a naughty little curly-head making faces behind its elder's back! Funny, wee windows slant upward on the roof, twinkling in glee when some amazed stranger pauses in passing for a longer view of its merry outlines. There is a little dimpling window quirked up in merriment next the broad smiling mouth of the painted door. "Laugh at me," this comical house seems to say. "I know I'm funny, but oh I've had a merry life and a gay one, and much laughter and good nature have I sheltered in my day. Could a funny little house like me ever have been built by serious minded men? Should a funny little house like me be taken seriously? No! I'm the little flapper house, always merry and fun-loving."

And the stately house high up on the hill. Its symmetry a delightful rhythm of line. Tall pillars adorn its graceful entrance. It sweeps back across the velvet lawn in graceful, flowing outline like the shimmering train of a beautiful gown. It too has known a full, busy life, but a life of great dignity and poise.

It has sheltered the greatest statesmen of its day, the fairest maidens of the countryside. From out its long many-paned windows matrons and maidens have feasted their eyes upon the beauty of its glorious gardens, and some fair maidens on occasion have stolen secretly out to these self-same gardens, wonderful trysting places, but the stately house would scorn to forget its dignity and tell tales. Its wide portico echoes still the champing of bit and impatient pawing of noble thoroughbreds kept well in hand by haughty grooms waiting patiently at its wide flung hospitable door for stately dames to bid adieu to guests from far off for-





eign countries. And once, it is said, the president of this whole great land graced its hospitality. Small wonder the stately house holds itself with dignity and poise.

Dusk—the little friendly house, the prim little house, the little laughing house and the stately house fade into the shadows of a darkening world stealing closer and closer. Ghosts of former scenes draw near, peopling the gloom

with unseen life again and the little friendly house is gladdened once more, the little laughing house smiles again and the stately house stands proud and serene. But the prim little disapproving house shakes itself with irritation in the night winds and longs for the daylight to break when the ghosts will scamper back to the shelter of wherever it is ghosts take flight at dawn of day.



## MEMORIES

Night winds crooning softly  
 Sing tenderly and low.  
 Streaming lights from windows  
 Pale ghostly shadows throw.  
 Hearth fires leap and quicken  
 Crackling in their glee,  
 And memories come crowding  
 Deep in the heart of me.

# PEACE THROUGH POWER, PACIFISM AND PREPAREDNESS

BY MAJOR C. H. MASON

**“Y**E shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free.”

That promise, ringing down the ages, reaches us as a prophesy in part fulfilled. In deed, to some it seems so far fulfilled as to warrant doing away with forceful protection and placing, henceforth, our sole reliance in the efficacy of unarmed truth.

At the other extreme are those who with Pilot are so uncertain as to “What is truth” as to make them skeptical of any security not predicated utterly upon force.

With these two extremes—the one very sure of the actuality of idealism; the other equally convinced of the unreality—it is not remarkable that each should produce ardent protagonists for the two doctrines—Peace

through Pacifism versus Peace through Power. If it is true that every age has its besetting sin, surely ours is the “bearing of false witness,” and the special pleaders for peace through pacifism are not guiltless, for the Pacifist says that military power makes for war, though the evidence of history and the present day clearly show that war is still chronic within those regions where specific organized force is non-existent and that chronic war has been

superseded by chronic peace only in those regions where modern organized military power is in existence. Evidently organized military power has been the force for eliminating chronic disorder and establishing ordered peace. Again, the Pacifist says that military power is unchristian in all its ways and works, yet our Lord

not only had no condemnation for the soldier but indeed several are commended in the New Testament for their faith, righteousness and godliness. While indeed we are charged with turning our own cheek to the enemy, we are nowhere charged with turning our brother's cheek. Indeed, we are enjoined both by word and spirit of the New Testament to guard, protect and fight for the weak and for righteous

**What is a sane preparedness?**

**Is war ever justifiable?**

**Does a strong army and navy lead to war or peace?**

**Clergymen, Statesmen and people are in hot debate. Churches are split. Every citizen should face this question.**

**Read this article by Major Mason, Commander of New Hampshire's Reserve, and if you do not agree write your opinion for the Granite Monthly.**

truth. The inference in the New Testament seems very clearly to be that we should surely guard with all our military power our christian heritage the while we work for the spiritual means for the lessening of the non-christian passions that make for war. Yet again the Pacifist says that war is inherently, inevitably and under all situations evil, productive of no good and utterly to be done away with; and he proposes as the utter elimination of military preparedness of

every kind—men, arms, equipment, money, resources. This propaganda is having a peculiarly clear field in America, for the opposing extreme has never, even in pre-war days, been strong, and is now almost wholly absent due to complete refutation of the militarist argument as represented by Germany. To one cognizant of the facts, the pacifist is suspect not because of the falsity of his testimony, argument and pronouncement. He says that war is the greatest of all evils and that no good has ever come from war. He says that war is caused by preparedness systems, and he calls upon his fellow countrymen to establish and make effective a program of non-resistance wherein the government will maintain no instruments of defense. He complains that he is paying vast sums in taxes for former wars.

Let us for a moment examine the history of our country with a view to determining what part military power has played in the national life. We paid the price of the war of the Revolution and in return we received what? We got freedom from Europe, freedom from its political restraints; its economic restrictions; freedom from the old world social casts and limitations; and we secured the opportunity to administer and finance our own life and development.

The cost of the Mexican War was the price we paid for assuring an early free government to the great South West; guaranteeing it freedom from the Mexican misrule which then dominated and still functions within the borders of that latter country.

Then came the dreadful years of 1861 to 1865. We are still paying for those years, and the pacifist says we are paying for the Civil War. That is a juggling of terms. We are not paying for that war, rather we are paying the price for destroying slavery. But it is said that slavery would have gone of itself in a decade through

the pressure of economic necessity. Perhaps, but is ten years of slavery for ten million people too small a return for the price of the Civil War?

In paying for the Spanish War we are paying not for that war but for the elimination of medieval despotism from the West Indies and the Philippines, and for the freedom of some fifteen millions of people from an unenlightened tyranny, inimical to all concerned and to the peace and well being of the world.

Have the pacifists so soon forgotten the Germany of 1917, her ruthless killing of unarmed civilians, her establishment of slave raids in Belgium, her determination to establish military absolutism throughout the whole world, that they should say that we have gotten no benefits for the price of the World War?

### The Army in Peace Time

In the periods between struggles the Army and Navy, or let us call them the nation's police and coast guard, form an organization of creative peace building that is unique in the world, and has and is returning to the country in actual monetary profits sums far in excess of their maintenance cost. This peace activity of America's military force has many phases, not generally remembered and yet in the sum forming a rather imposing total. A very partial list will include such items as the exploration and mapping of our continent, of Alaska and of our Insular possessions; the charting of the seven seas; the original creation and for many years the operating of the the weather bureau; the building of several transcontinental railways; the building of the Erie Canal and of the Panama Canal; the recent building of the Alaskan Railway; the present operation of the Alaskan Telegraph and Radio system; the past and current development of all our rivers and harbors; the first establishment and initial administration of civil govern-



ment in many regions of our country, in Alaska and in our Insular possessions;; the periodic fighting of forest fires; emergency relief in great catastrophes such as the Mississippi flood, the San Francisco earthquake and fire; international relief work, such as the Russian relief.

### Demands of the Times

In years gone by it was not so necessary to have a national system of defense as it is today.

Just as in the days of the Civil War it was unnecessary for the farmer to have any elaborate banking and credit system, any extensive buying and selling organization in order to enable him to effectively function in the economic world, so he did not need any elaborate organization to turn soldier should need arise. But in this latter day such mechanism is essential to the citizen if he is going to be able to effectively defend himself; necessary in the same way and for the same reasons that that citizen, be he farmer, artisan or business man, cannot effectively function in his daily occupations without the elaborate systems of banking and credit, of buying and selling organizations, of freight tariffs and of other intricate mechanisms of our industrial life. Just as he needs these things and as he needs the organization of the Red Cross for his charity work, his social organizations of Rotary Club, Chambers of Commerce and church organizations for functioning in social and spiritual ways, so he is in need of an organization to enable him to effectively defend himself should need arise. In the days of the Civil War and even in those of 1898, the war and the devastation of war came relatively, slowly and progressively; and a relatively slow and progressive preparation was adequate to meet the situation. But in this day and age war comes swiftly and its devastating force is so terrific that immediate defensive measures

are imperative. It is for this reason that in 1920 Congress passed the National Defense Act; an act that gives us a national system whereby the citizen may turn soldier in his own defense effectively when the need comes. This law was passed because it became unescapably evident that the old policy of waiting until war came upon us before preparing was no longer possible. It had always been wasteful both in money, lives and in suffering; now it was no longer possible for the same reason that volunteer fire departments were no longer able to meet the imperative demands of our concentrated life. The pacifist says that any form of preparation is evil. The extreme conservative says that we should have complete preparedness in all its details. If analyzed, both are untenable demands. The first because it involves the doctrine of eliminating all police forces throughout the country. The absurdity of such a proposal is obvious. So long as it is necessary to have town constables, city police and state constabularies, so long is it necessary for the national government to have a police force of its own. Whether we call that national force an army or a police force is immaterial. In the United States the Army in Peace has never been anything other than a police force. There is no demand now that it be anything other than that. So the pacifist in his demand is in the position of tilting against windmills. On the other hand, the extreme conservative says that we must maintain complete preparedness. But in modern war the mechanism and weapons are such as to involve all the mechanics, means and channels of peaceful life. Complete preparedness means militarizing all our institutions, social, industrial, political and personal, as was done in Germany; and when this is done the result is futile, as evidenced by the collapse of Germany. Regimentation carried to the nth degree as

the Prussians carried it obviously reacts upon itself and destroys the very essence of security—the personal freedom of the individual; It seems very obvious that a national police force is essential and that it be so organized and so related to the private citizen and to industry that these may effectively mobilize in their own defense.

It is such a plan that the National Defense Act of 1920 has established and made law. In a law that effects so fundamentally every man, woman and child in the nation it is odd that a more complete and interested knowledge of its character is not held. In substance, it recognizes the necessity for maintaining a national police force as a backing to law and order and the executive administration of the country, a force supplementary to the town, city and state police forces. The duty of this force is not only to form the foundation of law and order within our boundaries but to secure the safety of such outlying possessions pertaining to us as may be necessary to secure this country against aggression. This national force, the Regular Army, besides these two functions of supporting the administration of law and order and in guarding our strategic outposts, has another duty; that of a research laboratory in which a constant watchfulness pertains concerning the development of weapons that might be used against us by an aggressor. And it has another function; that of studying the military security of the country and keeping up to date the plans necessary to enable the citizen to defend himself if attacked. Such plans necessarily involve both industry in its ability to turn out the intricate mechanisms of modern war, and foreign relations as they effect our ability to get essential raw materials not procurable within our continental limits. It also provides a nucleus of experienced professionals ready to give current and specific training to

the citizen when opportunity affords. It is considered by those competent to know that to accomplish these functions a force of 150,000 men and 15,000 officers is necessary. The present strength of the Regular Army is very considerably below these figures due to a lack of authorization from Congress for maintaining the full force. So long as this deficit exists the basic structure, or in terms of the business man the overhead organization, is inadequate.

### The Organized Reserves

Heretofore the national policy of preparedness has always stopped at this point, it being the policy to wait until war was actually upon us before providing the mechanism for the citizen to turn soldier. But the National Defense Act goes one step farther and now provides that mechanism known as the Organized Reserves. This force consists of companies, battalions and regiments of infantry, artillery, cavalry, tanks, signal corps, quartermaster corps, ordnance and all the other numerous units that go to make up the modern fighting force. These units are all located on a basis of population to the various states of the union, and within the states to the various towns and counties. Having been so located the government then invites citizens who have had military training and experience in the last war to take a reserve commission, upon taking of which he is then assigned to one of those localized units. By this means there is now throughout the United States this skeleton organization having actually assigned to it all the officers for our war armies. These men have been carefully selected, physically examined, their preferences and ability considered, and then they have been assigned to the positions where they can best function. In other words there has been and now is being accomplished all that process of finding the right man

for the right place and putting him therein, which we had to do in 1917 under the pressure of a great emergency—a process that we had to accomplish in a few months and thereby inevitably committing many errors, much hardship, and unescapable friction. We are now accomplishing with the leisurely precision of peace this process of finding the round peg for the round hole and putting it therein. The process of getting the commissioned officers for this organization is about completed. The next step is to get non-commissioned officers—the corporals, sergeants and technical specialists—assigned to the appropriate positions in this reserve force.

It is interesting to note that by this system the citizen is given means for defending himself, if need arises, and yet there is no intimation of militarism; no opportunity for a perverted use of this force, for the Organized Reserves is not an Executive instrument. It cannot be called to active service by the President as can the Regular Army and National Guard. It can be called into active service only by an act of Congress declaring the existence of a major emergency. Thus it is truly a citizen's force, the control of which is in his own hands.

But time passes rapidly and as it flies by the number of available veterans rapidly diminishes. How rapidly is indicated by the fact that in 1918 we had four million veterans and now the War Department estimates that there are only seven hundred thousand of these left available for war service. The rest are no longer available by reason of death, physical deterioration and growing family and other obligations. A few years more and the number of the experienced men from the last war will be greatly inadequate to keep up the strength of this

organization. Therefore, it is necessary to have some means of replacement. That means is supplied by what is known as the Reserve Officers' Training Corps, or R. O. T. C., the cadet corps established in most of the state universities and some of the private universities of the country, supplied with equipment by the War Department, and wherein the students get some military training.

Paralleling the mobilization here outlined and as a part of the general organized reserve system, there is a similar system being applied to our industries so that the requisite supply of munitions in all their intricate complexities may be forthcoming to furnish the citizen his arms when he calls for them. Such is the National Defense system created by the Act of Congress in 1920. It can be and is being created and carried forward by the national government through its Army officers stationed throughout the country. It cannot be indefinitely so carried. If it is to persist and continue proficient it must be taken over by the citizen and made his own possession to be woven by him into his community life in much the same manner as he has taken over the management and direction of his good works, his politics, his business conditions, making these things a part of his community life.

Let us by all means work through spiritual means for the elimination of war, but while we do so let us also as earnestly guard with all our material strength our splendid heritage of justice, decency and happiness: a heritage that—billions radicals to the contrary notwithstanding—is a unique blessing in a world that is still two-thirds barbaric. We are the heirs of our fathers' rational armed righteousness. The legacy is unique in its preciousness. The pacifist asks us to gamble with it.





## SUMMER CAMPS IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

One of the most comforting facts about the Granite State is the constant evidence which shows that it is playing a larger part each year in the development of the young life of the land. Ten years ago there were scarcely a half dozen camps within the state. To-day there are 172. These summer camps receive boys and girls from all over the eastern part of the United States as well as from our own cities, give them two months of outdoor training under Christian leadership, and send them home with a bit of the Old Granite State in their systems.

Ernest P. Conlon, known to New Hampshire youth as "Pa" Conlon, and "Dick" Smith, head of Concord's Camp Spaulding, both of them Y. M. C. A. men, give GRANITE MONTHLY readers a glimpse of the summer program of that organization. Dr. Edgar Fauver, who directs the activities of Camp Pemigewasset at Wentworth, N. H., writes of the general influences of camp life. It is a source of regret that space does not permit messages from many others of the able men and women who are yearly leading boys and girls in New Hampshire summer camps.

### Y. M. C. A. CAMPS

BY ERNEST P. CONLON

**P**RESIDENT EMERITUS ELIOT of Harvard says, "The organized summer camp is the most important step in education that America has given the world."

A three days' Conference at Camp Spaulding, Riverhill, of the Directors of the Y. M. C. A. camps of the State over the Memorial Day week-end, marks the coming of the Camping season.

The plans as arranged call for the attendance of the Directors from the vari-

ous camps, together with two or three of the departmental leaders.

A program is being arranged that will allow for a demonstration of the opening days of camp, setting up the program of activities and duties on Friday, the regular camp activities on Saturday, concluding with a Woodcraft demonstration around the Woodcraft Circle in the evening; a Sunday morning religious service and the usual exercises attendant on the closing up of the camp season.

An attendance of thirty to forty Directors and leaders is expected and Dick Smith, Director of the Concord camp, will act as host for the gathering.

The camping movement in the New Hampshire Y. M. C. A.'s extends over a long period of years, and Camp Belknap, the State camp, was the pioneer, opening up its first camp in 1903 on Lake Winnepesaukee with nine boys in attendance. The camp has grown steadily until it now cares for 135 campers at a time each season with 196 different campers and leaders enrolled last year, and the range of activities covers a number of educational features never dreamed of in the earlier days of the camp. Hundreds of New England boys are members of the "Wantonoit" Club which was organized by Prof. Brown of Colby College at Camp Belknap many years ago, and since, its inception has spread until it is now a feature of a good proportion of the boys' camps in this section of the country. Because in the early days a combination was affected with some Massachusetts camps, there has always been a good proportion of

the Belknappers coming from outside of the State and each year the available places have been filled many weeks before the opening of the camp.

Some of the older camps include Soangetaha on Rand's Pond, conducted by the Sullivan County Y. M. C. A.; Camp Crescent on Half Moon Pond, the Manchester Y. M. C. A. camp; and Takodah on Richmond Pond, which is conducted by the Cheshire County Y. M. C. A. and includes Keenie in its enrolment. Later organized camps in their order are Camp Gordon conducted by the Berlin Association; Camp Onway on Lake Onway, the Rockingham County and Portsmouth camp; Camp Spaulding, the popular and well known Concord Y. M. C. A. camp at Riverhill; and the newest one of all, Camp Foss, opened last year by the Strafford County Y. M. C. A. Up to the present time all of these camps with the exception of Belknap and Crescent make arrangements for conducting a Girl's Camp during a part of the season.

Figures giving the magnitude of the camping movement under the Y. M. C. A., are startling at a first glance.



The Diving Pier (Winnepesaukee)



The Woodcraft Circle

### New Hampshire Y. M. C. A. Camps, 1923

Name of Camp	Belknap State	Foss	Gordon	Onway	Saugetaha	Takodah	Spaulding	Crescent	Total
Annual Budget	\$10700	\$4500	\$600	\$2000	\$600	\$2700	\$4500	\$3000	\$28600
Leaders									
Boys	33	12	2	10	3	10	10	10	
Girls				7	4	10			
Boy Campers	160	91	14	48	17	80	120	57	587
Girl Campers		18		62	28	48	55		211
Charge per week	\$10	\$8	\$7	\$7	\$8	\$8	\$9	\$9	
Camp period									
Boys	8 wks.	4 wks.	2 wks.	Jul.	2 wks.	4 wks.	5 wks.	8 wks.	
Girls		2 wks.		Aug.	2 wks.	2 wks.	3 wks.		
Value Site & Equipment	\$8000	\$3500	\$400	\$3000	\$500	\$3500	\$9000	\$2500	\$30400

The camping season commences usually July 1 and practically all of the camps are reported as self-supporting although depending on subscriptions for new equipment.

In addition to these Y. M. C. A. camps, the Y. W. C. A.'s of Portsmouth, Nashua and Manchester are carrying on a similar

type of camp with groups of girls from each of these localities.

"The camp that counts puts the ordered life in place of the irregularity of the summer hotel and the inexperience of some well meaning homes. The truth is evident. The business of the parent in summer time as well as winter is the up-

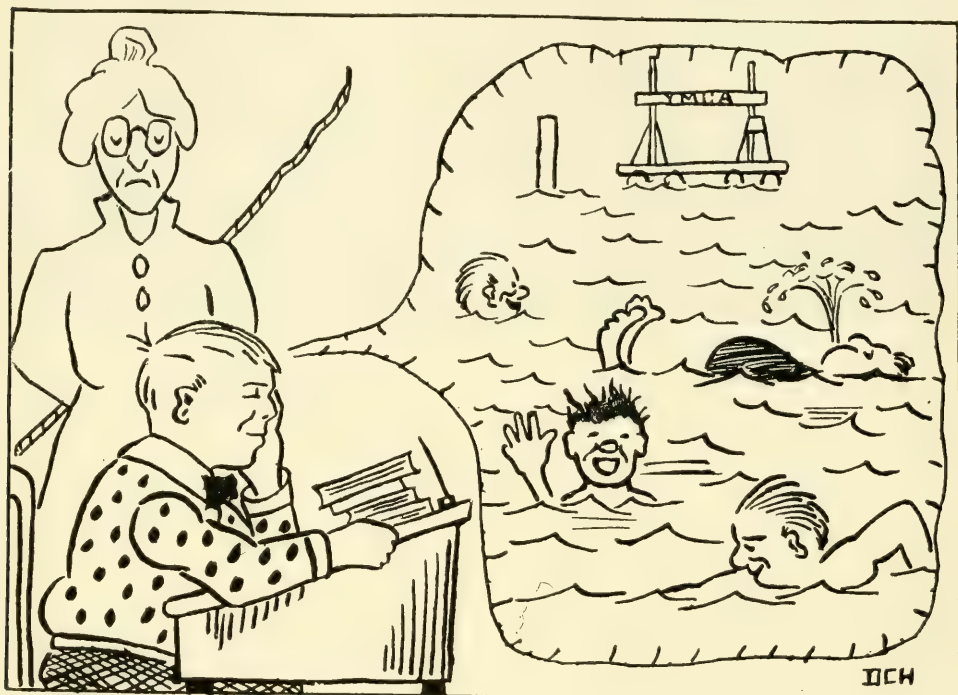


building of a generation which will know how in a few years to steady the ark, too often jostled in past years, of our civilization. In doing this the camp has come into a unique place in reinforcing school and home.

It undoes the work of neither. It carries on. The camp takes children out in-

alone can offer, the tact that overlooks collisions and a largeness far above collisions, the cultivation of courtesy and good cheer, blended so as to lend life more grace and charm.

The real camp sprinkles the summer with that salt of spirituality which alone can save the world. It makes young



to the open. It speeds them up in health. It brings into their lives that new joy Mr. Royal Dixon pictures in his books on plants and animals. It furnishes adventure without danger, romance without "petting parties," the spirit of good sportsmanship, which the primitive

people think of others first. It trains them how to manage life when the great crisis comes,—like that wounded man six years ago, in No Man's Land, who when his comrade risked his life to bring him in replied, "Never mind me; I'll be all right. Steve's out there, bring him in."

## LIFE AT CAMP SPAULDING

BY RICHARD T. SMITH

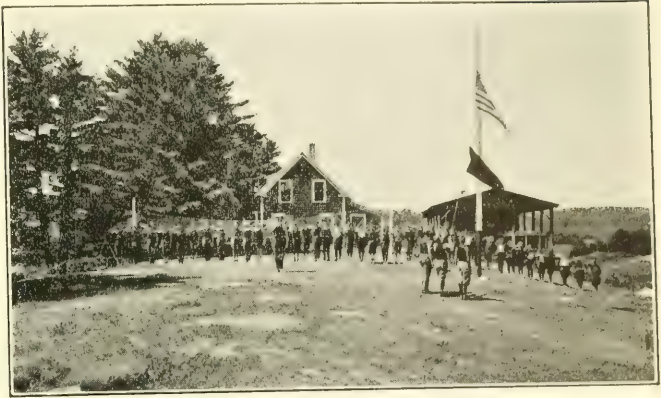
FOUR years ago an institution was built up on the shores of the Contoocook River near Concord, New Hampshire and dedicated to boys and girls. This institution is known as Camp Spaulding and was named in honor of

Huntley N. Spaulding, who has been its chief benefactor since its beginning. It is operated at cost and has for its object, "The Development of Christian Character in the Lives of Boys and Girls." Camp Spaulding started in a very

meager way. There was an initial gift of \$450, which was used to purchase a small piece of land and a cottage. Since that time the Camp property has constantly increased until, at the present time, the Camp site consists of about twelve acres of land on a high, pine covered hill overlooking the picturesque Contoocook River. The Camp site was bought and furnished by public-spirited men and women who believe in and who are unselfishly interested in the welfare of boys and girls. It is situated within ten miles of the City of Concord and it is unusual to find a place so near civilization yet so alluring and so well adapted to the various purposes of Camp life.

The present equipment of Camp Spaulding includes a large recreation lodge, a well equipped kitchen and dining hall and an administration building, which was the gift of the Concord Rotary Club. The recreation lodge is a large building with a huge open fireplace. It contains a large room which is well equipped with things of interest to boys and girls and provides a cozy gathering place on cool or rainy evenings. The crackling logs, jolly songs and wholesome stories radiate a charm which must be experienced to be truly appreciated. The boys and girls sleep in cabins which accommodate eight campers and their leader.

Camp Spaulding boasts of a fine athletic and aquatic equipment, which is the gift of John G. Winant. There is a baseball field, tennis court and a dock for swimming equipped with



Raising and lowering the Colors is a daily event at Camp Spaulding

diving tower, spring board and chutes. Swimming is a popular sport with the boys and girls at Camp Spaulding and last summer thirty-seven campers were taught to swim. In fact almost every boy and girl knew how to swim before leaving Camp. In a Summer Camp it is most important that a careful vigilance be kept regarding the swimming. No camper is allowed to enter the water except at the regular swimming hour and the swimming is always supervised by a competent adult instructor. Campers before being allowed to enter the water at the deep end of the dock or use row boats, must pass the swimming and boat test, which means that they must swim 100 yards and be able to keep afloat in the water five minutes without depending on outside aid.



The Spaulding Slogan is Smile





"Beyond the Hills where Green Trees Grow"

Camp Spaulding has had included among its campers, boys and girls from all walks of life. Each season finds at Camp sons and daughters from the best families in the Granite State and the Camp also includes in its membership many boys and girls who might be considered as under-privileged. Each year campers have been sent to Spaulding by Charity organizations and the Red Cross, and the Camp always welcomes these boys and girls, who might otherwise be deprived of a wholesome vacation.

The story is told of a little girl who went to Camp Spaulding and while at Camp tasted butter for the first time in her life;—of another girl who asked permission of her counselor to spread some crackers with peanut butter and take them to her tent. Later the counselor saw this little girl who enthusiastically said, "This is just like Heaven, isn't it?" It is not hard to appreciate just what camp can do for children who come from homes where even such food as butter is unknown and children who feel that eating peanut butter on crackers is closely akin to Heaven.

Last summer a boy came to Camp Spaulding by the name of John, along with twenty other

youngsters from New York City's Tenement District. When John went back to New York City his teacher asked him to tell his class in school something about his vacation in New Hampshire. He showed from what he said that the Camp had made a lasting impression on his life and who knows but what the experience of this boy John and

many others may in after life prove to be the place where ideals were established and where lessons of resourcefulness, courage, and patience were taught, planting in them a love for the open, such that they may return to it in after years for refreshment and inspiration. This is what John told his teacher.

"Camp Spaulding was a nice place. There was about sixty boys there, most of 'em rich boys, I guess, 'cause they hafta pay anyway as much as \$30 to go there. And there was professors to teach them things and a swimming teacher and everything. And we did everything just the same as they did and played with them in all the games.

"They was awful nice fellers, not rough like us, and they don't talk like us. They had awful nice manners. Gee, I'm gonna be like those fellers. I'm



Where Diving and Swimming is a fine Art



gonna learn to talk the way the teacher tells us in school, and I'm gonna stay in school and get an education, too. Then when I get old enough maybe I can get a job in that Camp as a professor."

The twenty youngsters from New York last year had opportunity to mingle with forty other boys from Concord and vicinity, whose living conditions as a rule are much better than the conditions of the average boy and there is no question in the minds of many people that both classes of boys received benefit from their fellowship and friendship together. It is conditions such as these that promote democracy and eliminate class distinction. At Camp Spaulding there is no evidence of any distinction of class, race, financial condition or anything else.

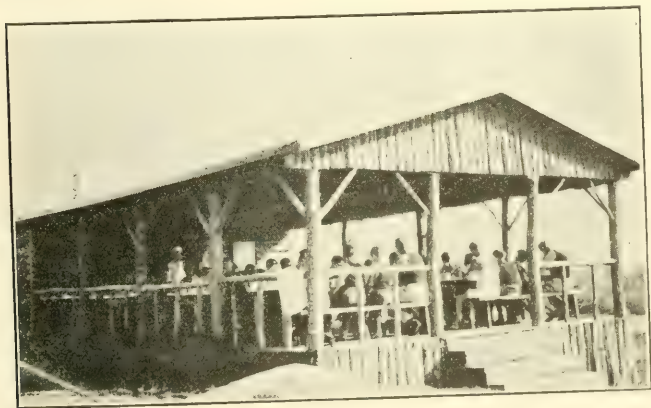
It is an established fact that Camp life provides rare opportunity for developing character in boys and girls. They get a habit at Camp which they take home with them and have experiences which they never forget. Unless boys or girls are hopelessly deficient they cannot fail to grow mentally, morally and physically under the stimulus provided by the Camp program.



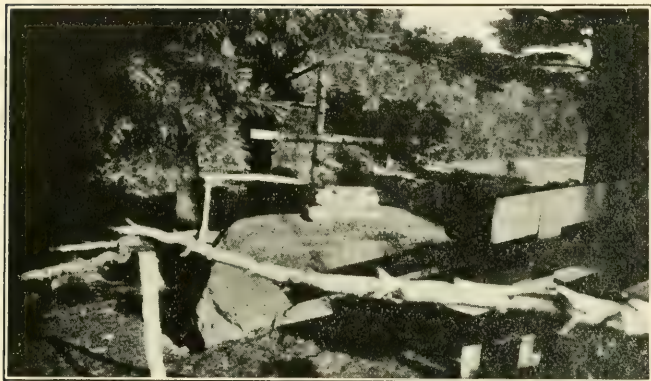
Ball Field

It is not an uncommon thing for parents to write to a Camp Director something like this. "How did you train John to be so neat with his things in the little while you had him at camp? His mother and I long ago gave him up as hopeless. Before he went to Camp he used to throw his clothes upon the floor where he took them off and leave them there for his mother to pick up. Now he picks everything up and is most particular about it and he shows much greater consideration for his mother and me than formerly."

Boys quickly learn to absorb the "spirit" of their camp. They take a vast pride in it. A camper learns to have consideration for his fellows and learns to forego his own selfish desires. It is the rule of the camp that all campers must accept unavoidable hardships and denials cheerfully without complaint or question. The boy who sulks and carries a grouch will find life at Camp with his companions unbearable. Each tent group of eight is a little family and if one member of that family fails to do his duty he is promptly disciplined by the other members. Boys take pride in their tent and the camper who



The Dining Lodge



The Memorial Chapel

shirks and fails to do his duty soon finds that he is not the most popular person in camp.

Camp Spaulding is much more than a recreation ground. It is a character building institution, designed to fill a need and to take care of our boys and girls during the long summer vacation when schools are closed.

Life at Camp is not all play. It is true that athletics and organized wholesome out-of-door activities form a large part of the program of the Camp. Resourcefulness in the campers is developed and the program is so arranged that each camper learns how to do many new things and without scarcely knowing it remains in complete control of the fine mental and moral ideas obtained during the school season. Dr. Frank Crane once said in an editorial:

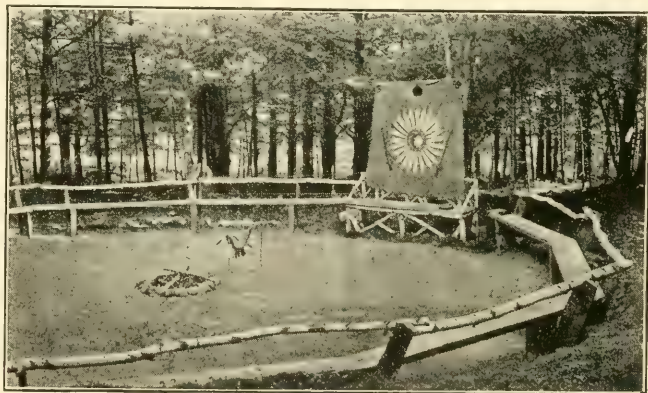
"One of my oldest dreams is a University out-of-doors. In it the children of the cities should wander the ways of the woodland. They should learn through play. Their teacher would not give them books to read but inspiration. They should study the secrets of the rocks and plants at their feet, and make acquaint-

ance with the stars above their heads. They should be as healthy as young panthers, and learn to love the rain and partake of that joy of overcoming, which is the note of youth and health."

It is with this idea that Camp Spaulding insists that at least one hour each day be spent in study. Classes are provided in wireless telegraphy, nature study,

signaling, first aid and life saving, scouting, woodcraft, camp craft, basketry and manual training. The leaders of the camp believe that there should be no letting down of the bars during the summer months and every activity in the Camp is arranged with this purpose in mind that the camper shall go back to his home better qualified to take up his school work where it was left and with a finer, truer spirit of loyalty for his school, his parents and home.

It is practically impossible to help a boy and girl in any permanent way without stressing the need of religion in their lives. Opportunity for religious instruction is afforded to the camper. Undenominational services are held each Sunday in the beautiful out-door chapel with its roof of pines. A devotional



The Woodcraft Council Circle

period is conducted each morning at the breakfast table and the campers are encouraged each evening before retiring to read a selection from the scriptures, and kneel in silent prayer as they are accustomed to do at home.

It is towards such institutions as Camp Spaulding that we must look for help, in the vitally important task of building the physical, mental and moral fiber of the youth of the Granite State.

## HOW CAMPING BUILDS CHARACTER

BY DR. EDGAR FAUVER

**S**TEVENSON says that there is fun to be had in God's great out of doors that no man knows in the city.

Perhaps to the average inhabitant of the camping districts of America this statement represents the real reason for the growth of the institutions which have become so common and which are known under the name of boys' and girls' camps. There is fun to be had in the great out of doors of the lake and mountain region of New England which no boy or girl can possibly know in the city.

President Eliot of Harvard is reported to have said that the summer camp represents the greatest contribution that America has made to the cause of education in the last decade. While the summer camp contributes to the physical development of the boys and girls it contributes much more to the social, moral, and spiritual development of the campers and in many cases these camps offer the only opportunity enjoyed by the boys and girls in the city to get the social, moral, and spiritual training which they all need. Fun is only one of the by-products.

Most of the boys and girls in camps are away from home for the first time in their lives. The vast majority of them come from homes of wealth, culture, and refinement where no responsibility is placed on the children, but where everything is done for them that money can

do. In such homes chores are unknown, the children have no responsibility for any work connected with the family life. It, therefore, means a great deal to these children to have responsibility for the carrying out of simple tasks such as bed making, policing of camp grounds, care of athletic fields, the building of simple structures, etc. It means still more to them to be caught on a mountain side far from habitation tired and out of sorts with themselves and others and to have no outside help available, but be called upon for the first time in their lives to make a decision. It means a great deal to these children to be compelled to go on to the top of the mountain with no help from outside sources. It means a great deal to these children to learn to know Nature and to love her, it means a great deal to them to learn to make their contributions to the comfort and spirit of the whole group, and to realize that they get out of an activity only what they put into it.

Naturally boys and girls go back from camp feeling that they have had the best time in their lives and they are stronger physically, and these are the things that appeal most frequently to them, but after all these are only the by-products and the real values are to be found in their changed outlook on life, their ability to get along better with other people, and their ability to contribute something really worthwhile to the work of the whole group.



# FEDERAL OFFICER LEWIS'

## FAVORITE STORY

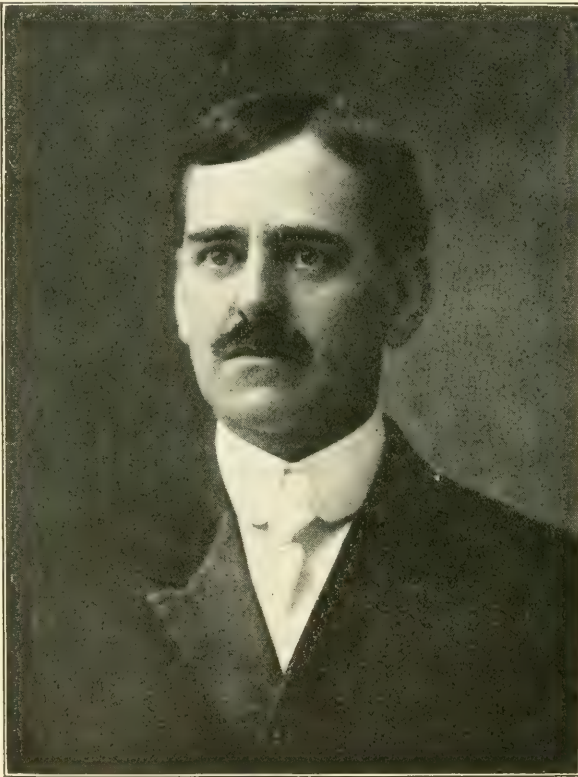
It is always interesting to know the favorite stories and anecdotes of famous men, especially those public speakers who have a large fund at their command. This page of stories by some prominent New Hampshire figure is a feature of the Granite Monthly.

A considerable number of the people in the state know Jonathan Lewis, at least by reputation. They know him in his capacity as Federal Prohibition Enforcement Officer. Some of them know that before he was an officer he was a Baptist minister and that in the interim between the close of his career as a clergyman and the beginning of his work as an officer he was a member of the New Hampshire House of Representatives. Very few people, however, except those who know Mr. Lewis personally realize that he is a humorist. When addressing an audience he always maintains a grave face but there is a twinkle in his eye which serves to prepare the close observer for the flow of quips and anecdotes which invariably

throws his audience into an uproar.

Perhaps Mr. Lewis' favorite story is one which he relates to prove that John Barleycorn is actually dead despite the

fact that he doesn't seem to realize it. He tells of a man in a little town down on Cape Cod who when returning home one sultry June night somewhat the worse for liquor strayed from the road, stumbled over the fence of the cemetery and spent the remainder of the night there in deep repose. When the morning sun awakened him the first object that attracted his glance was a tombstone



JONATHAN P. LEWIS

with the inscription: "I am not dead but sleeping."

"The Lord knows *I'm* bad enough," he ejaculated, "but when *I'm* dead *I'll* admit it."

—N. H. C.

# A HOUSE DIVIDED AGAINST ITSELF

## The President and Congress

By N. H. C.

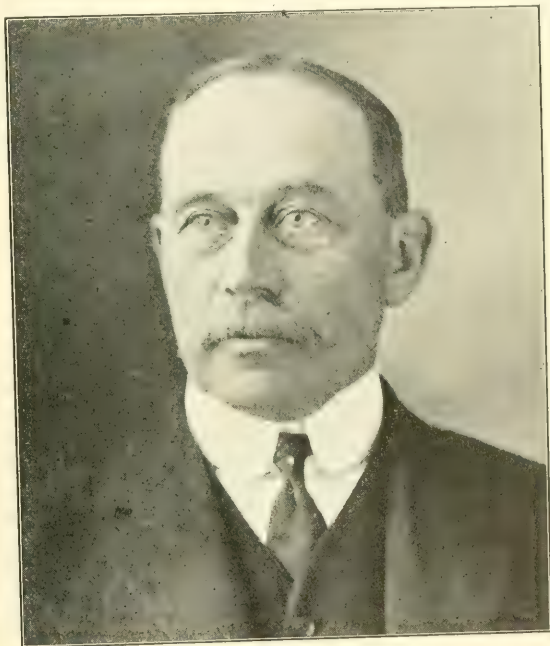
"I came here as I was passing along, and have been called upon for the purpose of exchanging views, and ascertaining if we could, who was wrong. (Cries of "It's you.") Who can come and place his finger on one pledge I ever violated, or one principle I ever proved false to? (A voice, "How about New Orleans?" Another voice, "Hang Jeff Davis.") Hang Jeff Davis he says. (Cries of "No," and "Down with him.") Hang Jeff Davis, he says. A voice, "Hang Thad. Stevens and Wendell Phillips.") Hang Jeff Davis. Why don't you hang him? (Cries of "Give us the opportunity.") Haven't you got the court? Haven't you got the attorney-general? (A voice, "Who is your chief justice who has refused to sit upon the trial?") I am not the chief justice. I am not the prosecuting attorney. (Cheers.) I am not the jury. I will tell you what I did do. I called upon your Congress that is trying to break up the government—(cheers, mingled with oaths and hisses. Great confusion. "Don't get mad, Andy.") Well, I will tell you who is mad. "Whom the gods wish to destroy, they first make mad." Did your

Congress order any of them to be tried? (Three cheers for Congress).... (A voice, "Traitor!") I wish I could see that man. I would bet you now, that, if the light fell on your face, cowardice and treachery would be seen in it. Show yourself. Come out here where I can see you." (Shouts of laughter.)

The above is an extract from a speech delivered by President Andrew

Johnson of Cleveland, Ohio. It serves to remind us that other presidents besides the one now occupying the White House have had disputes with Congress, but even more, this undignified outburst of passion sets out in bold relief the reserved dignity, the calm courtesy, and the unfailing patience of Calvin Coolidge.

On that fateful night when the Vermont farm boy, standing in the parlor of the home of his child-



HON. HENRY W. KEYES

Though favoring the Bonus Senator Keyes responded to the plea of President Coolidge and voted to sustain the veto.

hood, assumed the office of President of the United States, he fell heir to several legacies. He inherited a Western farm bloc, bearing allegiance to neither of the great parties, representing a mass of baffled Western farmers enraged by their inability to secure proper prices for their crops. He inherited a New England oligarchy composed of

Weeks of Massachusetts, Secretary of War; Gillette of Massachusetts, Speaker of the House; and Lodge of Massachusetts, majority leader of the Senate, Chairman of the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations, and special deputy to Almighty God. He inherited an oil geyser about to burst forth and deluge with scurrilous attacks nearly everyone in public life. But worst of all, he received into his hands about thirty Senators and four hundred Congressmen who were frantically facing the problem of re-election.

For six months now New Hampshire has had her eyes fixed upon New England's President and New England's representatives in Congress and has literally gasped at the lack of cohesion which has been evidenced by them. Swiftly flashing across the panorama of national politics have come four great questions, upon every one of which a New England President has been balked by the representatives from his own section.

As soon as Calvin Coolidge declared himself for the World Court, Senator Moses of New Hampshire termed it "the rag doll of diplomacy" and Senator Lodge announced that he had a better one. Upon the heels of this rather astonishing exhibition of how New England Senators are "backing up the President" came the Bursum pension bill which President Coolidge vetoed and which was passed over his veto by the necessary two-thirds of the Senate, among which were numbered Senators Moses and Keyes. The climax of the story was reached when Calvin Coolidge vetoed the bonus bill. It is doubtful what part New Hampshire would have played in this clash had not the rumble of an aroused constituency begun to make itself audible to the ears of representatives in Washington. All over the state telegrams were sent to Senator Keyes begging him to reverse his vote and support the president's veto.

Noteworthy among these was the telegram of Roland H Spaulding—"Any man who votes for the bonus is not thoroughly representing New Hampshire. Any man who votes for the bonus for political reasons is unfit to represent New Hampshire. For God's sake, sustain one of the very few sane men in Washington—Calvin Coolidge."

Of course it is unfair to say that these pleas were the determining factor in changing Senator Keyes' vote. It is quite probable that the Senator responded to the call of the President who entertained various New England senators at breakfast and sought their support, and changed his vote. At any rate New Hampshire's senators both supported the President in this final contest, which is more than can be said of some other New England states. Vermont is in a ferment and at her Republican convention roundly abused Senator Dale and Congressman Gibson for deserting Vermont's most famous son. We are not in a position to know just what Massachusetts thinks of her senior senator but it is rumored that some of her more radical Unitarians are actually beginning to question his divinity. The following editorial from the Boston Herald may show the general trend of feeling in that state.

"Do you remember the wonderful speech which Senator Fess of Ohio delivered in this city at the New England Coolidge meeting at Symphony Hall on April 16 in support of the president's policies?"

Do you remember his excoriation of the low level to which the Senate had fallen, chiefly from its lack of leadership?

Mr. Fess was one of the Senators who voted to support both the Bursum pension bill and the bonus bill over the veto of the President.

Have you read the story of the eminent statesman who delivered a great oration and when it was over



one of his hearers asked what he thought of it, replied,

'Sound, very sound.'

'And what else?' continued the interrogator.

'Nothing else,' was the answer.

Senator Fess's appearance in Boston will be remembered in connection with a very sound speech.

For this recital we are indebted to the Harriman National Bank of New York."

There are some outstanding figures in New Hampshire who frankly condemn the attitude of the President. Editor Elias Cheney of the Granite State Free Press, one of the oldest Republicans in New Hampshire, states that though it hurts him to be obliged to do so he must feel that Coolidge's recent successes have turned his head. Some leaders of the American Legion

in the heat of their support of the bonus bill are inclined to condemn the President's attitude. But as a whole the people of the state, including some of those who are most ardently in favor of the measures opposed by the President, admire the unapologetic way in which he has braved public opinion. Moreover a great many people are saying rather bitter things about those New England and New Hampshire representatives in Congress who are of the same political faith as the President, who glibly promise great support for him from New England, who extol him before audiences all over the country, and who never support him on the floor of Congress. We begin to see what they meant when they say that they will "Back up" the President, but Calvin seems to be a horse who won't "back."

## A HOME VOYAGE

BY MARIAN O. WILBUR

He was having a bath in a little tin tub,  
This wee little Laddie of mine;  
He was splashing about in a scandalous way,  
And never a bit did he whine.

He was truly embarked on an ocean of joy,  
With soap and a towel for crew;  
And Mother was helmsman and Daddy was mate,  
We surely had all we could do.

For Laddie was kicking and gurgling with glee,  
The waves came up mountainous high,  
Till it seemed as though all would be smothered with foam,  
Then out came wee Laddie to dry.

A venturesome voyage we all had enjoyed  
This rollicking roistring band;  
But all too soon ended to suit our wee Lad  
Though Sandman was strewing his sand.

With heartrending sobs he voiced his protests,  
This wee little Laddie of ours.  
Then sleep claimed our Jewel and bore him away  
To a land of fairylike flowers.

# AN ANTHOLOGY OF ONE POEM POETS

Compiled by ARTHUR JOHNSON

Illustrated by Elizabeth Shurtleff



## HE FELL AMONG THIEVES

HENRY NEWBOLT

1862—

'Ye have robb'd,' said he, 'ye have slaughter'd and made an end,

Take your ill-got plunder, and bury the dead:  
What will ye more of your guest and sometime friend?'  
'Blood for our blood,' they said.

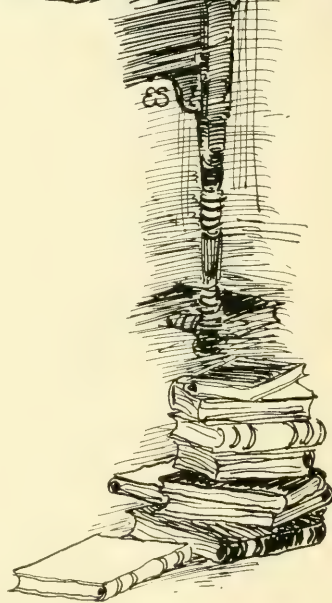
He laugh'd: 'If one may settle the score for five,  
I am ready; but let the reckoning stand till day:  
I have loved the sunlight as dearly as any alive.'  
'You shall die at dawn,' said they.



He flung his empty revolver down the slope,  
He climb'd alone to the Eastward edge of the trees;  
All night long in a dream untroubled of hope  
He brooded, clasping his knees.

He did not hear the monotonous roar that fills  
The ravine where the Yassin river sullenly flows;  
He did not see the starlight on the Laspur hills,  
Or the far Afghan snows.

He saw the April noon on his books aglow,  
The wisteria trailing in at the window wide;  
He heard his father's voice from the terrace below  
Calling him down to ride.



He saw the little gray church across the park,  
The mounds that hid the loved and honour'd dead;  
The Norman arch, the chancel softly dark,  
The brasses black and red.

He saw the School Close, sunny and green,  
The runner beside him, the stand by the parapet wall,  
The distant tape, and the crowd roaring between,  
His own name over all.

He saw the dark wainscot and the timber'd roof,  
The long tables, and the faces merry and keen;  
The College Eight and their trainer dining aloof,  
The Dons on the dais serene.

He watch'd the liner's stem ploughing the foam,  
He felt her trembling speed and the thrash of her screw;

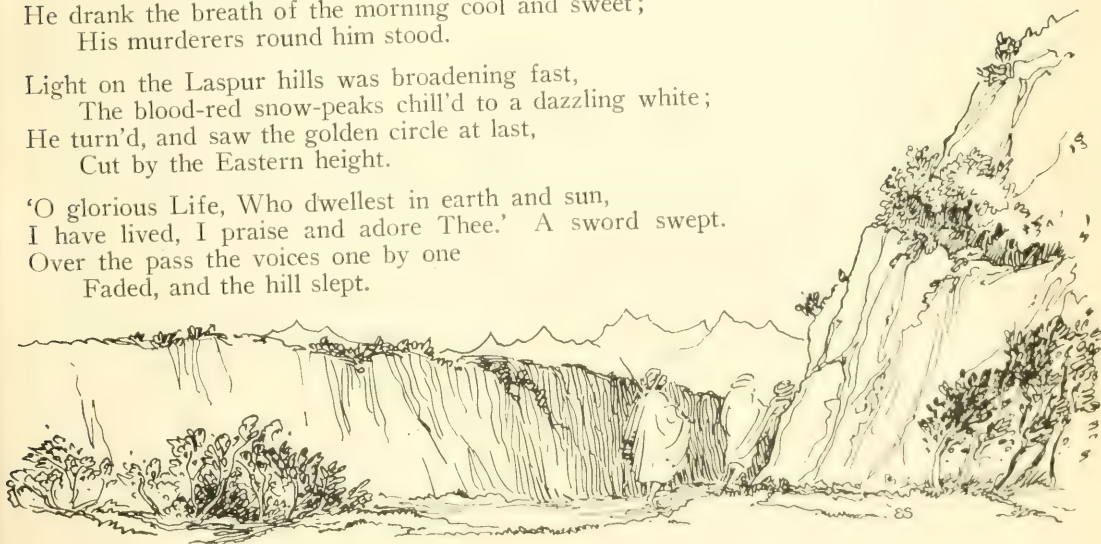


He heard the passengers' voices talking of home,  
He saw the flag she flew.

And now it was dawn. He rose strong on his feet,  
And strode to his ruin'd camp below the wood;  
He drank the breath of the morning cool and sweet;  
His murderers round him stood.

Light on the Laspur hills was broadening fast,  
The blood-red snow-peaks chill'd to a dazzling white;  
He turn'd, and saw the golden circle at last,  
Cut by the Eastern height.

'O glorious Life, Who dwellest in earth and sun,  
I have lived, I praise and adore Thee.' A sword swept.  
Over the pass the voices one by one  
Faded, and the hill slept.





# OVER THE TOP WITH HORNED DORSET SHEEP

By H. STYLES BRIDGES

**N**ESTLED among the rolling hills of southern New Hampshire in the town of Rindge, is located one of the most successful sheep farms of our state. The farm is located several miles from the West Rindge Depot in what is known as Rindge Center. The buildings are modern and up to date in nearly every respect. The farm itself is comprised of 1100 acres, about half of which are either pasturage or tillage.

Since the farm was settled it has had but three owners. The present owner is William F. Robbins. The farm was purchased in 1852 by Mr. Robbins' father, William E. Robbins, and has since been in the Robbins family.

The Robbins farm was for several decades a dairy farm, Mr. Robbins owning an excellent herd of pure-bred Holstein cattle and selling milk to the Boston market. For over twenty years he met the train that left the West Rindge Depot in the early hours of the morning, often times long before day-break, with the load of milk in order to get the same on the road to market. He then returned to his farm and put in long hours in connection with the farm and dairy herd. After over twenty years in the dairy business, Mr. Robbins started to take account of stock and he found after all these years of hard work and close application he was no better off than

when he had started. He, in his own words says, "I found that I was tied down absolutely to the farm, scraping a bare living and gradually becoming more involved in debt. I decided then and there to hold an auction, sell my pure-bred Holsteins and go out of the dairy business."

Eleven years ago Mr. Robbins started in with sheep, purchasing a mixed flock of about thirty sheep to start with. The sheep he purchased were part Shropshire and part Hampshire. At that time Mr. Robbins, like

many others who start in the sheep business thought that sheep were sheep, but he soon found out that the old saying, "Pigs is pigs," did not hold true with sheep. He had continuous trouble from disease and in spite of all he

could do, he continued to lose out and failed to get ahead. He decided that if he was to be successful with sheep he must secure some good healthy animals to start with and some six years ago he made his start with purebred Horned Dorsets.

The Horned Dorsets are a hardy breed of sheep, originating in England in the counties of Dorset, Somerset and Wiltshire. The Dorset is listed as a medium wool breed and of medium size, both males and females have horns. They are pure white, having no dark markings.

The Dorsets Mr. Robbins pur-



"Horned Dorset sheep, vigorous, healthy and bright-eyed."

chased came from Maine and were from healthy, vigorous stock. He purchased a small number at first and has since added to them. He now has over fifty pure-bred Horned Dorset sheep, all vigorous, healthy and bright-eyed.

The Horned Dorsets are the best breed of sheep for winter lambs. They can be bred at practically any time of year and Mr. Robbins makes a practice of breeding his ewes so that they will lamb in either November or December. By following the procedure of having his ewes lamb in the late fall and early winter he is able to get his lambs on the market as early as April and these lambs command a price six or seven cents a pound higher than would be secured if they had been put on the market at a later date when native lambs are more plentiful.

Mr. Robbins says that Horned Dorsets have some decided advantages relative to the dog situation. Dogs

are one of the chief menaces to sheep in many sections of our state, but the Dorsets equipped with horns seem to keep the dogs in their place a trifle better than most breeds of sheep.

Mr. Robbins' sheep run from early spring until late fall in the pasture and are housed in the winter in dry quarters. Sheep will stand intense cold and thrive under it, as long as they are quartered in a dry place. The principal feed, fed the sheep on the Robbins farm consists of fine mixed clover hay cut comparatively early in the season. The mature sheep are fed no grain except the

ewes, which are fed grain from the time they lamb until the lambs stop nursing. The lambs are also fed some grain. The grain mixture that Mr. Robbins uses and recommends very highly consists of 200 pounds of ground oats, 150 pounds of middlings and 50 pounds of linseed oil meal.

One of the worst enemies of sheep in New Hampshire are parasites and outstanding among the parasites infecting our sheep are stomach worms. These are very common and practically every flock of sheep in the state is affected more or less by them. The writer has always been familiar with the blue vitriol or copper sulphate treatment for stomach worms and has had some experience with the gaso-

lene treatment, but on his visit to the Robbins farm he got some new information on this subject that is well worth passing on to sheep owners and prospective sheep owners for their consideration and use. Mr. Robbins uses

Black Leaf Forty or Nicotine Sulphate in treating for stomach worms. He gives as his directions the following: Use three teaspoonsfuls of Black Leaf Forty to one quart of water. Dose for one sheep would be four ounces of this solution. For lambs and animals that are weak, one or two teaspoons full are sufficient in making up the mixture. The animals to be drenched should be kept without food for twelve hours before drenching and eight hours after drenching, and drench should be followed by one ounce of Epsom salts per animal and the animal should be



Homestead of William F. Robbins

confined for two days. This method used by Mr. Robbins is very satisfactory and by it he has been able to keep stomach worms absolutely under control.

Mr. Robbins markets his lambs in the early spring, the most of which are sold locally. The lambs will average four or five months old when they are disposed of and will vary from seventy-five to ninety pounds live weight or about one-half of this amount dressed.

The Horned Dorsets on the Robbins farm average about seven pounds of wool each. He has formerly sold his wool through the pool, conducted by the New Hampshire Co-operative Marketing Association and reckons that the money received from wool will on the average pay for the feed of the sheep.

In selling his dressed animals Mr. Robbins felt he did not secure enough for the pelts. The pelts netted him only on the average about fifty to sixty cents each, so he took his pelts to the nearby town of East Jaffrey and had them tanned and the fleece bleached. The pelts were then turned over to Mr. Robbins' niece, who is his able assistant in running the farm and they made by hand powder puffs from the pelts, which sold for twenty-five cents each. They manufactured pelts into babies' collar and muff sets. Such pelts netted around \$16.00 each. They also made some baby carriage robes which brought on the average of \$15.00 each. The pelts manufactured in this way netted over \$30.00 each. So the lamb and sheep pelts which are profitless to many New Hampshire raisers are turned into an excellent paying proposition by the ingenuity of Mr. Robbins and his family.

William F. Robbins, outside of conducting his own farm successfully takes an active interest in public affairs and is at present serving as President of the New Hampshire Sheep Breeders' Association and has occupied this position for the past three years. Under his leadership the State Sheep Breeders' Association is functioning in the best interests of the industry and is accomplishing good results. Mr. Robbins takes a prominent part in the public affairs of his town and has for years in the past served as selectman.

Mr. Robbins states, "You may quote me as saying that there is a place for a flock of sheep on every New England farm. If more farmers had a flock of sheep I believe that they would be better off. I believe that there is ample evidence in this state that sheep can be raised profitably on New Hampshire farms, that they can materially reduce farm labor problems, that they can be raised on a minimum grain investment, and that they can be maintained and will prosper in pastures that will not support cattle or horses."

A motto which appears in a recent bulletin published by the State Sheep Breeders' Association in referring to the sheep industry is a good one for people who are considering the sheep business to follow. "Don't judge the merits of an occupation by the experience of those who have made a failure in it.—Ignore the knocker or the bungler.—Study the methods of the men who make a success." If you decide to follow this motto and look further into the sheep business the writer believes that a visit to Mr. Robbins' farm in Rindge and a study of his methods will be a great value to any who are interested.



# WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH NEW HAMPSHIRE?

BY HOBART PILLSBURY

**Y**EARS ago, when I was a boy, the favorite subject of discussion was, "What is the matter with Kansas?" It was an inexhaustible topic. It flourished throughout the United States in a generation that had grown tired of talking about who hit Billy Patterson? Previous to that, I understand that the question of the day was, who stole Charley Ross?

What is the matter with Kansas appealed to a much wider circle of philosophers and reformers than did the identity of Mr. Patterson's assailant or Charley Ross's kidnapper. It was more high-brow and at the same time, more cosmopolitan. A man who didn't know much of anything else could talk intelligently about the ailments of Kansas.

I don't remember that there ever was a general agreement on just what was the matter with Kansas. Some said it was too many cyclones, others said too many grasshoppers. Carrie Nation claimed it was too many saloons. Finally, along about 1896, it was discovered that the principal trouble with Kansas was that it was too near Nebraska where William Jennings Bryan lived and steps were taken to have the state moved. But the Kansas farmers suddenly got rich, sold their farms and moved to Los Angeles, leaving Kansas itself where it was.

There are indications that the public to-day needs something to talk about besides "What do you think of prohibition?" To fill this long-felt want, a number of enterprising moulders of public opinion have looked the ground over and proposed the question—

What is the matter with New Hampshire?

Magazines are writing about it, after dinner speakers are talking about it and deep thinkers are giving it the deepest thought. A recent issue of The Con-

gressional Record, which almost everybody reads, devoted several pages to this question. Special investigators from Massachusetts came up last winter and brought their snowshoes with them in order to make a first-hand study. The bureau of labor, the bureau of etymology, the children's bureau and the Rockefeller Foundation have delved into the problem. It is a matter of grave concern to a large number of people who have no particular concerns of their own to occupy their attention.

What is the matter with New Hampshire?

It is a dull week when there is not at least one conference or convention to look into this great question.

Professor Bunk of the University of Oshkosh, Wisconsin, has prepared an exhaustive analysis for the Russell Sage Institute of Research in which he proves conclusively that the present pitiable condition of New Hampshire is due to a lack of co-operation and co-ordination among the farmers. He shows by statistics that if the rural inhabitants would co-operate and co-ordinate like the Standard Oil Company, New Hampshire would be all right and Granite State stock would sell on a rising market.

To prove what can be done by the adoption of business methods to agricultural transactions, take the case of Reuben Moore. Mr. Moore's farm is on the state highway. This spring there was a mudhole in front of his farm and Massachusetts automobiles got stuck in the mud as fast as his two sturdy horses could pull them out. One day he pulled out 36 cars at \$2 each, \$72 for the day. At night he and his wife carried water and wet down the mud for the next day's business. Mr. Moore has enough money from his auto-towing to spend next winter in St. Petersburg. He co-operated with the mud-stuck motorists and his

horses co-ordinated with the gasoline engines from Massachusetts. What is the secret of Mr. Moore's success as a farmer? Co-operation and co-ordination, says the professor. Nothing else but.

Then there is Miss Madeline Mustowitz' treatise on New Hampshire which appears in the current number of The Social Service Review. What does Miss Mustowitz say? Miss Mustowitz has questionnaired all the inhabitants of a New Hampshire town that sends three representatives to the State Legislature. After sending out the questionnaires she put the answers all on a card index. Then she mislaid the card index and has not been able to find it. But as near as she can tell, and using this town as a basis for the entire state; her analysis proves that what is the matter with New Hampshire is an inability to pass the tests prepared by the Bureau of Mental Hygiene.

Miss Muscowitz' figures are startling.

Forty-two per cent of the people are sub-normal in the attic regions.

Thirty per cent are defective and delinquent.

Nine and nine-tenth per cent are non compos mentis.

Eleven per cent show signs of having fallen out of an apple tree when very young.

Twenty-one per cent think that Congress is all right and President Coolidge all wrong.

This makes a total of 113.9 per cent.

In order to be a scientific social worker, however, it is not necessary to be good at mathematics.

We are not prepared to advise the readers of THE GRANITE MONTHLY whether the professor's theory or that of Miss Muscowitz is the proper solution of this great question. Truth may lie half-way between, as is often the case when neither participant to an argument knows what he is talking about.

For no reason whatsoever, except that fools rush in where angels fear to tread, I have an idea of my own on what is the matter with New Hampshire, gained from extensive and intensive study of the signs of the times.

My theory is that what New Hampshire needs more than anything else is more tea rooms, more rest rooms and more filling stations. The census shows that there are only 6,000 tearooms where "motorists are accomodated" as compared with 70,000 automobiles, including Ford cars.

More tea rooms would mean more tea, more tea would mean more satisfaction, more satisfaction would mean more happiness. More rest rooms would provide more rest, and rest is what the people demand to-day. As Will Cressy says, the grèatest need of Florida is more real estate agents, so the grèatest needs of New Hampshire are more happiness and more rest. Then nobody will be asking, What is the matter with New Hampshire?

# THE TOWN MANAGER

By JOSEPH S. LEACH

Mr. Joseph S. Leach is a prominent manufacturer in Walpole, Mass. He is interested in civic and social welfare, especially in Town Government and speaks with authority.

Several Massachusetts towns have Managers. At present there are none in New Hampshire.

A town Manager Form of Government is so organized as to apply to the business of towns, the same method of efficiency as pertains to the business of private corporations. A town is a corporation. Its affairs should be conducted on that basis. The form of organization can be arranged according to the business needs of that particular town for which a town manager form of government is desired. There is no absolute formula to be followed. The general principle being to create an organization which shall give the greatest efficiency, and largest possible return from the overhead. To this end there should be both elective and appointive officers. For a town of average size having a population of five to six thousand the following organization is suggested.

To elect five Selectmen, a Town Treasurer and Collector of Taxes, Finance Commission and School Committee.

The Selectmen serving as a Board of Directors to appoint a Town Clerk, Town Accountant, Assessors, Trustees of Public Library, a Board of Relief, a Town Planning Board, an Attorney at Law to act as Town Counsel and a General Manager.

The General Manager should be an executive officer having charge of Highway Construction, and Repair, Water Department and Park Department, the department of Tree Warden and Gipsy Moth. To administer the Health Regulations of the Town and act as a purchasing agent for all Town departments, an exception to this be-

ing Library Books for the public library and educational supplies for the School Board, that is an executive officer, for all departments under the control of the Selectmen. The Town Manager to act by and with advice, counsel and direction of the Selectmen.

Under an organization of this kind the Town Finances remain under control of the people, and the Town Treasury department serves as a check and balance on the conduct of Town business under the Town Manager.

Under an organization of this kind, a Town's business will be conducted as one corporation, and not as several corporations with different departments elected and serving entirely independent of each other. Special attention should be given to the Finance Commission. A Commission of this kind should call to the service of any Town its highest type of business men. It should act as a Board of Supervision and Final Reference.

The Finance Commission should hold meetings all through the year, and keep in touch with operations of all Town Departments, should investigate all financial claims against the Town, which are at all in question, and from the complete knowledge of the Town's business, should prepare a budget of the Town's expenses to be submitted to the annual Town Meeting. To the largest possible extent the Finance Commission should co-operate with the Assessors in order that taxes may be assessed equitably, and that methods of assessment shall



conform to modern ideas of property valuation.

The idea that a Town Manager acts entirely on his own responsibility is altogether erroneous. The Board of Selectmen themselves are in return responsible to people who elect them. The real source of authority still remains in possession of the people themselves in as much as they still elect officers who are responsible for their actions to the people, and in addition all appropriations of money are still made in open Town Meeting, under the General Manager Form of Government just as much as under the usual elective form. To bring all departments of Town business under the control of a central authority to the end that the largest possible co-operation between departments may

result, and thereby the largest possible return for money expended be received is the object of a Town Manager form of Government. With the present high taxation which exists to meet modern conditions, the largest possible accomplishment for the expenditure of public funds is the only result which will in the end reduce taxation.

With a thorough business organization having the support of the people this end should result. Although the principle of a Town Manager form of Government is still in its first stages of development, yet following the signs of the times it is altogether probable that in the end this form of Government will be adopted by all Towns.

## HUSBANDS' MARSEILLAISE

BY JEANNETTE S. CROWELL

Ye sons of freedom, wake up, bestir you!  
Hark! Hark! What millions bid you rise!  
Your wives and babes who once adored you  
Behold their scores ere all hope dies,  
Behold their scores ere all hope dies!  
Shall a Chinese tyrant, sly and subtle  
His numbering host a legion band  
Afright and desolate our peace of mind,  
While home and fireside are deserted?  
To arms! to arms! ye brave!  
The tyrant pest destroy—Mah Jongg! Mah Jongg!

O liberty! can man resign thee,  
To east wind gales and dragons bold?  
Cannot the brave and fearless slay thee  
And thus our homes and happiness save?  
And thus our homes and happiness save?  
Too long endured, thy mocking strangle hold,  
Thy slippery tiles have oft repulsed us,  
But we shall soon rise up and smite thee  
For all thine arts doth leave us cold!  
For all thine arts doth leave us cold!  
To arms! to arms! ye brave!  
The tyrant pest destroy—Mah Jongg! Mah Jongg!

## PRIZE AWARDS

"The Portrait" by C. D. Chamberlin, a student at Dartmouth College wins the first prize of \$50 in the short story contest conducted by the GRANITE MONTHLY among the college students of northern New England. Dartmouth has the honor of winning the second prize of \$25 through the endeavors of another of her students, D. W. Moore '25, who wrote "Ships That Pass in the Night." The judges awarded the third prize of \$10 to Miss Alice Libby of the University of Maine, author of "Ruse."

The board of judges consisted of Mr. Arthur Stanwood Pier, Mr. William T. Nichols, and the Editor of the GRANITE MONTHLY. Arthur Stanwood Pier is Assistant Editor of the Youth's Companion; author of "The Crashaw Brothers," "The Women We Marry," "Dormitory Days," and many other stories. He is a member of the National Institute of Arts and Letters and is also editor of "The Harvard Graduates Magazine."

Mr. William T. Nichols is an editorial writer on the Manchester Union and Leader and one of the most prominent newspaper men in the state.

"The Portrait," the winning story appears in this issue.

### THE PORTRAIT (Part I)

By C. D. CHAMBERLIN

IN all of Nature's handicraft there is probably nothing more wonderful than her artistry in designing The Great Stone Face in the White Mountains of New Hampshire. Its existence was first discovered by the white man in 1805 when a party of engineers were laying out the first road between Woodstock and Franconia. Yet, a legend which cannot be wholly unfounded would have us believe that The Face was seen by the eyes of the white man or at least *one* white man long before that time. The historians of that section do not record this, nor, unfortunately, have we any explorer's memoirs to confirm the story. However, if one will travel into the mountain-country, he may be fortunate enough to hear the story as it has been handed down from generation to generation from the Indians themselves, but which, with the present day confusion and distraction of industry, will soon be relegated to oblivion or mythology.

In the Jesuit school at Chalons about 1650 was a young father, Philip La Peir by name. It so chanced that God had given this young devotee a wonderful insight and skill in artistic things and dexterous hands to express his impressions. His reputation as a painter had gained such renown both within and

without the Order that the General himself had summoned him to execute a commission—a peculiarly sacred commission. La Peir was to search until he found a fit model, from which he should paint the likeness of Christ. Some such manifesto was needed for the archives of the Order. The Society considered it important, for there was dire need of a stimulus to clergy and laymen alike in this generation of levity and worldliness.

Whereupon La Peir had set about the assigned task of finding his subject. Teaching and exhorting he had covered all Europe in a pilgrimage that lasted more than two years. Always searching, always praying for inspiration, he had sought all types of men, and none had fulfilled the requirement. Once, in Italy, he had thought his quest at an end. An old peasant had seemed to *personify* the long-sought deity. But, upon consideration, the Jesuit had decided that there was too much of vice in the countenance of the model, and sorrowfully he had dismissed the peasant. No, he should not be so easily satisfied. He would go on in quest of his Grail even though it took a life time, for obedience was all in the Company of Jesus.

Yet he felt a bit ashamed that he was not complying with the desires of the Order more hastily, even though the

General had just assured him that such a task as his was not to be fulfilled in a twelvemonth or two. Rather, he should exemplify even more than usual the foremost vow of the Order: "Patience. The Lord will provide."

The General had said, "Perhaps, Philip, 'twere best that you seek a new land. In New France, a primitive and unspoiled region, you may find men far removed from the sin and pleasure of our civilization. Amongst such men should be a fit model for Our Lord's likeness. There is work to be done amongst the savages and your place is there. Remember, *frere*, it is an untamed and savage region, innocent as yet of the vices of our great cities. Surely your mission will prosper there."

So it came about that Frere Philip La Peir set sail within the week, on *Le Vaurien* from the fair port of Nantes, for distant Montreal, the stronghold of the Jesuits in the new world. We know but little of the voyage, except that by adverse winds and inclement weather, *Le Vaurien* was driven from her course and was finally beached on the Massachusetts coast far from her destination.

A scouting party was sent out to determine their whereabouts and to bring back water. With them went La Peir who doubtless experienced all of the exhilaration of his fellows like Champlain and La Salle in greeting a new continent.

Now at this time a great tribal warfare was raging between the Abenakis of the north and their hereditary enemies, the Narrangansetts of the southern shores of New England. Then, too, the French along the St. Lawrence paid handsome bounties for scalps of the ungodly English settlers who were beginning to encroach upon what the French considered the exclusive property of His Majesty, Louis Treize of France. It was, accordingly, the custom of war-parties of the savage Abenakis to start from St. Francois and swoop down over the Mohegan war-trails into southern New England, for the two-fold purpose of harassing their red foes and of

gathering a few scalps which would bring them much French gold on their return.

Such a party as this fell upon the luckless band from *Le Vaurien*. Their scalps were added to the already large supply that hung from the breech-clouts of the savages and told them too well of their successful onslaughts against the outlying settlements of the English. To his surprise, La Peir was left unmolested and was even welcomed by the Indians. For did he not wear the same black habit of the good Jesuit fathers who ministered to them in St. Francis and who were so generous in their rewards for the scalps of the heretic Inglis?

But he quickly learned that he must go with them on their trip to the northward, virtually as a prisoner of war. By signs and broken French, he learned that it was nearly time for their annual fall pow-wow at Lac St. Pierre, far beyond "waumbeket mechna," the mountain-land. They must proceed back over the death-dealing trails with all haste, as even now the storm clouds of war with the hostile Iroquois over the beaver country (Vermont) were gathering.

To La Peir it was all a horrible dream. To be transported from a world of luxury to one of unbelievable savagery! Surely, the likeness of Our Savior could never be found in a land peopled with these fantastically painted barbarians. Much better it would have been for them to kill him with the rest of his ill-fated companions than to destroy his hopes so rudely. Still, his lot with the savages would be better than to fall into the hands of the English colonists of the region. They were sure to make any hated Frenchman who came into their clutches pay dearly for his countrymen's part in the Indian massacres.

The long trip to the north started up the valley of the Merrimac. Scouting parties of the savages joined the band at intervals until finally it had regained its full strength, about forty braves. Their tireless pace over the time-worn trails soon told on the unaccustomed muscles



of the Jesuit who became exhausted, much to the scorn of the Indians. To let him regain his strength, the leader of the band called a halt when they reached the falls of the Amoskeag. This was the country of the Penacooks, Pequaw-

kets, and Pemigewassetts who all forsook their fishing grounds upon the arrival of this war-band of the terrible Algonquins whose ferocity was too-well known as the scourge of their peaceful peoples.

## (Part II)

After two days of relaxation beside the murmuring waters, La Peir was greatly refreshed and the band took to the trails again. After a day's journey up the Merrimac, they came upon the peaceful settlement of the Penacooks. These were a quiet people, remote from the war-paths traversed by the Iroquois and the coast tribes of the Kennebeck. Yet even in their isolated meadows they were not safe from the depredations of the Abenakis. The band entered the village between rows of teepees where crouched the terrified squaws. Their leader demanded fifty prime beaver skins and a hostage to carry them, else the village would be destroyed by his avenging brothers. Such was the tribute exacted from the weaker tribes who paid it without question to avoid annihilation.

The life of the settlement fascinated the Jesuit even as did its inhabitants. A simple folk, these Pennacooks; pagan, yet spiritual. But his model was not amongst these.

With their hostage as guide, they proceeded to a camp of Winnepesaukee near the lake region and gained a similar payment. From here they crossed to the Pemigewasset system which they followed to the Connecticut, stopping once at a settler's cabin to make an unsuccessful attack that cost them three of their number.

At the junction of the Connecticut and White Rivers they took to war canoes that they had cached on their trip to the south, and started up the great Indian waterway.

To the Jesuit the country was novel and amazing. As they progressed he was awed by the beauty of the hills and the majesty of the mysterious wilder-

ness. These pristine surroundings were so different from age-old France and how different the people. This great river that they called "Conn-net-tee-cook" charmed him. How clear it was! From what strange wilderness came its headwaters and where did its course take it? Doubtless his red companions knew. How primordial they appeared! Twenty sinewy backs bending in unison, twenty paddles biting deep into the blue water and flashing in the sun as they came up in perfect cadence for the next stroke that would send the long birch canoe farther up-stream. He was gradually becoming accustomed to the manners of his savage companions and knew that he had nothing to fear from them.

On the second day of travel, the war canoes slacked their pace. The braves leaned on their paddles and talked in apprehensive gutturals. Scarcely two miles from them, where the river widened into the Great Ox-bow valley was a huge encampment of Coosucks. They had long endured the domination of the fierce Abenakis and great would be their delight in wreaking vengeance on a band like this. Of this the braves in the canoes were well aware, and their fear of attack and destruction was by no means groundless. For did not the great sachem, Passaconaway, who ruled these Coosucks, have power to destroy his enemies at will? He it was who could make water burn, cause trees to dance about, produce a living serpent from the cast off skin of an adder, and even change himself into fire to scourge his foes. The order was given to head for a high bluff where they could draw up their canoes and hide until nightfall.

But they were too late. Swift runners had brought the news of their approach to the village and the ambush was prepared. Too long these arrogant braves from St. Francis had taken toll of their young men. The war party must be wiped out.

As the Abenakis paddled into the river-bend, a savage war-whoop broke the silence, and two hundred Coosuck warriors raced along the bank abreast of the canoes. A dozen war canoes shot out from the west shore, and rushed toward the foe.

To stand against so many would have been folly, so the Abenakis paddled desperately in retreat. With but a split-second to spare they beached the canoes on the east bank and fled hastily into the woods. Their foes were on their heels instantly, and a running fight began. Here in the forest the Abenakis were more at home than the river-dwellers. After a brisk hour of skirmish and counterfire the pursuit was thrown off, and the band was hopelessly lost in a region unknown to even the oldest of the warriors. The river route must be temporarily abandoned until their foes became pacified, so they plunged deeper and deeper into the fastnesses of the "Waumbeket Mechna" or White Mountains.

They knew vaguely that it was the hunting ground of the Nipmucs. They had heard that within these mountains were evil spirits who brewed terrible storms. Here had been the beginning of knowledge for the redman. The gleam of lightning, flying from cliff to cliff, the voice of the thunder speaking from the black cloud, the dire confusion of the desolating mountain avalanche all told of the presence of the Great Spirit. From the tempest clouds of Agiochook had been sent flame that shivered the tall pine of the cold, shadowy valley of the Amonoosuc and gave the Indian his first fire.

The war-party hastened to leave this region about which such tales were told, and struck out again toward the north as soon as they had shaken off their foes.

It was a torturous route that they selected. It led them around great mountains and through gloomy chasms that might well have been the dwelling place of evil spirits. At night, thoroughly exhausted, they camped beside a small lake and slept the sleep of the dead.

La Peir was up early the next morning and knelt beside the lake to repeat his matins. He crossed himself devoutly and prayed for guidance and success in his mission. As he raised his eyes and looked across the azure lake on whose surface a flock of herons were preening, he saw a vision that held him breathless with that awe inspired only by the contemplation of something sublime. A cry of thanksgiving and admiration burst from him, "*Deo gratias! Voila la response a mes prieres.*"

For there, rising sheer from the lake's surface was a granite cliff that towered far into the heavens. And at the top, silhouetted in bold relief, as though chiselled from the everlasting rock by a divine sculptor, a great stone face, both human and godlike, gazed down the great valley as though watching over the destinies of the tribes of his domain.

Small wonder that the red-men believed the Great Spirit was in these mountains, for here was the very embodiment of the all-powerful Manitou, and, as it appeared to the Jesuit, the perfect likeness of Our Saviour. Justly stern, with the strength of the hills, it seemed to frown on the advent of the white man, yet it was kindly, prophetic and exalted. Here was his Grail, the end of his search. It seemed almost sacrilege for mere man to dare reproduce such majesty and divinity.

He set his canvas against a tall pine and sketched the outline of the profile. But by this time the savages had broken camp and were impatient to take up the homeward journey once more. Some of them came to the edge of the lake to summon the Jesuit. Curious, they looked at his work, and then lifted their eyes to see for the first time the great stone face, which was as mysterious and in-

spiring to their savage hearts and beliefs as it had been to the white man of different faith. Wonderingly, they summoned their fellows and gazed with fear and adoration at what they believed was the great Agiochook, Manitou of the tribes. Gone was the thought of the journey, the fear of their enemies, and the thought of war. They stood in mute worship of the profile.

La Peir, meanwhile, was swiftly but painstakingly reproducing every contour, every shade, and every emotion on the canvas that represented his life's work. But, at length, the savages' thoughts turned again to the journey. They told the Jesuit that he must leave his work and come with them ere any of the hostile tribes nearby fell upon them. Must he then leave his picture, irretrievably to lose it, to please the Indians? He pleaded, gesticulated and threatened—to no avail. Finally he resolved to play on their superstitions. By dint of a frenzied oration he convinced them that the Great Spirit himself had guided them to this spot in order that they might take back to men the likeness of this deity. Nothing but misfortune could come of it should they oppose the wishes of the one who had protected them from harm and who had led them to this refuge. Impressed by his vehement speech they agreed to stay until mid-day.

All through the crisp autumn morning, surrounded with that beauty that a forest in fall alone can present, the artist worked furiously to complete his masterpiece while the savages watched him with wonder and curiosity. By noon it was complete, and they tarried no longer. With one last reverential glance at the profile, La Peir joined the band as they swung into a dog-trot toward the north.

At length they came back to the Connecticut and the Abenakis were again on familiar ground. For this was the main avenue from Canada to the well beaten war-trails that carried death and destruction to the frontier settlements of lower New Hampshire, and back over which

flowed a horrible traffic of loot, scalps, and prisoners. To the savages, the maze of unmapped trails was as well known as the streets of Paris were to La Peir.

Steady travel brought them to the shores of Lake Memphremagog, where, from a friendly tribe of Algonquins they were able to borrow two war canoes. They travelled up the lake to Sherbrooke on Riviere St. Francois, and in a week entered the home village of St. Francis near Lac St. Pierre.

There was great rejoicing and festivity in the village of the Abenakis that night. The good Jesuit brothers were amazed to see one of their order return with the savages. His clothes were torn, his face was scratched, and a month's growth of beard covered his face. Great indeed was their astonishment at the marvelous tale that he told of his adventures. Many were the compliments on his success.

He was surprised at the size of the village. It was the central Indian metropolis, situated midway between Montreal and Quebec. Bold *courriers de bois*, outlaws from the King no less savage than their red brothers, brought their furs here, and hardy *voyageurs* sought the village for its pleasure. It was the sanctuary of renegades of all colors and creeds. Yet, from the pole at the Jesuit mission floated the *fleur de lis* of France, and La Peir felt he was safe at last.

But his business was in Montreal now that he had fulfilled his task that had taken him across continents and wide oceans. He must take ship at once to France, and deliver the portrait to the General. So, after bidding his comrades adieu, with two Indian guides he set out up the St. Lawrence toward the old-time Jesuit and Sulpitian stronghold of Montreal.

Of La Peir we know nothing beyond this. A party of Abenaki scouts later found the bodies of his two companions who had been scalped and mutilated.



They looked but once and murmured, "Iroquois." But it is quite well established that the Iroquois were not hostile to the Jesuit freres. Still, Josselyn in his *Voyages*, and Vetromile both record that the Six Nations martyred many evangelical Jesuits although they harbored the Order in their villages. The unfortunate man simply dropped out of existence somewhere between St. Francis and Montreal. His fate is a great mystery, as is the fate of the picture.

Charlevoix in *L'Histoire de Nouveau*

*France*, make mention of a sacred painting that was worshipped about 1700 in the teepees of the Hurons. Of its nature no white man knows, but it was reputed to be a likeness of the Great Manitou, captured in a raid on the Iroquois.

Whether the portrait exists to-day or in fact whether it ever existed is largely conjectural. But up to the time of destruction of St. Francis in 1765, there were old Abenaki braves who told of the great God of the Rocks in the southern mountains.

## THE DAWN OF AMERICAN FREEDOM

(December 24, 1774)

BY WILBUR D. SPENCER

Few of New Hampshire's citizens recall that this year is the 150th Anniversary of the Seizure of Fort William and Mary by New Hampshire patriots. Their action in seizing the powder and ammunition stored at that point gives to New Hampshire the honor of having committed the first overt act of the Revolution, five months prior to the battle of Lexington. It is well for us to remember that when the Massachusetts farmer "fired the shot heard round the world" he used powder captured by New Hampshire patriots. This anniversary calls forth the following poem by Wilbur D. Spencer of Augusta, Maine.

Ere the farmers fought at Concord,  
 On that world-wide field of fame,  
 Ere the call for independence  
 Made America a name,  
 There were patriots in New Hampshire  
 And in Maine, who had the will  
 And the foresight that provided  
 Powder burned at Bunker Hill.

Men of Berwick, men of Durham,  
 In those days of long ago,  
 Drifted down the tide at midnight  
 On a river gundalow,  
 Past the ancient port of Portsmouth  
 With its harbor lights aglow,  
 Past the guns of Fort McClary  
 And its sentinels below;

Stormed the fort across the harbor,  
Hauled the flag and spiked the guns—  
Dogs of war might bark for England,,  
But no more should harm her sons;  
Took the arms and ammunition—  
Arms, that borne on every field  
Of the later Revolution,  
Made opponents die or yield.

These were men whom some called traitors,  
In the days of doubt and fear,  
And upon the rolls of honor  
Names of few may now appear.  
Some were with Paul Jones in action  
On the distant Irish sea;  
Some were in the ranks at Monmouth  
And at Yorktown, under Lee.

Men of eloquence and courage,  
Guards and friends of Washington,  
Who could rally the despondent  
Till the weary war was won.  
Some were lost in flush of battle,  
Others died in prison ships,  
But their words and deeds awakened  
Valiant hearts and loyal lips.

Men they were whose aims were peaceful,  
Men who knew and dreaded war,  
But the services they rendered  
In a cause worth fighting for,  
Taught the world a thrilling lesson  
That the ancients had not known:  
That in every plea for justice  
One may win and stand alone.

Men of Portsmouth, men of Berwick,  
Men of Durham and unnamed!  
They have gone, and their achievements  
Never yet have been acclaimed;  
Many of their resting places  
Are unmarked, but their ideal  
Of a universal freedom  
Makes a monument more real.

## THE EDITOR STOPS TO TALK

THE great fad and fancy of the day is to point out various price-less resources in our fair state which are not being utilized. One man tells us of the vast quantities of water which are flowing over our mountain waterfalls without turning the wheels of industry. Another man pictures to us vast areas of waste land which should be covered with stately forests. Still a third points out the abandoned farms where the familiar low of the cattle, and the cluck of the hen are heard no more.

We have in mind a neglected resource of New Hampshire which has been forgotten by most of the rejuvenators but which in its practical and poetical possibility far exceeds the rest. Dotting the hillsides of our rural townships are hundreds of old cellars. Half concealed by the bushes and shrubbery which have grown up within them, they remain as a constant reminder of the homesteads that are no more. They also remain a perpetual reminder of the home life that is no more. In olden times the fathers never thought of erecting a home without a cellar under it. When the cold winds of autumn came every cellar was a repository for bins of potatoes, shelves of canned berries, barrels of salt pork, and numerous other products of harvest time on the farm. Many a long winter evening was enlivened by a journey to the cellar for a pitcher of cider and a plate of apples. In other words the cellar was the sacred treasure chest which kept the family together and made the farm house the center of many joyful gatherings of country boys and girls.

It is indicative of the spirit of our later generation that the cellar is no more. The father of a household now sends to Sears and Roebuck for a portable house, sets it up on the nearest convenient vacant lot and builds a cobble stone veranda. Each day the

housewife darts around the corner to the Italian delicatessen store and returns with a can of shrimps and a dozen rolls. At seven o'clock in the evening the telephone begins to ring and one by one the daughters of the family are "dated up" for the movies or the cabaret and the place thereof knows them no more. Such is life without a cellar.

But we are of an optimistic trend of mind. Since the passage of the Volstead Act we note a revival of interest in the good old New England institution of which we have been speaking. People who never had cellars before or who have previously contented themselves with a degenerate form of cellar known as "basement" are beginning to realize the necessity of remedying the lack. Indeed interest has become so intense throughout the state that investigations have been conducted on the part of public officials with the thought of familiarizing themselves with the exact structure and content of the few remaining specimens we have. While President Hetzel, Major Knox, Captain Winant, and other members of the New Hampshire Survey have been investigating the water power possibilities of the state, various gentlemen under the leadership of Federal Officer Lewis and State Prohibition Officer Craig have been quietly "looking into" the cellars of many of our rural farms. As yet these gentlemen have made no formal report but when they do so we predict that many an envious householder will wish that he possessed a cellar.

Travellers journey to far away Italy to gaze upon the ruins of the Roman Coliseum but every stone in that noble edifice was placed there by the hands of slaves under the master's whip. Far more noble are the deserted cellars of our New Hampshire hillsides, excavated by free men who



toiled to establish a home in the wilderness, and may the time soon come when the cellar will once more function in New Hampshire homesteads. Our only objection to the biblical nar-

rative of the "house builded on the rock" as differentiated from the house upon the sands is that the former could not possibly have had what every home requires—a cellar.

## CALLING THE ROLL

CLARK B. COCHRAN

At eighty-three I call the roll;  
Adown wierd winds they answer me:  
Not face to face, but soul to soul,  
A bondsman calling to the free.  
And while I dream the hours away  
My feet mid other scenes are led:  
O visions of another day!  
O phantom faces of the dead.

Old friends, dear friends, divided far,  
Come sailing o'er the summer seas;  
Their spectral ships lie at the bar  
With white wings folded in the breeze.  
And I will walk the sun-clad hills,  
Bright vision of my dreams, with thee,  
And silver music of the rills  
And love and romance walk with me.

Once more I hear my father call  
The harvesters afield at morn,  
And walk with him, the loved of all,  
Amidst the clover and the corn:  
And one . . . . a form of airy grace,  
A vision of the dawn, she comes;  
Night flies before her radiant face  
Like silence from the stirring drums.

So let the swift winged seasons fly  
If they but make our trust secure,  
Our longing aspirations high,  
Our words more wise, our thoughts more pure.  
Then what comes, let come. He is just  
Who counts our failures and our scars,  
With feet upon the hungry dust  
We still can see the steadfast stars.

# CURRENT OPINION IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

## Clippings From the State Press

### The Veto

The president vetoed the Bursum bill. We think it a grave mistake. Its every provision is just and right; it will go into the pension bill of the congress to be elected next November, no matter what party carries it. Bursum can afford to wait. The veto is justifiable only for very grave reasons; none now exist. Most vetoes have been mistakes. We recall but one that ever had our hearty approval: Grant's veto of the inflation bill. It saved our country from doing what Germany has done. "Big Business" has done it; speaking through the metropolitan press; just as it induced Cleveland to disapprove belligerent rights to Cuba, when the measure had all but 14 votes in the house and six in the senate. It was all that Cuba asked; with it she would have won, unaided. Every veto furnishes food for the radical cry that "Wall Street is running the country." If we are to win this election we must disabuse the country of this idea. The president is in danger of defeating himself and his party.

—*Granite State Free Press*

President Coolidge was emphatically right in his first veto, that of the Bursum bill in increase of pensions, a most unwarrantable attempt to raid the national treasury at a time when the paramount need is for retrenchment. The bill, once wisely vetoed by the late President Harding, would entail enormous costs and has not the slightest basis in equity. In his message of veto the President says in part: "I am for economy. I am against every unnecessary payment of the money of the taxpayers. The desire to do justice to pensioners, however great their merit, must be attended by some solicitude to do justice to taxpayers." In the foregoing statements the President has struck a

responsive chord. It is to be hoped that other vetoes, in which he will not lack support, will follow. Congress would do well to pay some regard to the desires of the general public.

—*Exeter News-Letter*

It was well enough for the rich and powerful ex-Governor Spaulding to appeal to our senators to support President Coolidge as "one of the few sane men in Washington," but the Senators and particularly the Representatives have better understood the human side of the question. It is true, also that many of these men in Congress voted for the bill well knowing that they incurred the hostility of very powerful interests and that so far from gaining political support, they were taking their political lives in their hands. Gibson of Vermont, for instance, will be deprived of the privilege of making the keynote speech in his home state as the price for sticking to a course which seemed to him just. President Coolidge, in his determined opposition to the bill was doubtless actuated by pure motives but has stood with those financial interests which have been and still are the backbone of the party, and whose financial backing is, so far as present indications go, the sole hope of Republican victory next November.

—*Argus & Spectator*

President Coolidge has vetoed the Bonus bill declaring it an unneeded and unjust plan. If he does not think a thing is right Cal will not stand for it. That is plain. It remains to be seen if the country as a whole will approve or disapprove.

—*Laconia News & Critic*

### Were the Churches Right?

Whatever you may think of the wisdom of the action of churches in declaring they will not give support to

another war it is very significant that two powerful church organizations have taken that action this month, and it is being considered by a third.

At Springfield the general conference of Methodist churches declared against war, and at Durham the New Hampshire Congregational churches took similar action. Now the Unitarian churches are contemplating a resolution to the same effect.

Naturally there have been protests from patriotic organizations, who profess to see danger in any threat to withhold support from the government in a time of crisis

We don't believe the danger is there. If this country is ever attacked or invaded or its rights jeopardized in such a way that war is inevitable there will be no lack of support.

In the light of history there have been mighty few wars which can be classed as unavoidable. Aside from the enormous economic and human wastage it takes more than one generation to recover from the mental effects of a war.

If the human race, or that part which professes christianity, has the right leadership there will never be another war between christian nations. Mr. Bok isn't big enough to be a world leader. Mr. Wilson wasn't.

Who is? The christian churches offer the best hope.

—*Milford Cabinet*

We know of nothing else which we think quite so sure to bring war as the insistence by silly but good women in two or three religious denominations, that war is sin, and that churches should withhold support to government in war time. Let that doctrine possess American churches, and war is *sure to come*. We had our civil war because the South believed the North *would not fight*. Franklin Pierce told Jefferson Davis practically that if war came it would be in northern streets. We had our war with Germany because

Wilson and Bryan practically had declared there wasn't going to be any war so long as they held the reins. Jesus never said war was wrong; he told a Roman soldier what his duty was. When he sent his apostles out into regions infested by bandits he bade them take swords. There needs to be common sense in regilion; there is no common sense in what a lot of excellent women are doing.

—*Granite State Free Press*

### K. K. K.

It is rumored that representatives of the Ku Klux Klan have been in town recently making an effort to enlist members in that organization. While we do not pretend to thoroughly understand all their ideas, we cannot believe that any organization working in secret and with faces covered, is a credit to any community, nor do we believe in assailing another man's religion. This may not be a model town in every respect but we can hardly believe that the K. K. K. is needed.

—*Peterborough Transcript*

### Look Out for the Winkers

Wink your eyes if you would save your eyesight, says a New Jersey scientist. But what profiteth it a man if he save his eyesight and lose his life or get a mauling within an inch of it? Winking is not as safe as it sounds on the lips of science. In these days of the athletic girl and quick-handed escorts, it is indulged in at the risk of injury—which may be fatal—to body and limb. With mashers in high disfavor, how is a lassie or her lad to know that the winker is merely trying to save his eyesight? If one feels inclined to wink to save his eyesight, he would do well to wait till the space in front is vacant.

—*Claremont Advocate*



# NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY



WALTER SARGENT

## WALTER SARGENT

Walter Sargent, one of the most highly respected residents of Warner for more than half a century, and the oldest citizen of the town, died at his home, Elm Farm, on Tory Hill, May 5th.

Mr. Sargent was born in Warner, December 25, 1837, receiving his education in the district school and Salisbury, Hopkinton, Franklin and Contoocook academies. He taught school for a number of years, and also learned the carpenter's trade at which he worked occasionally. For several years he engaged in sheep and cattle raising quite extensively.

He served his town as selectman, member of the school board and tax collector,

was secretary to the Kearsarge Agricultural and Mechanical Association for several years, and was a member of Warner Grange almost from its organization, secretary of the Merrimack County Council, and one of the organizers and first secretary of the Merrimack County Pomona Grange.

In his later years he devoted much time to the study of family records and wrote a large part of the "Sargent Record" published by E. E. Sargent of Vermont, the Sargent family record. He was a great reader and much interested in antiques, having a fine collection of old china and glass.

---

## ALBERT C. MOORE

Albert C. Moore, for many years identified with the business and fraternal life of Laconia, died on May 15th at the Laconia hospital.

Mr. Moore was born in Boston, September 8, 1858, and educated in the Boston schools and Abbott Academy, Farmington, Maine. He was an expert accountant and bookkeeper, being for many years in charge of the office at the Cole Manufacturing Company, and later in charge of the office of the Crane Manufacturing Company.

Upon the organization of the Laconia Building and Loan Association in 1888, he was made secretary of the association, a position he had held ever since. It was due to his work that the association has grown to its present important place in the business life of Laconia. He was very prominent in city affairs, having held many offices of importance. He was a member of the masonic bodies of Laconia and of the Knights of Pythias, being the first chancellor commander of that organization.

Mr. Moore was an accomplished elocu-

tionist and took a great interest in theatrical affairs.

DR. CHARLES H. CLARK

Dr. Charles H. Clark, a member of the Phillips-Exeter faculty since 1900, died at his residence at Dunbar on May 20th.

Dr. Clark had been ill for a long period, ill health causing him to give up his duties as instructor in Latin last year. He was in his 71st year, being born in Bangor, Me., March 14, 1854, and was graduated from Bowdoin with the class of '76. He had taught in Rockland, Auburn and the Bath High Schools, also in the Punchard High School at Andover, Mass.

He was principal of Sanborn seminary of Kingston for several years and then conducted a school at Waban, Mass., from there coming to Exeter. He was granted a doctor's degree from the University of New Hampshire, and an A. M. from Bowdoin. In 1896 he published a work on practical methods in microscopy.

REV. FREDERIC S. BOODY

Rev. Frederic S. Boody, pastor of the Baptist church at Franklin, passed away May 12th.

Mr. Boody was born at Newmarket, July 12, 1871. His early home was in South Berwick, Me. He was graduated from Berwick Academy in the class of 1889 and after graduation entered newspaper work in the employ of the Dover Daily Republican and Weekly Enquirer, and later was with the Golden Rule in Boston.

Deciding to devote his life to the ministry, Mr. Boody entered Newton Theological Institution, graduating in 1899. His first pastorate was at Agawam, Mass., since which time he has served churches in East Som-

erville, Swampscott, Marblehead and Wakefield, Mass. He entered on his pastorate at Franklin in 1921.

LUELLA A. DICKERMAN

Miss Luella Ann Dickerman died at her home in Concord on May 15th. She was known throughout the state as a public school teacher of exceptional attainments. Born in Concord, September 6, 1869, she had lived most of her life in her native city and was constantly active in matters pertaining to civic progress. She was for 17 years principal of the Parker school and was the first principal of Concord Junior High School, the second high school of junior grade in the United States. Miss Dickerman received the degree of bachelor of arts from Bates College and was offered but declined the office of dean of women in that institution. It was she who introduced pageantry in the schools of Concord and was herself the author of several historical dramas intended for this form of production.

EDWARD L. KIMBALL

The death of Edward L. Kimball occurred on May 12th at his home in Rochester. Mr. Kimball was born in Farmington, 84 years ago, but for the past fifty years he had lived in Rochester. He was a shoe cutter by trade and for years was employed at the Wallace Shoe Factory.

Mr. Kimball was officer of the day of Sampson post, G. A. R., having served four years in the Civil War and participating in many engagements. For thirty years he was marshal in Rochester on Memorial Day and also served as grand marshal at Rochester's 200th anniversary in June, 1922.

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP  
ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF  
CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912,  
OF THE GRANITE MONTHLY

published monthly, at Concord, New Hampshire,  
for May 1, 1924.

State of New Hampshire.

County of Merrimack, ss.

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Norris H. Cotton, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the managing editor of the GRANITE MONTHLY, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation) etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the pub-

lisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, THE GRANITE MONTHLY Co., Inc., Concord, N. H.

Managing Editor, NORRIS H. COTTON, Concord, N. H.

Business Managers, None.

2. That the owners are:

Edith Bird Bass, Peterborough, N. H.

Charles Sumner Bird, East Walpole, Mass.

John C. Winant, Concord, N. H.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

NORRIS H. COTTON

Sworn to and subscribed before me this first day of May, 1924.

STEWART NELSON,  
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My commission expires November 5, 1927.

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Vol. 56. No. 7

July 1924

# THE GRANITE MONTHLY



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# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

## A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE

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By THE GRANITE MONTHLY COMPANY

### THE GRANITE MONTHLY

NORRIS H. COTTON, *Editor*

LILLIAN M. AINSWORTH, *Assistant Editor*

H. STYLES BRIDGES, *Contributing Editor*

### *Associate Editors*

RALPH D. HETZEL, Durham

ERNEST M. HOPKINS, Hanover

JOHN R. McLANE, Manchester

ELWIN L. PAGE, Concord

JOHN G. WINANT, Concord

HARLAN C. PEARSON, Concord

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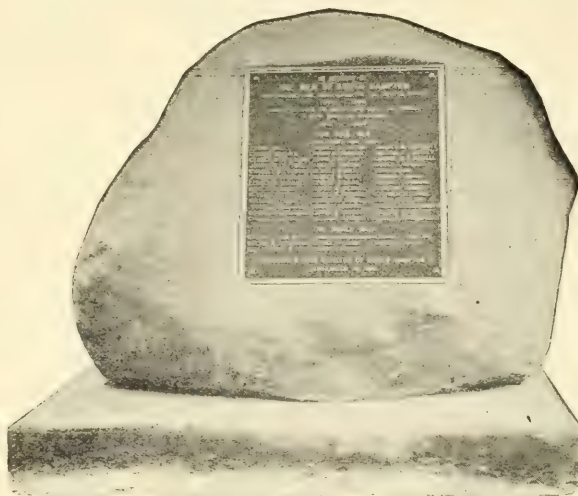
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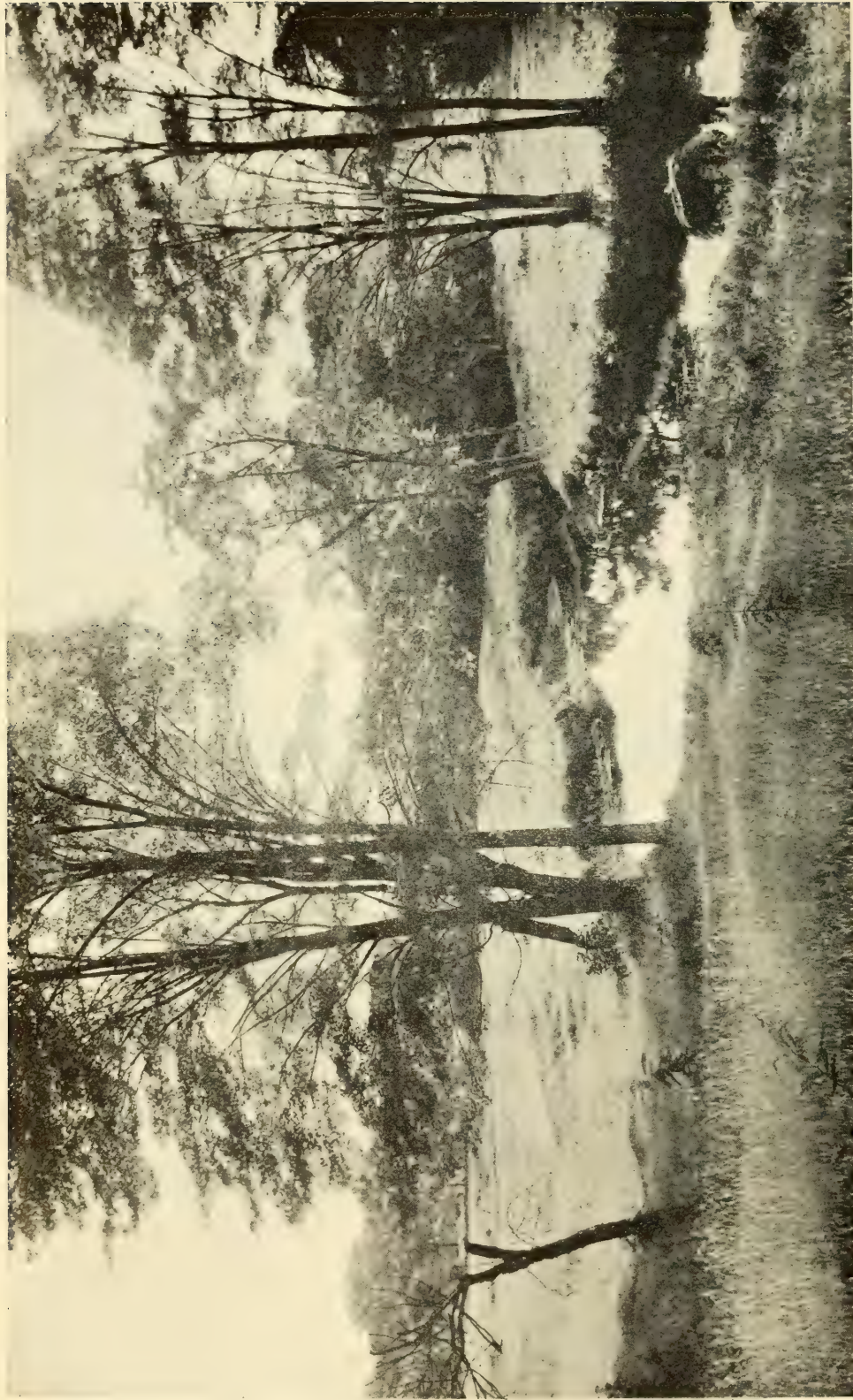
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# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

Vol. 56

No. 7



JULY 1924

## THE MONTH IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

### Democratic Convention

**J**UNE in New Hampshire ended with a large part of the population in front of a radio set, hearing the proceedings in the Democratic national convention in New York City. For the first time in more than 70 years the name of a New Hampshire man, Governor Fred H. Brown, was formally presented for a presidential nomination, and the state was advertised further when a native of New Hampshire, Edith Bennett, sang "The Star Spangled Banner" at the opening of one of the sessions of the convention. Not entirely for these reasons, the New York convention attracted much more attention in New Hampshire than did the Republican national convention in Cleveland, Ohio, another event of the month of June; but Republicans in general did not think this was at all a detriment to their chances of success in the state in November.

### Republican Women

While the Democratic clans were gathering in New York the Republican women of New Hampshire were holding "Plattsburg" camps for political instruction at Concord and Bethlehem, which were largely attended and enlisted the services of men and women speakers of national fame. Two interesting declarations made at these meetings were those of U. S. Senator George H. Moses that the help of women experts

in house-cleaning would be welcome in the Republican party, where such a process was necessary; and that of Captain John G. Winant that in this campaign parties and candidates must declare themselves on issues without evasion if they are to have the confidence and support of the people.

### Old Home Week Association

The 26th annual meeting of the New Hampshire Old Home Week Association, held during the month, re-elected Hon. Henry H. Metcalf as president, and Hon. Andrew L. Felker as secretary and made plans for keeping the number of town and city celebrations up to the usual good total this year. Of especial interest will be New Castle's observance of the 150th anniversary of the capture of Fort William and Mary.

### Taxes Again

The most important decision of the year by the supreme court was rendered at its special session the last week in June and declared unconstitutional the graduated tax on inheritances as levied by the legislatures of 1919 and 1923. The tax at a uniform rate upon all collateral inheritances, as written into the statutes in 1915, was sustained. Whether the state must, should or will return the amounts paid into its treasury under the invalid statutes remains to be seen. At any rate a problem in state finance is present-

ed which seems to the advocates of another constitutional convention to make almost necessary the submission to, and adoption by, the people of an amendment which shall "settle right" the question of taxation in New Hampshire.

The most extensive re-organization of the state's judiciary in many years was practically completed, unless death further intervenes, by the governor and council during the month of July, although the latest changes do not take effect until September 3, when Chief Justice Frank N. Parsons of Franklin reaches the age of 70 years and by constitutional requirement, though in the fullness of his mental powers, retires from the bench. It was fitting that the last opinion to be written by him should be the exhaustive and important discussion of the inheritance tax laws. Judge Parsons is a native of Dover and a graduate of Dartmouth in the class of 1874.

From Sept. 3, 1924, to Jan. 26, 1925, John E. Young of Exeter, if the wish of his friends is granted and his present good health continues unimpaired, will be the chief justice of the supreme court, by nomination of Governor Brown and unanimous confirmation by the executive council. He, also, is a Dartmouth man, of the class of 1878, in which a fellow member is ex-Governor Albert O. Brown of Manchester. Another Dartmouth man, Judge John Eliot Allen '94, of Keene, son of the late Judge W. H. H. Allen of Claremont, gets promotion from the superior to the supreme bench; while another jurist by inheritance, Robert Doe of Dover, son of the late Chief Justice Charles Doe of Rollinsford, goes upon the superior bench in Judge Allen's place.

### Schools Close

The close of the study year in colleges, academies, public and private schools was as usual an occasion of great interest. As a general thing the graduating classes were as large as, or larger than, ever before, and a principal topic of

discussion in many instances was the ways and means for providing for future growth of the various educational institutions, New Hampshire is emphatically a "higher education" state.

The close of the school year in Concord was observed for the first time by a parade through the principal streets of the entire educational brigade of the city, superintendents, teachers, pupils and janitors, with two bands and a drum corps, decorated floats, etc. The parade which was an inspiring sight, was reviewed from the Eagle hotel balcony by state and local educational authorities.

Another good deed of the month in the Capital City was the formal dedication of the American Legion's Memorial Grove on the Daniel Webster Highway.

### New Hospital

In the same commendable category should be mentioned the formal dedication, on the last day of the month, of the maternity ward and orthopedic department which have been added at an expense of \$100,000 to the New Hampshire Memorial Hospital for Women and Children in Concord, the money having been raised by public subscription largely through the efforts of the Hospital Associates, a not large group of women who have given this very useful institution devoted support from its beginning.

This month also witnessed the conclusion of the campaign which succeeded in raising more than \$100,000 by popular subscription for replacing the buildings destroyed by fire at the New Hampshire Orphans' Home, Webster Place, Franklin.

For the first time in many years the more than a century old New Hampshire Medical Society held its annual meeting in a city other than Concord, the new million-dollar hotel, The Carpenter, whose dedication was another event of the month, drawing the M. D.'s, to Manchester, where the president of the American Medical Association was their guest of honor,—H. C. P.



New Hampshire Boys' and Girls' Club champions taken at Eastern States Exposition, 1923, with Governor Fred H. Brown and staff.

## A TYPE WORK FOR RURAL BOYS AND GIRLS

BY CLARENCE WADLEIGH, STATE CLUB LEADER.

“**W**HAT a fine looking lot of potatoes! Did any of those come from Aroostook? And look at that sewing work! Where do these women live who make such pretty and appropriate clothes for their daughters?”

“Why this is not an exhibit of older people's work but of Boys and Girls.”

“Oh! you mean this is work done by the children in school?”

“No, it is an exhibit of work done by children in their club projects, done at home, outside of school, under the direction of the Extension Service of the University at Durham.”

“Oh yes, I have heard and read of this work but have never seen one of these club exhibits before. Won't you tell me just what the work is?”

“It is a type of extension work which teaches boys and girls the best farm and home methods; gives them an opportunity to be of some service by demonstrating these methods to others; helps

fit them for community activities and leadership and gives them social and recreational advantages. It is conducted through the co-operative efforts of the United States Department of Agriculture, The University of New Hampshire and the various County Farm Bureaus.”

Conversations like the above can be heard every day at any of the annual county or state exhibits of Boys' and Girls' Club Work held in conjunction with other Exhibits and Fairs each fall. Yet this work has been conducted for ten years in New Hampshire and during that time some work has been done in 90% of all the towns in the state.

If many people in the state do not know just what this work is, it must be quite worth while to answer some of the other questions which are frequently asked about it.

How did the work originate in the United States and who started it in New Hampshire?





Stanley Burleigh, Club member of Sanbornton with two of his prize pigs.

It was in 1903 that the late Dr. Seaman Knapp, at that time connected with the U. S. Department of Agriculture at Washington, was sent to the southern states to do what he could to help the farmers and agriculture in that section. He soon proved to his own satisfaction and that of other experts that the quickest and easiest solution of the trouble was to diversify farming.

Proof of this fact didn't exactly solve the problem, because the farmers did not accept it as true until they had seen it with their own eyes. Dr. Knapp then tried out a new method of getting farmers to adopt new practices, i. e. to induce one or more of the most progressive farmers in different sections to plant some particular piece of land according to his directions. The idea was to have this serve as a demonstration of the value of the better practice to the farmer himself and to his neighbors as well. In brief this was the inauguration of farm demonstration or agricultural extension service methods.

Dr. Knapp and others conducting this work soon found out that one of their best sources of demonstrators was the boys and girls. They immediately grasped this opportunity and developed the junior extension idea. In 1908 they created a separate division of the Extension Service, Boys' and Girls' Club Work, for the following reasons:

1. Boys and girls are more easily in-

fluenced to take up new methods on the farm or in the home than are adults; hence, more of them will use the suggestions given.

2. Through boys and girls the adults are reached at the same time and often accept the methods used.
3. More results can be obtained with boys and girls through an organization of clubs as they work in groups and can be met in this way.
4. A boy or girl adopting an improved method has from 40 to 60 years to use it, while an adult has but 20 to 30 years.

It was several years later before Boys' and Girls' Club Work was started in New Hampshire. To be exact in 1914 Mr. Lawrence A. Carlisle was appointed State Club Leader, and the following year Miss Mary L. Sanborn became the Assistant State Club Leader in charge of girls' work.

The work grew steadily after its introduction into the state. With its growth and the natural adjustment as it was becoming established there were changes made from year to year in methods and organization but to-day Boys' and Girls' Club Work is established in New Hampshire as a permanent organization for the rural boys and girls.

One of the concrete purposes of Boys' and Girls' Club Work is to interest boys and girls in farm and home problems by making them a definite part of the farm and home business through partnership and ownership in this business. The attempt is made to create a desire in them to always achieve the best whether that be in the field of agriculture or some other field of endeavor.

Anyone who has worked with young people knows that it is quite important to get their interest if the most successful work is to be done. In the boys' and girls' clubs it is the endeavor of the leaders to first get interest in some definite project. There are several of these agricultural and home making projects

which are completely outlined and for the accomplishment of which instructions have been prepared by the State Club Leaders.

As there is very seldom more than one paid leader in a county to supervise this work, it is quite essential that all the boys or girls in the different communities be organized into groups, with each group conducting the same project. With a local adult leader for each of these clubs, the extension agent is able to supervise the work of all rural boys and girls in the county.

For the above reason one can see the importance of having a local adult leader in charge of each club. In fact it is often true that more credit is due these unpaid local leaders for what the clubs and club members do than to the paid county and state leaders under whose supervision they work.

Having secured the interest of the boys and girls and the consent of their parents that they may do the work, and having a local person who will be their leader for at least one year, a club is organized. At this time each member receives directions or instructions on what to do and how to do it.

The "What to do" part is given in the form of Standard Project Requirements. These include four different items.

*First*:—Do a definite amount and kind of work in the project chosen.

*Second*:—Keep a careful record of the time spent on the project, the cost and the profit.

*Third*:—Make a public exhibit of some of the products of the project.

*Fourth*:—Send the record and a narrative report of the year's work to the county or state extension office.

The "How to do it" is told through written instructions and personal visits. During the season complete instructions are sent to each club member in his or her project. These are supplemented by personal visits by the extension agents and leaders.



Nora Gaydon, of Rochester, a former Club Champion and some of her canned products.

It is in the above way that club work is organized and supervised, but it may be that such questions will immediately arise in the minds of some readers as: "How do you keep the interest of the boys and girls in such a lifeless program as that?" and "What are the benefits to the boys and girls or state?"

The first question cannot be answered without giving more of the details of organization and something about the activities conducted by the Junior Extension Agents. These activities are conducted for the specific purpose of keeping up the interest of the boys and girls. Each club is advised and assisted by the extension agent to have a program of work for the year. This program not only includes plans for doing the regular project work at club meetings but also for other entertainments such as talks by some visitor, demonstrations, recitations or selections by the members, games, refreshments, etc. Then, in addition to the plans for these meetings of the separate clubs, the county club agent has certain county activities which all club members are encouraged to attend. These events include the following:

*County Club Field Day or Picnic*—(Held solely for a good time in July)

*County Club Exhibit*—(held in conjunction with a county fair or round-up for the educational value to the club members and for publicity purposes)

*County Club Round-Up*—(held in the

fall to celebrate the completion of the year's work).

Besides the above county-wide club activities there are two state club events, namely, "The Junior Extension Camp and Short Course" at the University in August and "The State Club Exhibit" held in conjunction with the annual exhibit of the New Hampshire Horticultural Society in November. These state events are primarily to encourage the boys and girls to do a high standard of work and to reward those who reach the highest standard. To insure that the ones doing the best work obtain the benefits of these activities, it is recommended that the delegates chosen by the different clubs to attend the Camp and Short Course should be chosen from those members who are doing the best work. Similarly those who exhibit at the State Contest must have previously won prizes on their exhibits in the County Contest.

As a further incentive for doing excellent work in their club projects and for continuing their interest in the program through a period of years, there is an interstate camp for club members known as Camp Vail at Springfield, Massachusetts. To this Camp twelve of the most outstanding boys and girls club members are sent each year with all their expenses paid. The Camp is held during the Eastern States Exposition and is attended by delegates and leaders

from the thirteen northern and eastern states.

Possibly it seems that the question "How is the interest of the club members maintained?" has been answered; nevertheless, there are still other contributing factors. An award is given each boy or girl who completes any one of the club projects. This award varies in value in proportion to the quality of work done or effect made. A silver

junior extension club pin is given the first year to those who do all the Standard Requirements; a Certificate of Achievement the second, third and fourth years; and a gold pin the fifth year. A Report Certificate is given to those who do incomplete work, yet make a report of what they have done.

So much for the first question, now what about the second.

The benefits from club work are many and one hardly knows where to start or stop when relating them. In

this article we cannot give many of these in detail, but one example of several different types of benefits may help to explain them.

For instance, the picture on page 356 is that of Stanley Burleigh of Sanborn-ton. Stanley was a club member for six years and has always strived to do his best. He has made a specialty of potatoes and pigs. In the potato project he has always followed the instructions sent him and striven to make a big



William Neal, a former club member of Meredith who had an unique way of selling vegetables.



profit by keeping down his cost of production. He did this very successfully for several years, and one year he produced his potatoes at a cost of 33c. per bushel when the market price was about \$1.00.

It is believed that Stanley has made one of the most important steps towards success in farming through his club work. That is in achieving profit through low cost of production rather than higher price from the consumer.

It should be said also that Stanley has been very successful in his pig feeding projects. Here again he got his start from the club instructions where he learned about the self-feeder. The two pigs in the accompanying picture were fed in this manner and were the first prize hogs at the fair.

To-day Stanley is home on the farm, a partner with his father and older brother. Because of his interest in modern methods and practices developed while in club work, he has caused several new labor-saving machines to be bought with the object of cheapening the cost of production and taking some of the drudgery out of farming—both quite worthwhile ideals.

The story of Stanley is an example of the benefit to a boy and a home from Club Work.

Another outstanding club member in New Hampshire was Fred Peaslee of South Merrimack, who was the first club member to grow certified seed potatoes. Fred was studying to be an architect when he first became a club member. His interest continued to grow in agriculture as he conducted club projects until he decided farming was the occupation for him. He is now a student of agriculture at the University.

To make a long story short it can be said that Fred Peaslee's development, because of his contact with club work, has been to the benefit of the state as well as to himself and community. The fact that he grew certified seed helped to spread the gospel of good seed and

to insure greater yields for all those who purchased it.

Then in the girls' work we have similar examples of home and community benefits. Dorothy Story of Hopkinton, who began club work over five years ago, has taken several projects but specialized in the clothing work. To-day she can make her own clothes as well as assist with the home sewing, as shown by the fact that she made over 37 articles last year. In addition to all this she has developed the leadership spirit and has acted as leader of a club of smaller girls in her home town. This has resulted in other homes in the community having the benefits of the work and in assisting in the development of a remarkable community spirit.

Edna Howard of Hillsboro is another clothing club girl, who has been a blessing to her home since she learned how to sew in her local club. Last year Edna was county champion in the clothing project in Hillsboro County. That this is quite an achievement may be realized when it is known that she is a girl in a large family and spent 144 hours last summer making clothes for herself and her sisters. Besides all that she and Lilla Sturtevant, the two oldest girls in the club, have acted as leaders of the other girls.

It was previously mentioned that Fred Peaslee is now a student at the University. It is quite significant to note that this year there are over 60 former club members now students at Durham. This is another benefit which boys and girls get through their contact with the Extension Service at the University, namely the ambition to get more education.

There are many other benefits secured by the members which are secondary yet have their value. The experience in making programs, conducting meetings and leadership for example, may be invaluable to a rural boy or girl in future life.

Having the preceding information in regard to the nature of Boys' and Girls'

Club Work and results or benefits derived from it, the final question is usually asked, "How extensively is this work conducted in the United States and our own Granite State?"

In New Hampshire last year there was an enrollment of 1876 in Boys' and Girls' Club Work. This was divided among 197 organized clubs and there were 204 local leaders for these clubs. This year the prospect is very encouraging and there will surely be an enrollment of 2,000 and it may reach close to 2,500.

In concluding it might be interesting to the reader to know what the principal limiting factor is at present, in regard to the number of rural boys and girls reached through Boys' and Girls' Club Work. Contrary, probably to your anticipated answer of this question

the limiting factors are not at this time the number of boys and girls in the rural sections or the ability to get suitable local leaders. In the state as a whole the greatest limiting factor is the lack of paid county leaders. At the present writing there are only five counties having agents devoting their entire time to this work and two others planning to have an agent for a short time or having an agent devote part of her time to it. This means that there are four counties in the state in which only a limited number of boys and girls have the advantages of club work.

If an enrollment of 2,000 or 2,500 can be obtained with this limited leadership why couldn't 4,000 to 5,000 boys and girls be reached with a Boys' and Girls' Club Agent in every county of the state.



The Best Crop—The Boys Themselves

# THE DEMOCRATS DINE

BY GEORGE FARRAND

The late David B. Hill upon being asked, "Are you still a Democrat?" replied "Yes, very still."

That the recently victorious Democratic party in New Hampshire are not as quiescent as their illustrious colleague is demonstrated by the enthusiastic gathering which is here described.

THE Democrats of New Hampshire met at Concord on June 11th for their annual dinner party, with an attendance never before equalled by any party for a similar occasion. The seating capacity of Phenix Hall was taxed to the limit and late-comers were obliged to go to nearby restaurants for food and listen to the speaking from the gallery. The attendance was most gratifying to the Democratic leaders for they felt that it was an indication of an interest greater than usual in the present political campaign. Intense enthusiasm was displayed throughout the entire meeting especially when Governor Fred H. Brown arose to speak and was hailed as a possible presidential nominee. Rousing cheers greeted all the other speakers

on the program, amongst whom were included Congressman William N. Rogers and Hon. William H. Barry of Nashua, candidate for Congress in the second District at the last election, F. E. Nor-

mandin of Laconia, a prominent member of the 1923 Legislature, and Mrs. Anna B. Parker, a woman delegate to the Democratic National Convention. Chairman Robert Jackson of the Democratic State Committee introduced as toastmaster Hon. Eaton D. Sargent, Mayor of Nashua in place of Ex. Congressman Raymond B. Stevens of Landaff who was unable



HARRIS & EWING

Hon. Homer S. Cummings

to be present at this party.

During the evening an impromptu parade around the hall was started by some of the younger Democrats, carrying banners with significant messages



reviewing what had happened to the Republican party in 1920 and promising a continuance of Democratic victory in 1924.

One of the features of the dinner was the introduction by Chairman Jackson of the six Democratic mayors of New Hampshire cities, namely Waldron of Dover, Dexter of Portsmouth, Sargent of Nashua, Douphinet of Franklin, Flint of Concord and Gagne of Somersworth.

Space will not permit a complete report of the complete speeches delivered, each speaker receiving an ovation.

The frequent calls for "three cheers" from toastmaster Sargent were met with prompt response in each case.

Governor Brown said in part:

"He declared that he was 'confident of success in state and nation this fall,' but preferred to carry his audience back with him for a moment to 1920. 'The people then wanted a change from Woodrow Wilson's fine administration and yielded to promises of the Republican party to bring about that change. The Republican party made many promises in 1920 and as an excuse for failure to keep those promises, as an excuse for the failure of the Harding administration, they ascribe this awful national mess, this era of unemployment to the misdoings of the previous Democratic administration.

"After three years of Republican rule the country is in a more deplorable state of affairs than when they took over the government. The Republican party has no leadership in Congress and I believe that special interest and special privilege are more firmly settled in the saddle than ever before. This year the corruption in Washington must have convinced the American people that we again need a change."

The principal speech of the evening was delivered by Hon. Homer S. Cum-

tings of Connecticut, former Chairman of the Democratic National Committee, who told his audience that the principal difference between the Democratic party and the Republican party is "that the Republican party is concerned principally with material things," while the Democratic party is "concerned principally with human rights."

"The difficulty with the Republican party is," he continued, "that after long years of control in public affairs, it has attracted to itself many people of enormous influence who seek to use the machinery of the Republican party for their own purposes. It could talk about reform but it could not bring it about.

"I do not intend to criticise particular happenings in the Republican party," he said. "I know that the great rank and file of the party are not responsible for what has happened in their leadership. It is but the aftermath of the deliberate inculcation of the political doctrines of selfishness. No great party has the right to go before the people of the United States and teach them selfishness. You must remember that there is such a thing as the soul of the Republic and if you teach materialism you destroy the soul.

"I think we are entitled to claim that the Republican party is incapable of managing the great affairs of this country. It is at war with itself and as a political agency it has ceased to function."

Mr. Cummings declared that the election of 1920 was the result of an appeal to the baser motives of selfishness which sometimes appeal to mankind and amid a great storm of applause called for the "re-awakening of the better spirit of our people and a return to the idealism of Woodrow Wilson,"

# RECREATION PROGRESS IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

BY ALICE J. WATERHOUSE

Playground and Recreation Association of America

NEW HAMPSHIRE is alive to the needs of recreation other than that of enjoying healthful air and beautiful scenery. This is evidenced by the progress made in the development of its supervised playgrounds during the last ten years.

One of the most recently recognized municipal duties, that of providing leadership for public recreation has spread to 680 cities in forty-five states, according to the statistics recently published in the Year Book of the Playground and Recreation Association of America which affords an opportunity to study the playground achievements of cities throughout the country.

That New Hampshire is an "up and doing" state in public recreation is graphically shown by comparing the statistics for 1913 with those published for the past year. In 1913 but one city in New Hampshire reported a public playground. The Year Book recently published shows that thirteen New Hampshire cities reported a total of thirty-four public playgrounds and five community centers under the supervision of sixty-eight workers, seven of whom are employed the entire year. The total amount expended in these cities for public recreation in 1923 was \$32,701.65. The average daily attendance reported as enjoying the New Hampshire playgrounds in 1913 was 300, in 1923 the thirteen cities reported an average daily attendance of 4,812.

Although public recreation under leadership originated about 1885 in "sand gardens" set aside for children's play in Boston, only forty-one cities were maintaining playgrounds in 1906. The movement has been increasingly developed throughout the

country since 1906, the year when Theodore Roosevelt and others organized the Playground and Recreation Association of America. In compiling its Year Book the Association has made an interesting comparison between the statistics for 1913 and those for 1923. The expenditures of cities for public recreation during 1923 totalled \$14,000,000, more than twice the amount spent during 1913. For 1913, 2,402 playgrounds and recreation centers under leadership were reported and for 1923, 6,601.

Though this progress is most encouraging, there are still many cities without a single playground or recreation leader. The Association stands ready to help such cities to establish systems of recreation under leadership. Last year it helped 450 cities in various ways through the visits of its field workers and answered over 16,000 inquiries on recreation subjects:

Cities are awakening to the economy of year round provision for supervised play. This is demonstrated by the fact that in 1913, 774 workers were employed the year round to conduct recreation activities in eighty-three cities, and in 1923, 1,925 workers were employed by 281 cities. The total number of workers both year round and part time employed last year was reported as 12,282. Aiding them were 5,252 unpaid workers who volunteered in 229 cities.

One reason communities have been anxious to increase their recreation facilities is because they have found that play under leadership reduces the number of juvenile delinquents. Delinquency is an expensive consideration for the tax payer. The average cost of keeping a child in a reformatory for a year is \$439, to say nothing of



A Swim in the Pool.

other losses impossible to compute. One city which used to send about fifty boys a year to the state reformatory, has sent only two boys during the two years since the city has had playgrounds and a boys' club. Attributed to summer playgrounds were Utica, New York's record of not a single child put on probation during July, and Brazil, Indiana's record of not one case of juvenile delinquency during the summer.

Dover is one of the first cities in New Hampshire to appoint a full time director of physical education. This leader has worked out a system which gives all the children an opportunity for physical education and sports. Permission was recently secured from the city authorities to use the city auditorium for basket ball and other athletics. The Dover Community House had a full winter program conducted by two paid workers and a corps of volunteers. Community singing has also been a means of getting the townspeople to enjoy themselves together. This year the Dover Park Commission for the first time in its history appropriated funds for winter sports. A toboggan slide more than 1,000 feet long and a ski jump over 400 feet high were built on Garrison Hill. One glimpse of the happy, ruddy faces would convince the most skeptical of the value of this form of recreation, not alone for the children but for the adults. The Chamber of Commerce is co-oper-

ating with the Park Commission in plans for enlarging the recreation program.

The Claremont Playground Commission has received a total appropriation of \$5,000 for 1924, \$1,000 of which is to be spent on the new playground donated to the town by A. S. Barnes. This is to be laid out as a junior playground, since the present area

is but one acre. The Commission plans to employ a trained playground director this summer for the Monadnock Park Playground, given to the town by the Monadnock Mills. The staff of summer school teachers will also be available for six weeks as volunteers.

The events conducted in connection with this playground during six months were attended by 41,420 children, young folks and adults. A year round superintendent is responsible for the care of the grounds and is also interested in its activities. It is interesting to learn that a few years ago, when the tennis courts were first built on the grounds, there were less than twenty tennis racquets in the town, while last summer, 3,500 persons received permits to play on the five playground courts.

Claremont was enthusiastic over its winter sports program. The Commission provided safe coasting, as well as supervision of skating for 129 days from 7 a. m. until 10 p. m. The skating attendance averaged 500 daily. A Winter Sports Club was also organized and a Toboggan slide and ski jump built with private funds. This Club held weekly snowshoe hikes and week-end carnivals.

In his report to the Board of Aldermen, the Mayor of Nassau said, referring to recreation as their new enterprise, "We have been slow in embarking into this field, but the results achieved have, I feel sure, satisfied us all that the moneys expended for



this purpose are well worth the the while. I am informed by the Chief of Police that Juvenile offenses are now, and have been for the last year, at their lowest minimum. This condition is attributed mainly, yes wholly, to the fact that our youngsters have been given good, wholesome, attractive amusements, and so a field opened up to them for the exercise of their physical, as well as mental energies. Such a result cannot be calculated in dollars and cents ; it means the training of our youth in the right direction, the foundation for better citizenship. The work of the Recreation Commission should therefore be encouraged and the necessary funds appropriated to expand it."

Through the co-operation of the Good Will Institute and Community Council, a seven room house has been purchased in a central location for use as a Community House for Nassau. It is planned to use this to capacity every night in the week.

As yet no New Hampshire community has made provision for municipal golf, the reports indicate. The Year Book of the Playground and Recreation Association of America states that eighty-nine cities maintain golf courses. Should the Granite State not look forward to putting this popular sport within the reach of its citizens?

The City of Concord recently engaged a civic advisor to assist the new administration to place the city on a more businesslike basis. Upon his recommendation, gained from experience in other cities, it was decided to increase the budget for playgrounds and recreation. One of Concord's citizens recently made this statement, "It is doubtful if the taxpayers of the city have received as great a value for their money in any other department of the



These youngsters will never be seasick.

municipal government as in the playground and bath department."

Concord justly takes pride in the fact that for the past five years a splendid community event in the form of a Winter Carnival has been staged by the people of the town at practically no expense. This city has reason also to be proud of the fact that the boys of the Morrill Training School built the two toboggan slides at a total cost of \$500. The Electric Light Company erected the poles and furnished the lights free of charge as their contribution to the work of the Community Committee of Winter Sports under the Chamber of Commerce. The Chamber of Commerce has arranged to turn the winter sports equipment over to the city for supervision next year. The enthusiasm for winter recreation was not limited to any age or group, and the physicians of Concord agree that the unusual good health of the people of the city during the past winter was in no small degree due to the winter sports.

Cities are concerned about supplying power, water, light, police and fire protection, paved streets and other public conveniences but sometimes overlook their people's need for play space and leisure time activities. Wholesome recreation is a preventative of vice, a promoter of health and happiness. As such it is a sound social investment and a vital municipal responsibility.

# "THE HAPPY WARRIOR"

## The Romantic Story of a Long Struggle

BY WILLIAM E. WALLACE

REV. JAMES H. ROBBINS, who retires from active work in the New Hampshire Anti-Saloon League on August first, has been a militant crusader for twenty-two years in the cause of prohibition. He is retiring, not because of any physical infirmities or lessened enthusiasm in his chosen life work, but because he feels he has achieved his ambition of helping place the state and nation on a prohibition basis and that younger men should take up the task of making the constitutional law effective. He is well past the age when most men drop strenuous business or professional duties and look forward to taking life easier. A few days after he has turned over his work to his successor, Mr. Robbins will celebrate his seventy-eighth birthday, which he expects to observe with his son at Pelham Manor, N. Y., where he will make his future home.

Mr. Robbins approaches his retirement in a happy and contented frame of mind, such a mental attitude as would be expected in a hard fighter, who has won his battle against what seemed many times insuperable odds. While the struggle for supremacy was on he neither asked nor gave quarter to his opponents. In his public addresses and in his publication, *The New Hampshire Issue*, he was inexorable in de-

nunciation of those blocking the progress of his reform. Those opposed to prohibition were as plain spoken in their estimates of him. Probably no man living in New Hampshire today has been more earnestly execrated than has Mr. Robbins, even threats of personal violence having been uttered against him not infrequently in the heat of the bitter campaigns. But whatever else may have been charged against him, he was never accused of lacking either physical or moral courage and he has steered his course with uncompromising vigor.

Nowadays when he indulges in retrospection he has kindly remembrances of many of those he has crossed swords with, very different from his feelings when he was in the heat of battle with them. Theoretically loving kindness for all humanity has been an attribute of his and he in-

sists positively that that has been the dominating motive of his life work, nevertheless he has smote many individual humans right smartly and caused honest doubts to well up in the breasts of many who heard him speak that his enemies were fit to exist on this earth. He explains his present disposition by the fact that most of those who opposed prohibition in the old fighting days have now come around to accept the sound-



Rev. J. H. Robbins

ness of his theories and to admit the error of their former opinions. He believes the legislators who finally swung over to prohibition did so from real conviction that it was right, yet he concedes that he did not relax vigilance to see that they stayed right up to the moment of voting and had men handy to stiffen up any weakening backbones.

Mr. Robbins is a shining example of what Woodrow Wilson termed a single-track mind, that characterization, as a matter of fact probably fitting Mr. Robbins better than it did Wilson. For while Wilson was able to concentrate every energy on the matter immediately in hand, Wilson had a large variety of concerns on which to center his mind by turns, whereas Mr. Robbins during his long career as Anti-Saloon League superintendent had the single objective of putting over prohibition. Side issues never distracted him from his one mission and it was of small moment, if any, to him, whether the vote for prohibition came from a Republican or a Democratic representative or senator, or what any member of either branch of the Legislature thought about exempting a Manchester or Carroll county hotel from taxation, or any other issue, so long as he was right on prohibition. And before the session was very far along he had pretty sure lines on all of the members.

He has been a familiar figure in the corridors of the state house and on the floor of the house during the last eleven sessions. The cocksureness, however, that was his when he has strolled in to take a position in the rear of the house in latterday sessions was not always his. He tells with a jovial chuckle, of his trepidation, carefully cloaked with an air of assumed assurance, when he first wandered in to look on at the proceedings at the 1903 session, his first as superintendent of the League. The situa-

tion was one to discourage any but a stout-hearted man. He had been Anti-Saloon League leader for less than a year when the session opened and it was generally understood that the stage was set for repeal of the prohibition law that had been on the statute books many years and the enactment of a local option license law in its place.

The local option forces had control and they ruled with an iron hand, just as the prohibitionists have handled the legislature since 1917 when the license law was overthrown and the present law enacted. Able leaders were in charge of the assault on the prohibition law. They proceeded carefully, fully aware of their strength, successfully blocking every effort to break down their morale, for in the late Daniel C. Remich of Littleton, the prohibitionists had a floor leader of potential skill as resourceful as any legislator of that day, and a bitter-end fighter. Mr. Remich on the floor and Mr. Robbins in the corridors put up a gallant struggle to retain the old law, but the argument that the law was a dead-letter statute in various sections of the state, particularly in Manchester where the famous Healy System prevailed and in several other cities where modifications of the Manchester plan were worked out, prevailed and ultimately the prohibitionists went down to defeat at the end of the most remarkable filibuster in the New Hampshire legislature in the last quarter century. Mr. Remich sought to talk the bill to death and the supporters of the measure went to the mat with him, continuing the session well into the night. Mr. Remich had been talking many hours when one of his friends brought him a sandwich and a cup of coffee, and when he took his first bite of the sandwich, as he continued talking at random, the speaker, Harry M. Cheney, slammed down the gavel and ruled him out of order and the fili-



buster was ended. Then things moved fast and the bill was put through in the early morning hours.

Thus, Mr. Robbins' first legislative venture was crowned with failure, but he gained much valuable experience about the way business is done in the legislature, taking his lessons from the leaders who vanquished him as well as from his comrade-in-arms, Mr. Remich. He set out to retrieve the ground lost in 1903, his progress at first being so slow as to be scarcely observable. But he kept plugging away, picking up a little here and there in the way of bothersome amendments to the law until he had his organization perfected sufficiently in 1917 to switch the state back to prohibition, two years ahead of the adoption of the eighteenth amendment to the federal constitution. Since then his sway in the legislature has been undisputed.

There would be practical unanimity, in all probability, that New

Hampshire in this generation has had no more skillful politician in the way of handling legislators, or in spreading propaganda. Latterly much of the bitterness expressed during the days of hectic battling has faded away, tempered by admiration, grudging in some instances without doubt, for his genius in keeping in political leading strings members of the legislatures whose inclinations were wet, although they were voting dry. Also those who were most choleric in their contemplation of his leadership in the prohibition struggle over the long period expended so many of their mouth-filling epithets on the handlers of the anti-prohibition cause, that what they had left were as insipid as the beverages decreed by the 1917 law to seasoned palettes.

At any rate, Mr. Robbins says now that he counts among his good friends many who in other times were his most robust enemies.

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## THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN

BY HARRY EDWARD MILLER

More noble thought than this we do not know:  
 How those of every clime and scattered race,  
 Though different their lives and color o' face;  
 Whether in tropic land, or Arctic snow;  
 Whether their dreams are high, or fallen low;  
 That truth of truths we cannot well efface:  
 Our brotherhood makes of us all one race—  
 One brotherhood as ages come and go!  
 And why these troubled years we call our life,  
 Why given they to war-struck human-kind  
 If not for us to learn that war and strife  
 Must end if our brother lost would find;  
 And love, not hate, must ev'rywhere be rife—  
 Else men shall never be of God's high mind!

# THE MINNESOTA ORE TAX AS APPLIED TO NEW HAMPSHIRE WATER POWERS

BY GEORGE H. DUNCAN

NOVEMBER 2, 1923, was a notable day in the tax history of the United States, for on that date the officials of the Oliver Mining Company, a subsidiary of the United States Steel Corporation, paid over to the treasurer of Minnesota a check for \$4,340,499.96, the first payment made under an epoch-making law enacted by the 1921 Legislature of that state.

It is the contention of many thoughtful students that natural resources are the property not of individuals, but of everyone placed here by an All Wise Creator for the benefit of all His creatures. But since the development and use of those natural resources is a personal enterprise, it has always been difficult to differentiate between the natural value of the resource and the added individual value given to it by personal effort. If some practical method could be devised to separate these two types of values, the natural value could be taken under the taxing power and distributed to the community in the form of common benefits—roads, schools and the like—while the added labor value could be left to him who provided the labor, either of hand, brain

or capital. Minnesota seems to be in a fair way to solve the problem.

One of that State's great resources is iron ore, the development of which has been left to individual initiative, principally in the form of corporate activity, from which development have arisen great fortunes, while the people as a whole have derived small

benefit from the rich deposits. Based upon the foregoing reasoning, whatever value this ore had as it lay in the ground was the common heritage: any additional value given it by the capital and labor used in preparing it for market was clearly the property of those supplying them.

The Minnesota Legislature of 1921 clearly recognized these essential facts, and after long deliberation enacted a law providing that a tax of six



George H. Duncan

per cent of this natural value should be levied upon all ore taken from the ground. They arrived at the natural value by providing for ascertaining the value of the ore "at the place where the same is brought to the surface of the earth." Deduction is then allowed for "(1) the reasonable cost of separating the ore from the ore body, including the cost of hoisting, elevating or conveying the same to

the surface of the earth; (2) a proportionate cost of removing the 'overburden'; (3) a proportionate cost of constructing shafts and running drifts; (4) the amount of royalties paid on the ore mined; (5) a proportionate share of the taxes levied on the whole plant under the general property tax."

This innovation, as might be expected, evoked a strenuous legal battle, fought through even the United States Supreme Court, where it was upheld at every point. The total tax assessed under this law for 1921 was about two and one-fourth million dollars, and for 1922, nearly three and one-half million, in a total state revenue of approximately twenty million. If it is sound doctrine for the state to appropriate six per cent of this natural, or individually unearned value, there would seem to be no moral reason why a larger proportion, even almost the whole, might not be taken. So the Legislature of 1923 provided for a similar six per cent tax on royalties, thus placing leased ore bodies on the same basis as those owned, which is now on its tedious way through the courts; while a strong movement is on foot to increase both taxes to ten per cent. It is evident that on the 1922 basis, a forty per cent tax would have paid all the state's expenses, to the tremendous relief of other classes of property now heavily burdened; and this relief would proportionately unburden the industry of extracting the ore, which in turn would tend to reduce the selling price of ore products and all other commodities.

The essential difference between this Minnesota tax and other apparently similar taxes, like the Pennsylvania coal tax, should be pointed out. The selling price of coal, like that of ore, is based partly on the theory of "all the traffic will bear," and partly on the expense of operating the most expensive mines; but the market price on all products of the same

grade is the same, regardless of the expense of mining. Thus the Pennsylvania tax, levied as it is on the mine-mouth value, is the same on the products of all mines, while the Minnesota tax falls heaviest on the cheapest-mined ore, as it should. Again, the Pennsylvania tax, being virtually a part of the cost of production, is added to the selling price, while the Minnesota tax does not enter into cost of production, and is reflected only in a reduced capitalized value of ore lands.

Three points in connection with Minnesota's experience should be especially noted: (1). Recognition of community interest in natural resources; (2). The tremendous value of these resources; (3). No impeding production or enhancing the selling price of the product.

## II.

New Hampshire has no ore bodies of appreciable extent. One of its principal natural resources, however, is waterpower; and the analogy between all natural resources, so far as the rightful recipients of their benefits are concerned, is close. The value of New Hampshire's waterpower should be taken to help pay public expenses. Our difficulty arises from a failure to discriminate between the value of the waterpower itself and that of the man-made contrivances for putting that power to use. Of course New Hampshire is stopped for the present by constitutional limitations from imposing a tax of sufficient size on waterpowers to return a revenue comparable to that of Minnesota; but a special tax, even at the "average rate," would serve to indicate the possibilities along these lines, and would establish here the principal that natural resources are the common heritage of all the people, and not for the benefit alone of those who hold title to them.

It will be argued that it is difficult to fix a value for waterpowers, and



this is certainly true; but evidence recently taken in the case of the Amoskeag Company against the city of Manchester indicates that there are a few difficulties connected with present methods of assessment. Once established, the value of waterpowers will not depreciate or fluctuate in any degree commensurate with the variations in man-made property.

For the purpose of making a rough estimate of how much value there is in waterpower, let us take the low figure of one-fourth cent per horsepower hour as a basis, with an eight-hour day, when we find that the annual value of a ten-horse-power unit will be \$60.00, which, capitalized, gives a taxable valuation of \$1,200.00. Or, to refer to the interesting figures given by Mr. Foss in the April GRANITE MONTHLY, the waterpower in the five potential developments mentioned, aggregating 48,150, horsepower at one-fourth cent per horsepower hour for an eight-hour day, would indicate an annual value of \$30,000.00, which in turn, capitalized, gives \$600,000.00 as a basis for taxation. It must be admitted that these figures are only a "leap in the dark," and are given simply to illustrate the possibilities of community revenue in this direction.

If all owners of waterpowers were required, for the purpose of taxation, to return to the assessors the approximate amount of power they develop annually, there would be not only a substantial added revenue, which would proportionately reduce burdensome and repressive taxes on

industry, but also the extent of the waterpower of the state would be better known. Then there would arise immediately a great popular demand for state development of storage, possibly along the lines of the so-called "Bass Bill," which was defeated by the last Senate. The movement for a constitutional amendment allowing a reasonably heavy tax on this class of property would receive added impetus.

Those who listened to the recent illuminating address by Mr. Morris Llewellyn Cooke before the Civic Association on "Giant Power," must have had forced upon them the question, "When our waterpowers are linked up, and we are dependent upon 'Giant Power' for power, light and heat, what authority is to ensure that the conserving public will be protected from extortion?" There are two answers,—One, by public ownership and operation, such as Ontario now has; the other—by the power of taxation to take into the common treasury of the value of the natural resources, and to distribute the funds thus derived in the form of common benefits. Under the latter plan, would-be exploiters would soon learn that an increase in consumer's prices above a fair margin of profit on the business of development and distribution would result only in increased payment of heritage value to the community.

Minnesota has shown the path. Let New Hampshire consider that example carefully.

Upon the day of our going to press New Hampshire received the sad tidings of the death of Calvin Coolidge, Jr. On every hand we hear expressions of tender sympathy for the bereaved parents.

# MAYOR TRUDELL'S FAVORITE STORIES

It is always interesting to know the favorite stories and anecdotes of famous men, especially those public speakers who have a large fund at their command. This page of stories by some prominent New Hampshire figure is a feature of the Granite Monthly.

WE are living in an age of specialization. It has long been recognized that the travelling salesman is the greatest known specialist on funny stories. Consequently, of all the prominent figures in New Hampshire, George E. Trudel, mayor of Manchester, former traveling salesman, prominent member of the U. C. T., ought to be the best authority on humorous anecdotes.

Upon interviewing him, we discovered in him such a delightful and jovial personality that it wasn't difficult for us to understand his success both as a salesman and as a politician. We would like to interview him every week for his stories, because the process of going over his stock to select his favorites gives his interviewer an exceedingly agreeable entertainment.

In addition to the two occupations which we have already mentioned, Mayor Trudel has a third, for he for-

merly mastered the trade of a plumber. His intimate connection with that vocation doubtless causes him to appreciate this story:



Hon. George E. Trudel

There were two school mates who had recently met after an absence of about thirty years. The first one says to the second,

"How are you, Jim? What's become of your three boys?"

"They're all at home doing mighty fine in their chosen professions."

"By the way, what are they doing?"

"Well, George is a plumber; John is a lawyer; and Harry is a doctor; but

it takes all Harry earns to pay the other two."

Because there are so few jokes on lawyers, the Mayor delights in this one.

In China when a man dies his widow immediately gets his legacy, with no red tape, tax, and lawyer fees, but here if a man dies, his widow has to marry the lawyer to get even a spattering of the legacy.—N. H. C.

# FINANCING CHARITABLE ORGANIZATIONS BY THE COMMUNITY FUND

By JOHN W. PEARSON

Many who are hoping to see New Hampshire in the foreground of progress are interested in the "Community Chest" plan. If you disagree the Granite Monthly invites your opinion.

THE past few months have seen many worthy charities in various New Hampshire towns financed by various types of drives and benefits. One result in certain sections has been to arouse interest in the "Community Fund" method of raising money. It therefore may be timely to inquire into the history, methods, scope and accomplishments of the "Community Fund" plan in localities where it has been thoroughly tried.

In the first place a "Community Fund" is the popular name for a voluntary organization set up in a city or town to serve the charitable organizations of that community by combining their solicitations for funds into a united effort, a single drive, each year with the idea of eliminating waste and annoyance of many small, ineffectual demands upon the public for support. These organizations are also known as "Community Chests" or by the more dignified name of "financial federation of social agencies."

Such united efforts are not unfamiliar to New Hampshire towns as the idea was successfully practised in several localities during the war but has since been dropped along with several other phases of community life, the unselfish effort a community developed in its war winning spirit. But in several score of cities and towns outside of New Hampshire this germ of an idea so soundly based on fundamentals of American life has developed in spite of obstacles and opposition until in 1924 it is estimated that 203 communities making up one quar-

ter of all the population in the United States will give some fifty millions of dollars for current charitable expenditures, and 115 more cities are considering putting the plan into effect. Such growth in other sections of the country is a practical demonstration of something which is now more than an idea.

Each year additional cities and towns have adopted the plan but before taking the step, the merits and weaknesses of the plan and the experiences of other places, have been meticulously studied. A general conclusion is that the plan is a natural sequence to the large increase of philanthropic and social service of the country, and the competition and dependence for maintenance of organizations on a limited circle of supporters. Pressure from dissatisfied donors and the interest business men have given to a more efficient meeting of the problem, have also been factors in the growth of the plan.

Back in 1912, two widely separated cities, Denver, Colo., and Elmira, N. Y., established a financial federation of all the charitable organizations in their borders. A year later, Cleveland, Ohio, followed their example and shortly after, South Bend, Ind., Dayton, Ohio, and Erie, Penn., followed suit. Ten years later 100 cities and towns had adopted the idea and 50 others were getting ready to.

Late in 1923, so successful had been the experience of these earlier examples and because the idea is so soundly conceived, 200 different communities in all parts of the country



ranging from Philadelphia with 2,000,000 population down to Ypsilanti, Michigan, with 7,000 population and Laramie, Wyo., with 6,300 people, were using the "Community Fund" method to raise funds effectively for the charitable obligations of their locality. And of interest to New Hampshire citizens is the fact that 45 were in cities of less than 30,000 population, 22 of these smaller sized towns having adopted the idea in 1923.

In addition to the advantage of concentrating in one enthusiastic whole hearted week's effort of money raising for all organizations, there are other beneficial results. For one thing it frees a charitable society from the worry and distraction their money raising campaign always gives them and permits their full devotion to the purpose for which they are organized, be it orphans, the sick or the elderly. It also increases the amount of money available since the overhead expenses of clerk hire, mail matter, professional organizers, etc., are greatly reduced. From the public's standpoint there is less irritation than in the case where one drive follows another and further a person gives more generously if he understands that this is the only call on him for such purposes during the entire year. Too many times, where the plan is not used, gifts are reduced because the giver does not know what other groups may approach him later in the year.

Still again, where there is such general co-operation by all the charitable organizations, many times there are found to be cases of duplication of effort. It results in the communities' needs being more accurately studied and provided for by that agency best equipped for each specific task. And too, in many organizations, the financial records, methods of purchasing supplies and other executive items are often haphazardly conducted. An important function of the "Community Fund" is to make

available effective records and other economies.

But of more interest is the accomplishment of obtaining the hearty support of a community's best talent in soliciting funds when their services are asked for but once a year and the even greater result of a more general subscription of charitable funds by the entire community. In most communities a few people only contribute. A study of results with the Fund show that a town becomes so interested and so many are solicited that in some cases not one out of every three of the population have given. The very nature of the chest system provides for a year-round checking of subscribers, adding the newcomers and finding those hard to reach.

In Concord during the recent N. H. Orphans' Home campaign, the possibilities of improvement in this direction were suggested. Probably under ordinary conditions, not more than three or four hundred actually give to a typical organization fund whereas some 2200 gave to the Orphans' Home fund. With the even more concerted effort of the "Community Fund" if one out of every three in Concord had given there would have been 8000 givers, with such accomplishment a fact in other cities, who would not say that the charities as well as the city itself were not better off where there is this general participation by the community.

A general feature of most "Chests" is that there is no race, color or creed limitation to the scope of the "Chest," where differences have seemed to exist prior to the establishment of the "chest," personal feeling and small mindedness have been buried in the broader spirit and desire for the most good of the greatest number. There are reported cases in other cities of where Catholic and Jewish organizations have limited their efforts in order that a Protestant group might be better provided for, or where Protestant

and Catholic societies have curtailed that a negro organization, for instance, might be strengthened. This reference, to a religious affiliation however, does not mean that churches are included as participants in the Fund. The best experience is that the Fund should not be extended to cover agencies exclusively or largely engaged in religious work but if the organization is predominately charitable and only incidentally religious, it generally is supported. Building and endowment-fund campaigns sometimes are covered but more generally are not. The first purpose of the Fund is to cover current charitable needs. Funds for capital and other permanent uses are included or not included, depending on conditions in a given city.

I imagine that when a Community Fund is discussed, one of the first objections is that it merges the individuality of a particular charity into a general group and many people are interested in giving to one charity and not to another. But this objection is met with the fact that one of the principles of the Fund is to provide for "designation" of one's gift. If \$100 is given, say, to a Fund, the giver indicates on his pledge card that he or she desires \$50 of it to go to a certain charity, \$15 to another, and so on as the case may be. The general experience with the Fund in other places is that rather than stifling the individuality of a charity, it results in more effective accomplishments by that charity, and a more sympathetic interest on the part of a greater number in the community than ever existed under former conditions.

I have in mind a certain town in New Hampshire where five campaigns for charitable funds have lately been undertaken and two more are contemplated as soon as the town re-

covers from the last one. In each case, the labor of getting together a general committee, compiling a list of names to be solicited, the enlistment of a group of voluntary workers, preparation of circulars and letters, the expenditures of postage and clerical expenses, and of valuable time by the workers, and the effort to actually collect the pledges made during the campaign, were all repeated in each of these five cases. And shortly the same effort is to be undertaken in two more cases.

Under the Community Fund plan, representatives of the various charitable organizations meet and discuss the possibilities of a single campaign. They present their budgets and discuss their work. Finally a sum sufficient for the worthy expenditures of all the groups is agreed on with a margin provided for unforeseen cases such as a Japanese earthquake or a Canaan fire disaster and the entire Community is then enthused in a concentrated campaign for gifts. The result where it has been tried is more money from more people and greater usefulness of the money thus contributed.

With charities serving one quarter of all our people now provided for by one week's drive under the Community Fund plan, is there not much food for thought in the plan for those directing the charitable organizations in New Hampshire cities and towns of over 5000 population? Conditions which make welfare and charitable work necessary are becoming more pronounced as time goes on and one measure of the character and standing of a city or town is the manner in which it cares for its unfortunates. In the opinion of many givers, the merits and limitations of a Community Chest should be carefully studied, and adopted wherever possible.



# AN ANTHOLOGY OF ONE POEM POETS



*Compiled by* ARTHUR JOHNSON

*Illustrated by* Elizabeth Shurtleff

## EILEEN AROON

BY GERALD GRIFFIN

1803-1840

When like the early rose,  
Eileen Aroon!  
Beauty in childhood blows,  
Eileen Aroon!  
When, like a diadem,  
Buds blush around the stem,  
Which is the fairest gem?—  
Eileen Aroon!

Is it the laughing eye,  
Eileen Aroon!  
Is it the timid sigh,  
Eileen Aroon!  
Is it the tender tone,  
Soft as the stringed harp's moan?  
O, it is truth alone,—  
Eileen Aroon!

When like the rising day,  
Eileen Aroon!  
Love sends his early ray,  
Eileen Aroon!  
What makes his dawning glow,  
Changeless through joy or woe?  
Only the constant know:—  
Eileen Aroon!

I know a valley fair,  
Eileen Aroon!  
I knew a cottage there,  
Eileen Aroon!  
Far in that valley's shade  
I knew a gentle maid,  
Flower of a hazel glade,—  
Eileen Aroon!

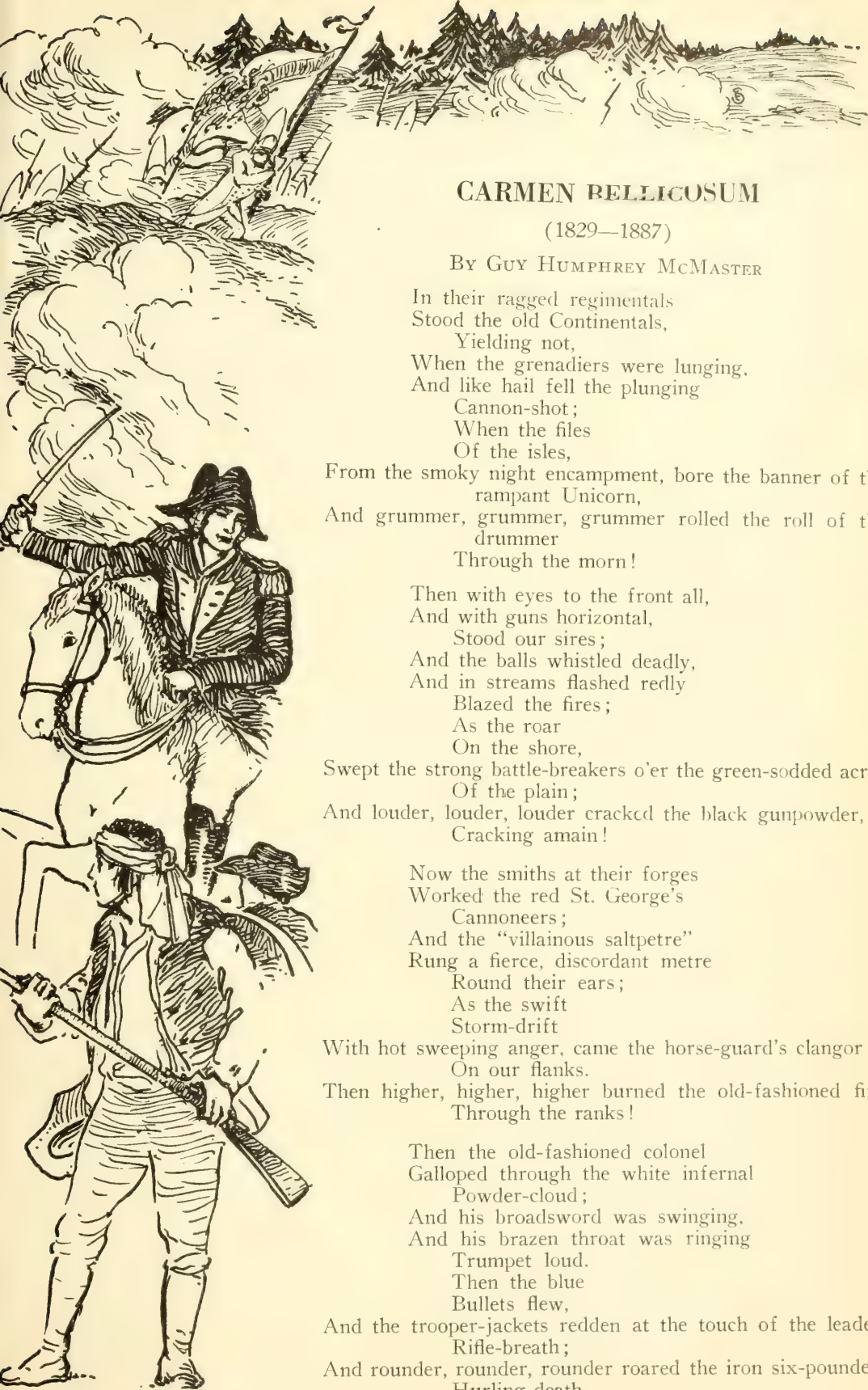
Who in the song so sweet?  
Eileen Aroon!  
Who in the dance so fleet?  
Eileen Aroon!  
Dear were her charms to me,  
Dearer her laughter free,  
Dearest her constancy,—  
Eileen Aroon!

Were she no longer true,  
Eileen Aroon!  
What should her lover do?  
Eileen Aroon!  
Fly with his broken chain  
Far o'er the sounding main,  
Never to love again,—  
Eileen Aroon!

Youth must with time decay,  
Eileen Aroon!  
Beauty must fade away,  
Eileen Aroon!  
Castles are sack'd in war,  
Chieftains are scatter'd far,  
Truth is a fixed star,—  
Eileen Aroon!







## CARMEN BELLICOSUM

(1829—1887)

BY GUY HUMPHREY McMASTER

In their ragged regimentals  
Stood the old Continentals,  
Yielding not,  
When the grenadiers were lunging,  
And like hail fell the plunging  
Cannon-shot;  
When the files  
Of the isles,

From the smoky night encampment, bore the banner of the  
rampant Unicorn,  
And grummer, grummer, grummer rolled the roll of the  
drummer  
Through the morn!

Then with eyes to the front all,  
And with guns horizontal,  
Stood our sires;  
And the balls whistled deadly,  
And in streams flashed redly  
Blazed the fires;  
As the roar  
On the shore,  
Swept the strong battle-breakers o'er the green-sodded acres  
Of the plain;  
And louder, louder, louder crackcd the black gunpowder,  
Cracking again!

Now the smiths at their forges  
Worked the red St. George's  
Cannoneers;  
And the "villainous saltpetre"  
Rung a fierce, discordant metre  
Round their ears;  
As the swift  
Storm-drift  
With hot sweeping anger, came the horse-guard's clangor  
On our flanks.  
Then higher, higher, higher burned the old-fashioned fire  
Through the ranks!

Then the old-fashioned colonel  
Galloped through the white infernal  
Powder-cloud;  
And his broadsword was swinging,  
And his brazen throat was ringing  
Trumpet loud.  
Then the blue  
Bullets flew,  
And the trooper-jackets reddened at the touch of the leaden  
Rifle-breath;  
And rounder, rounder, rounder roared the iron six-pounder,  
Hurling death.

# OLD HOME WEEK

By HON. HENRY H. METCALF

President of the New Hampshire Old Home Week Association and First Publisher of the GRANITE MONTHLY.

MEN die but their works live after them. Frank West Rollins "went the way of all the earth" a decade ago, but "Old Home Week" survives—an established institution, recognized by law and cherished in the hearts of New Hampshire people at home and abroad.

During the twenty-five years since Governor Rollins instituted "Old Home Week," and thereby builded himself a monument more enduring than marble or bronze, natives of the State, from near and far, have responded to the home call in goodly numbers with each recurring summons, and have renewed the ties that bind them to the places of their birth, and their love and honor for the grand old State which has contributed so much to the progress and glory of the nation; while those who have remained to "keep the home fires burning," have been encouraged and strengthened for their daily tasks, and have developed a stronger and deeper love for the Old Home State.

There are many things of which New Hampshire may well be proud. The rugged beauty of her scenery, which has won for her the title of "The Switzerland of America," is nowhere surpassed. From the upper region, where Mt. Washington towers in majesty, and the "Old Man" reigns in silent grandeur, to the sands of Hampton Beach there is no spot or section where the great artist of Nature has not set the impress of his hand in characters of fadeless beauty.

In all the three hundred years of her history since the pioneers established their homes at Portsmouth and Dover, the achievements of New Hampshire men and women have been notable in every line of action, from the conquest of a rugged soil to the development of intellectual power and moral strength and

purpose, in no measure surpassed by any people anywhere.

Though no drop of human blood was shed within her limits in the great struggle for independence, the first overt act of revolution was performed upon her soil in the assault upon Fort William and Mary at Newcastle by the band of patriots, led by Langdon and Sullivan; and all through the war New Hampshire men were at the front, from Bunker Hill, where the forces of Stark and Reid held the foe at bay, and the gallant McClary yielded up his life, to Yorktown, where Scammell fell and the final victory was won. It was a New Hampshire man who presided in the Senate of the First Congress when Washington took the oath as first President under the Constitution, and it was another son of the Granite State who won renown as the "Defender of the Constitution" when its authority was assailed by the States Rights Champions of the South.

In the firing line on every battlefield of the republic; in the pioneer camps carrying civilization into the wilderness; at the very front in the march of educational progress and intellectual development, the representatives of New Hampshire have ever been conspicuously in the lead. Not a town in the state whose sons and daughters have not done effective and honorable work in varied fields of action throughout the country, in which the home-keeping people have taken due pride, while rendering their own ample service to state and nation.

There is no sentiment more conducive to national greatness and honor, more stimulating to true patriotism, than love for one's birthplace and childhood home. To strengthen, maintain and perpetuate that sentiment in the hearts of her children, at home and abroad, "Old Home Week" was instituted in New

Hampshire. May the time never come when its benign influence shall be unrecognized and inoperative. May that influence be increased and extended until, not only in the seventy towns wherein last year an Old Home Day observance was held, but in every considerable town throughout the State, the wander-

ing sons and daughters shall be invited home during that chosen August week, and, on some day therein, all the people shall be called together for social reunion, the revival of old friendships, and renewed devotion to "God and home and native land."

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## NEW HAMPSHIRE'S OLD HOME DAY CALL

BY AGNES BARNEY YOUNG

Many old-time friends are living  
By the trails that lead out West,  
Who remember old New Hampshire,  
When in summer grandeur dressed;  
And to them we send a greeting,  
For, no matter where they roam,  
They are held in fond remembrance  
In their old New Hampshire home.

Greater rivers sweep our country,  
Coursing plain or forest track;  
But none busier, or more charming,  
Than the winding Merrimack.  
Lofty peaks may rise off yonder,  
Last to glimpse the setting sun;  
But no memory lingers longer, -  
Than of our Mt. Washington.

Here and there, in noblest settings,  
Shine the lakes among the hills;  
And around the Flume and Profile,  
Nature's tuneful music thrills.  
While the lilac bush of childhood,  
That we honor as State Flower,  
Proudly beckons to the old home,  
Where was spent youth's happy hour.

Come and join us in New Hampshire,  
For her valleys now are green;  
And the hilltops in the distance  
Make an old familiar scene.  
Glad the hands that are extended,  
While all nature flower-gay  
Has a smiling welcome ready  
For all comers Old Home Day.



# A CONTROVERSY

## SHALL I SEND MY DAUGHTER TO A CO-EDUCATIONAL OR A WOMEN'S COLLEGE?

### For the Co-Educational Institution

EFFIE EARLL YANTIS

**M**OST of us will agree, I think, that the primary object of a college education is preparation for life. Whether our daughters enter some business or profession, or whether they go into the greatest of all professions, that of marriage and motherhood, we want for them happy, healthy, useful, full and abundant lives.

Natural and normal living in this world of ours consists and always has of boys and girls, men and women, playing and working together. Any segregation of the sexes, among normal, intelligent, right minded people of any age creates an artificial, an unnatural condition of life. Each sex has something to contribute to the other; each is necessary to the full development of the other. Boys are kinder, more considerate, better mannered, when girls are present. Girls are less selfish and personal, broader and more charitable in their views when they have boy friends. This is true from kindergarten days to the very end of life.

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### THE CASE FOR THE CO-ED COLLEGE

I. Each sex has a helpful influence upon the other.

II. A natural and wholesome relationship prevails at a Co-ed institution.

III. The courses offered by Co-Educational institutions are more progressive and practical than those of the Women's institutions.

When our young people are ready to enter college they have proved themselves equal to responsibility. They have solved problems for themselves, and are capable of self-government under right conditions. Segregation of the sexes at this age sometimes leads to escapades and scandals, which would never have happened under normal conditions. Red haired Tommy whom Jane sees every day in the class room is not the hero of her romantic dreams. If he should become so, then he probably is the one who will help her to make a happy home. Similar education and standards are next in importance to love in a happy marriage. It is during college years that young people are forming friendships which may later ripen into closer relationships.

There was a time when there was no question of sending girls to college. They were not considered capable to either the physical or the mental strain of a college education. It was believed that a college education would unfit them for house-keeping, and would take away the desire for motherhood. The first strictly women's colleges were founded with the idea of proving that women were capable of doing the same work in college as men. They gave practically the same courses as those given in men's colleges. They did not make any provision for the different life, and needs, and functions of women. But our state colleges and universities which are co-educational, recognized from the first the need of practical training. To-day our strictly women's colleges are most of them pursuing the same course. They are giving cultural

training only. They have no courses in Home Economics, vocational training, or the practical arts. They claim that college is not the place for the teaching of these subjects, that those desiring them should go to some technical school where these subjects only are taught.

But I want my daughter to have both the cultural and the practical training and four years is all she can possibly give to her college life. I want her to have a cultural education because it will teach her to think, because it will broaden her whole vision of life so that she sees it not in relation to herself and her own small affairs only, but in relation to the past and the future, and the history-making of the entire world. Knowledge gives power, great resources of happiness, and usually a keen desire for service. With this cultural knowledge I want her to have the practical training so essential to efficiency in the making of a happy home.

Nowhere can I find this opportunity for equal advantages in both cultural and practical training save in our co-educational colleges. I have seen more than one girl who was a graduate of a woman's college completely floored after marriage by her lack of knowledge of food values, the many details of house-keeping, the preparation for, and the care of the tiny baby. In Cornell University a girl entering the course in Home Economics receives during her first two years practically the same education which those entering the Arts or other courses do. Her practical training in Home Economics comes during her junior and senior years. It is college work. It is not the grade of work given in High Schools or technical institutions. We know to-day that everything in the world is governed by great natural laws, sun and moon and earth, wind and weather, tides and seasons and stars. Our girls who are studying Home Economics as it is taught in college learn that these laws enter into every part of our home life, that there is chemistry in our cooking, and bac-

teriology in our cleaning. They learn that the care of our bodies, what we eat, and do, and think, are all governed by laws within our control. They learn the principles governing beauty in the home, the community problems affecting the home, the laws of health, prenatal care, the care of little children. The girls in Cornell University have a real live baby to dress and feed and care for.

At first there was a great deal of criticism of this plan, but to this only one reply was necessary, "the Cornell babies thrived." From a poor, thin, neglected little waif, the Cornell baby always became through the love and care of his many foster mothers a beautiful, healthy, bouncing baby, which later won his way into a happy adopted home. Think of the training these girls have for happy, healthy motherhood, and the vision they get of home-making as the most important profession in the world, because it contributes more than any other to the health and the happiness of the family, and therefore to the welfare of the race.

## THE CASE FOR THE WOMEN'S COLLEGE

I. Athletics and "hikes" which are a prominent feature of Women's Colleges give the girl better physical development.

II. Students at Women's Colleges do not run to extremes in dress but develop simplicity and good taste.

III. At the Co-Education University the constant presence of men divert the attention of the girl from her studies and prevent her forming many friendships with members of her own sex.

IV. The college spirit of Women's institutions brings back the graduates throughout the years.

## For the Women's College

KATHRYN SLINGERLAND BUYS

(Note. It may interest the reader to know that Mrs. Buys is the daughter of Mrs. Yantis.)—Editor.

**W**HETHER you choose a girls' college or a co-educational university for your daughter should depend largely on what sort of a girl you wish her to be at the end of her four years.

Let us consider a few aspects of life at a girls' college in contrast to the usual university life.

What of your daughter's physical development? Athletics play an important part in the life of the girls' college. Nearly everyone goes out for some team, and those who fail to make one, cheer on the successful ones. They stand hours in line to get even standing room in the gymnasium, and at the game will sing and cheer as long as their voices last.

Is there a similar picture at any co-education university? There the men are the dominant element. It is their games which thrill and enthuse, while the girls' sports usually played because of the attendant "gym credit," are neither popular nor of special interest even to the girls themselves. It isn't the popular thing for a girl to be athletic at a university.

One of the joys of college life is going on "bats." A crowd hikes off to the mountains, or up the river, or out of town somewhere; eat, sing, and tell stories about a blazing fire; tramp home tired and happy. Do you ever find groups of girls in a university enjoying this healthful and delightful recreation?

What of the development of your daughter socially? Is it true that the constant association with men teaches her poise, how to dress attractively, and gives her charming manners? We often hear it said that girls get careless and slovenly in dress, at a girls' college there are no men to see them. Just visit col-

lege, or think over the college girls you know, and that statement is easily refuted. As a matter of fact, it is the university girl who is inclined to go to extremes in dress, and who is often extravagant, instead of maintaining the ideals of simplicity and beauty held up in the girls' college. There is no one so critical of a girl's dress as another girl.

Now we approach the stronghold of all university boosters. With triumph they say, "But a girl should know many men, socially and intellectually alike, be on comradely-give-and-take terms with them. She should know many different kinds of men and get the man's point of view on the topics of the day. In the world for which college is a preparation men and women must live together, why shut girls away from men for four years of their lives?"

You will all recognize this familiar argument and it is a good one as far as it goes, but it only tells part of the story. Of course, it is the normal, natural thing for men and women to be together but that does not mean that it is advisable in a girl's life for her to be thrown constantly into association with men. The university girl finds there is an extra thrill attached to companionship with men which outweighs the friendship with other girls. She often makes the ever present man at the university an acceptable companion morning, noon and night. She aspires to be the sort of girl who is popular with men. Her men friends lead her to believe that this requires good looking clothes, fine dancing, and interesting repartee.

How does the merry round of the popular university girl affect her scholastically? Does she get as much as she should out of her university work? Of course, between times she does her les-



sons, probably passes her examinations, and possibly gets good marks, but her main interest is not in her work. The constant presence of Bob, Tom and Dick is far more exciting. That is natural. We all love the thrill of a "prom" or a "senior week," but is it best for a girl in the late teens or beginning twenties that men should play such a dominant part in her social and intellectual life? Does it not seem to you that your daughter would have more chance to develop those qualities you wish her to have, fine sturdy character and high ideals, in a women's college? There, class work which inspires new and independent thinking, the girls' own literary, dramatic and athletic activities, are the dominant notes in college life. The male element is only a subordinate influence confined mostly to week-end dances, or occasional evening strolls and discussions with men from near-by colleges.

One of the finest influences in college life is the true and lasting friendships formed there. It often happens that a university girl is so busy with her men friends that she has not the time or in-

clination to form any deep ties with other girls and so loses the many fine benefits of such close friendships which often continue for life, or at least long after her bevy of male admirers has dispersed.

If you wish to make an interesting comparison of the lasting qualities of college spirit in the two types of institutions we have been discussing, you have only to attend a reunion at each. The attempt to make an enthusiastic reunion of a handful of women returning to a university where men not only predominate but often exclude them from their general activities is in decided contrast to the thrilled and enthusiastic reunions gathered from near and far at the women's colleges each June.

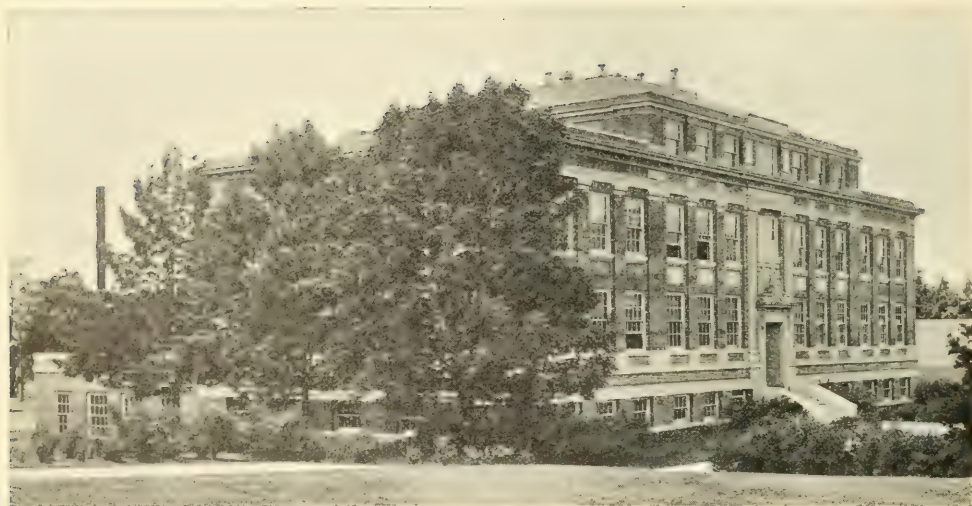
Although we find both the universities and the women's colleges turning out many fine women each year, in general it seems to me that the girl in a women's college has a better opportunity for the development of fine character, independence, and high ideals for a purposeful life of human service.

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## CONTENT

BY JEANNETTE S. CROWELL

The spray elves danced on the crest of the wave  
 Swirling and beckoning to me,  
 Birds in the air soft night calls gave  
 To their mates sheltered deep in the tree.  
 The lure of the trail came strong and sure  
 It pointed the sunlit pass.  
 But I was held in the city's toils  
 And could not answer, alas!  
 Then you passed by in the cool of dusk  
 Thrilling me with your grace.  
 And within my soul a deep unrest  
 Gave to content its place.  
 The wanderlust calling no longer charms  
 When it bids me now to roam,  
 For I'm bound by the ties of my love for thee  
 And the stronger lure of home.



DeMerritt Hall, the headquarters of the College of Technology.

## THE COLLEGE OF TECHNOLOGY of the UNIVERSITY OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

BY HAROLD H. SCUDDER

THE institution at Durham has until recent years been thought of by the average citizen of New Hampshire as a college for farmers and for no others, but even from its very first days it has also been in fact a college for engineers. Its original title, indeed, was *The New Hampshire College of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts*, though for a time the last phrase was little more than a flourish, and meant nothing except that as most of the other land grant colleges in the United States were called Colleges of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts, not to be behind hand in this respect New Hampshire called her school by that name, too. It was not long, however, before a student arrived who declared that he desired instruction not in agriculture but in the mechanic arts and at that moment the present engineering school was born. Today there are 244 of these students comprising what is known as the Col-

lege of Technology, occupying three buildings, and receiving instruction from a faculty of more than 30 members.

The Technology graduates are scattered all over the United States in responsible engineering and industrial positions, and the great engineering corporations like the General Electric and the American Telephone company absorb a large part of each graduating class. The New Hampshire engineer does not have to hunt for a job; it camps on his trail.

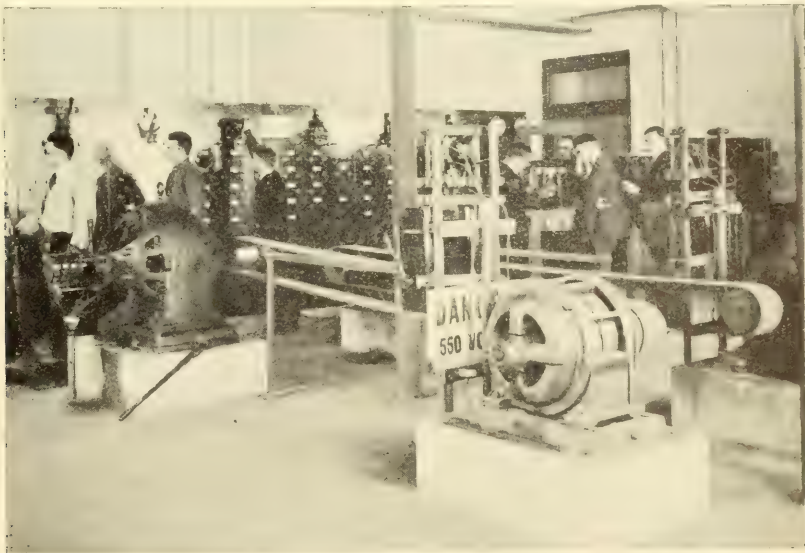
There is, unfortunately, another aspect of the case which must be mentioned. Though positions for graduates offer no difficulties, it is by no means easy to become a *graduate* of the College of Technology. The man who walks across the platform on commencement day and receives his diploma in engineering is a shining example of what the biologists call the survival of the fittest.

The object of the College of Technology is to train men for technical, administrative and managerial positions in the industries, and the work of instruction is apportioned among the departments of architecture, chemistry, electrical engineering, mathematics and astronomy, mechanical engineering, and physics, offering in all six four year courses: Architectural Construction, Chemical Engineering, Electrical Engineering, Industrial, Mechanical Engineering, and Teacher Training. There is, perhaps, no better way of setting forth the College of Technology to the reader than by explaining what these courses offer to students.

The course in Architectural Construction prepares students for entrance to the advanced schools of architecture and at the same time offers complete training for assistants to architects, supervisors of construction, contractors, salesmen for building supplies and other similar commercial-technical work. Two of the main university buildings were designed by Professor Eric T. Huddleston, the head of the department of

architecture and erected under his direction.

If the work in architecture at Durham is comparatively recent in establishment and its fame is spreading, it may be said that the work in Chemistry has arrived, and has already made a name for itself of international reputation. Its fame is an accomplished fact. Not long ago a professor of chemistry from the University of Arizona arrived on the campus and enrolled himself as a student in the department of chemistry here. He had the world to pick from, and he chose New Hampshire. This year Professor Zernike of the University of Groningen, in the Netherlands, world famous physicist, visited the University, inspected the department of chemistry and then made formal application for the entrance of his brother, now a student in Amsterdam. The department is known the world over among chemists for its work among the rare earths, carried on under the direction of Professor James. This winter two new processes were perfected and announced, one for the production of metallic



In the electrical engineering laboratory.



uranium and another, a continuous process for the manufacture of metallic lithium. The former yielded at once a lump of metal about the size and shape of half a baseball, the largest mass of that metal ever seen in the world. The Chemical course offers training for responsible positions in the chemical and allied industries, for research and teaching.

The course in Electrical Engineering does similar work for the electrical industries and every year pours its graduates into the great electrical and telephone companies which always have places waiting for them. Not that these companies take all the men. Many go into smaller companies, manage power plants, or go into business for themselves. The department is unusually well equipped with apparatus, and the great distribution switch-board in the main laboratory is one of the sights of DeMerritt Hall, the main engineering building.

The Industrial course, covering in general the fields of both Electrical and Mechanical engineering, differs from the regular courses in those subjects, in that in the Industrial course more attention is paid to economic and social problems and less to the technical details. The aim of the course is to train not for the technical positions but for the executive and administrative positions where a knowledge of the fundamentals of engineering is essential but no more so than a broad liberal education. Those who graduate in the Industrial course expect to become salesmen, superintendents and eventually managers and chief executives.

The course in Mechanical Engineering trains men for a great variety of responsible positions in the manufacturing and engineering industries of the country. It specifically trains men to handle the highly technical problems, but offers at the same time a background of sufficient breadth to enable its graduates to qualify for administrative work. The course is both highly technical and broad in its application. Professor Calvin Crouch, Dean of the College of Technology, advises students who are not yet certain which branch of engineering they prefer, to enroll in the Mechanical

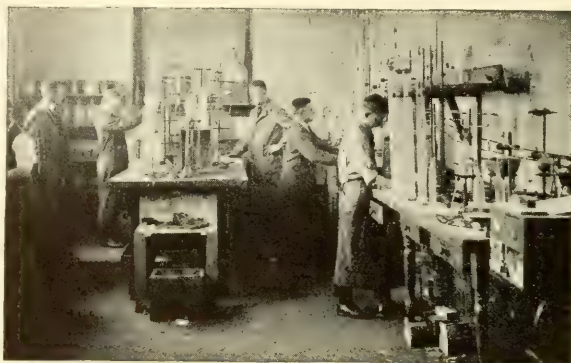
Engineering course, because of the breadth of its general technical training.

The Industrial Teacher Training course, the latest offering of the College of Technology, is planned to meet the demands of the secondary

schools of the state for teachers of manual training. The course is really a branch of the Industrial course, already mentioned, the student taking the regular industrial course for the first two years, and then specializing in teaching methods and other educational subjects for the final two years.

The College of Technology now occupies three buildings, exclusive of dormitories. The chief of the engineering buildings is DeMerritt Hall, which houses besides the offices of the Dean of the college, the departments of Architecture, Mathematics, Physics, Electrical and Mechanical Engineering. The laboratories of these departments are all in this building and are completely equipped.

The second building of the college



A corner of one of the chemical laboratories.

is Conant Hall, one of the first to be erected after the college moved to Durham from Hanover. This is now devoted entirely to the department of Chemistry.

The third building is the shop building, which houses besides an overflow laboratory of the chemical department and some of the class rooms, the forge, metal work and wood shops.

In addition to the instruction of the resident staff of teachers there are frequent outside lectures in the Col-

lege of Technology, often appearing under the auspices of the Engineering Society, an organization of students and faculty members founded in 1915. Students frequently visit the chief engineering plants of New England on instructional trips.

There is also established here a chapter of Alpha Chi Sigma, the national chemical fraternity, and those who qualify by high standing may be elected to Phi Lambda Phi, an honorary physics society.

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## NEW ENGLAND TRAILS

BY CATHERINE PARMENTER

There are mountain-trails and sea-trails leading far away—  
Sea-trails! And tall, grey ships to alien shores depart;  
Mountain-trails to westward roam "forever and a day;"—  
But the hill-trails of New England have closed about my  
heart!

O, hill-trails of New England, with your hemlocks and pines  
Changing sun and shadow the fragrant trees between;  
Through the woven branches a glimpse of water shines;  
Lichen-covered granite rocks, and moss of softest green.

Slender birches bending low across a laughing stream,  
A cooling breath of winter where train and river meet.  
Maple trees beyond the brook, and summer clouds a-gleam;  
A bush blue with berries for a hungry lad to eat.

There are mountain-trails and sea-trails leading far away—  
What need I of a mountain map, a compass, or a chart?  
Hemlocks and spruces and a dear, familiar way!—  
O, the hill-trails of New England have closed about my  
heart!



*"A vast panorama of the lake now lay below us spread out in indescribable beauty."*

## A JOURNEY AROUND NEW HAMPSHIRE'S BLUEST LAKE

BY JEANNETTE S. CROWELL

IT was a glorious summer Sunday, the day we chose for our trip to Newfound Lake. A day when all out of doors called and beckoned. The morning haze hung low over the hills and dreamy floating clouds lazed their way from hilltop to hilltop as if loath to change positions in the blue of the heavens. Old New Hampshire smiled along the route proclaiming that summer at last had come and innumerable camps and wayside inns invited and welcomed the incoming tide of summer guests, New Hampshire's increasingly profitable summer crop.

Clipping the miles off one by one we quickly passed through the sleeping village of Hill and sped on our way up over the chain of hills which mark the road to Bristol. The lovely Pemigewasset wended the blue ribbon of its length around intriguing curves far below in the valley at our right, and as we climbed up the gradual ascent of the Bristol hills, the river unrolled more and

more and stretched sinuously off in the distance.

Two or three miles south of the town of Bristol our attention was attracted by a sign swung over our heads across the road announcing that the beautiful Profile Falls close by were worthy of a stop-over. We decided to test the truth of this statement and leaving the car parked by the roadside, we walked a short distance in from the road through dense woods aromatic with the fragrance of pines and tall ferns growing in luxuriant abundance by the side of the path. We soon decided that the sign which had halted us was correct. The water of the falls slips down over a ledge for about forty or forty-five feet making a gorgeous cascade of rainbow colors as it catches the rays of the sun upon it. Scanning the ledges closely for the Profile, we discovered it on the north bank of the ledge close down to the basin and clearly defined in the gray rock outlined against the white background of



foamy water. It was an entrancing spot entirely hidden from view from the road, and doubtless unknown to many who travel this way often in the course of a summer. A visit to Profile Falls is indeed well worth the short space of time it requires to walk from the road to the foot of the falls.

We journeyed on up over the hills and finally reaching the highest level commenced the descent of the other side. Over the top of the trees, the busy town of Bristol, stilled with the hush of Sabbath quiet, first came into view. Leading out from the center of the town were three roads, each a challenge drawing us on. We were informed that the one to the extreme left would bring us to our destination and over this road we proceeded. It led us along the banks of Newfound River, outlet of Newfound Lake. Although this river is only about two and one-half miles long, it has a fall of over two hundred and thirty feet and affords water power for various manufacturing plants upon

its banks. We had traveled but a short distance out of Bristol when a bit of brilliant blue water could be seen, gradually more and more came into view and as we rounded the last curve the full magnificence of beautiful Newfound spread before us. To the north, east and west, mountain ranges heaped themselves one upon the other crowding and towering over the lower rolling hills close in the foreground. Rugged peaks and mountainous hills cast long rangey shadows down into the valley. Sand bars stretched ghostly yellow fingers far out under the transparent water, and the tiny waves on the beach around which the road curved, daintily lapped the fine white sand with evident relish.

This lovely lake had been known only by the name of Newfound until within recent years when it was learned, by somewhat uncertain tradition however, that the Indian name for the lake was "Pasquaney" meaning "the place where birchbark for canoes is found." The lake is about seven miles long and two



*"The charm of our first view of Newfound held us in growing admiration."*

and one-half miles in width. It is the fourth in size in New Hampshire and is unsurpassed for the beauty of its rugged scenery. Four islands, varying in size from tiny Loon Island to majestic Mayhew in the southern part of the lake, raise themselves proudly from the surface of the water.

The charm of our first view of Newfound held us in growing admiration, but with many miles still ahead we could not tarry long on the shore. Following along on the right of the shoreline, we passed a summer colony of small hotels and inns, each inviting and homelike. On our left the blue of the lake shone up through an intricate lacework pattern of birches and pines. Riding on through archways and avenues of trees touching overhead, the sunlight glinting on the smooth surface of the road and slanting down through the closely woven net of leaves, we found ourselves out of the precincts of the little town of Bridgewater and in East Hebron. The tiny log cabin postoffice of the town suggested that the government of this great country had a watchful eye for the convenience of the dwellers of this lake region, while the surrounding country vividly brought to mind the days when postoffices were undreamed of things and dark skinned Indians scouted and crept stealthily from behind sheltering trees. One needed only to close one's eyes to hear the hum of tightly drawn bow and the sing of deadly arrows through the air.

The varying scenery proved ever fascinating. A vast panorama of the lake now lay below us spread out in indescribable beauty, then again it was hidden by dense woods, and as the road led away from the shore, little low farm houses appeared in velvet green clearings as though sitting comfortable and happy by the side of the smiling water. It is said that this portion of the road was in days long gone by a part of a toll road which extended from West Plymouth down to the town of Hill. It

was called Mayhew Turnpike. Great teams traveled down over this Turnpike collecting the produce which the farmers wished taken to markets in the southern parts of the state and Boston. Some of the larger and older houses along the road were in "ye goode olde days" taverns which supplied warmth and good cheer to venturesome travelers.

Various inns and hotels now offer hospitality to the modern traveler. Among those on the east side of the lake are Pasquaney, Brookside, Elm Lawn, Pikes By-the-Lake and Hillside Inn, with Akerman House on the west side. Many miles lay behind us and healthy appetites asserted themselves. Hillside Inn seemed to offer a cordial welcome and we stopped to refresh ourselves for further journeying. The Inn is a low, quaint, old house which we judged might have been an old tavern in former days, but now most artistically remodelled, its woodwork gleaming white, with delightfully figured wall papers and floors most appropriately covered with braided rugs. The interior of the house presented a charm all its own and we found ourselves regretting to leave it. The large cool dining room was tastefully decorated in gray with rose hangings and when one noted that the delicious dinner was served by waitresses whose costumes were of rose and white, in perfect harmony with the room, it seemed that the final touch of gracious artistic hospitality had been achieved. We left the Inn with a firm resolve to one day return again.

Continuing on our way, we came to a sharp left hand turn in the road where a weather beaten barn across the road frowned down upon us and seemed to say sternly "Turn here if you wish to make the trip around the lake" so here we turned and found the turn to be correct. It led us down into the valley and up over the hill to little Hebron village nestled at the foot of a hilly range on the northwest shore of the lake. It was in the village of Hebron that

Governor N. S. Berry, governor of the state during the Civil War, resided at the time of his election in March, 1861.

The old white church which we noted had been built in 1800 was of much interest. The building was originally intended for a church only, but in 1846 was remodelled and the church auditorium now occupies the upper floor, while the lower floor is used for the town hall. The old fashioned choir loft in the back of the church has been replaced by a more modern but less picturesque choir and organ loft, beside the pulpit. It needed but a touch of imagination to people the straight pews with demure little lassies in hoop skirts and lace mits eyeing shyly decorous lads grimly suppressed by elders in long funeral black coats. The high white painted pews looked very orthodox. Two air-tight stoves placed at the back of the church serve to keep the occupants comfortable in wintry weather, and their long spidery pipe arms stretch up to the ceiling and across to the far side of the room like great overgrown horns emerging from out the foreheads of two tiny black beetles. The ancient graveyard at the back of the church held many a solemn warning in verse and prose for the unwary sinner. One old stone dated 1810 informed us that "His death was much lamented as a member of civil society and as a *pillow* in the Church of Christ." Another cheerfully imparted that

"Beneath the scourge of whip he lies  
Freed from all earth's cruelties.  
His soul has gone, we know not where,  
To follow him let us prepare."

We followed on *our* course along down the west side of the lake enjoying to the utmost the grandeur of the scenery. The little town of Alexandria, the only other town on the west shore of the

lake, although boasting of few inhabitants, is immeasurably rich in scenic beauty. On three sides it is hemmed in by mountains while its eastern boundary runs down to the shores of the lake. Close up from the edge of the water rises Sugar Loaf, a symmetrical dome-like mountain, and at its base the road winds around under overhanging ledges, the road but a few feet above the surface of the water. It is said that the depth of water at this point is one hundred and thirty-five feet, the deepest part of the lake.

This lake has proved an ideal location for summer camps and many boys and girls come each year to enjoy a healthy out-of-door life on its shores. Among the best known camps of this lake region are Wikiva, Onaway, and Niqueenum (meaning "temporary home"), three summer camps for girls situated deep in the pine woods on the shores of the lake, and Pasquaney and Mowglis, camps for boys. Camp Pasquaney for boys is the oldest camp on the lake, it having been established thirty years ago.

We left Alexandria for Bristol and upon arriving there we had made the entire circuit of the lake. As we turned our backs on beautiful Newfound, the lake of the bluest water in all New Hampshire, we felt in complete harmony with the sentiment expressed by Professor Fred Lewis Pattee who wrote of "Pasquaney"—

Why cross the sea,  
To view the Trossachs wild in Scotia's land?  
For mile on mile  
The rugged mountains free  
About my lake are piled on every hand,  
And Ellen's Isle  
Beneath a beetling cliff here one may see,  
And bare and lone against the western skies  
Behold the sentry peak Ben Ledi rise.  
O that another "Wizard of the North"  
Might rise to sound their modest praises  
forth,



# SHIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT

Second Prize Story in Granite Monthly Contest.

By DON W. MOORE

FRED BELMONT stood at the very prow of the boat, head up, leaning forward a little against the strong breeze. Just so, he reflected, did the vikings look piercingly over the open sea as they set out in their hardy little craft, venturing into the great unknown. To be sure, there was very little of the unknown in a trip on the Clyde Line, leaving the dock at New York on schedule time, and presumably arriving at Jacksonville on a specified date. None the less he vaguely felt the great mystery of the sea, and the lure of its vast expanse. He drank in great breaths of salt-tanged air, as the wind whipped his clothes; life was good, that sunny afternoon.

He was going home, after his first year in college. It had been an amazing year in many ways. He had read widely, as was his wont; but circumstances had forced him to read several unfortunate chapters in that most interesting and, for the book-learned, most difficult book of all—himself. He had thought a good deal too deeply about himself, his desperate and often vain strivings after this honor and that. But now he was going home; his failures were behind him, and he would no longer be expected to "play college." How he hated being collegiate—talking knowingly about this exploit and that (usually imaginary, for his past experience was largely vicarious, in books).

He shrugged his shoulders as if to shake himself free from unpleasant things, and turned to walk back to the saloon, a little chilled by the penetrating wind. As he stepped inside, he noticed a girl sitting on a lounge. He had a vague impression of fluffy brown hair, and a bewitching mouth. He walked on through the saloon and turned down the deck, then hesitated indecisively. Yes, hang it all, he

would. He started back to the cabin door.

For all his enforced pretense at being collegiate, he had never picked up a girl in his life; and at that New England college, so far from the city, he had acquired an intense craving for feminine companionship, without any considerable practice in technique. Consequently it was with great embarrassment that he finally nerved himself to re-enter the saloon. He looked on and under several chairs and couches, and then went over to the vision.

"Er, pardon me, ah, I say," he stammered, "You haven't—don't happen to have seen my cap anywhere, have you?"

She looked up from her magazine, apparently startled, and then smiled. "No, I haven't, really. Did you—all leave it in here?" She rose, and glanced at the lounge where she had been sitting.

"Oh, don't get up, please!" he broke in hastily. She settled back, at one end of the lounge.

There was a moment's silence, inexpressibly painful to Fred. A psychologist would have been delighted with the opportunity to analyze the repression and impulses that were creating turmoil in his mind. Then, nerving himself with the observation that the divinity had not yet resumed her magazine, he queried,

"Is this your first trip on this boat?" He sat down awkwardly with one leg on the arm of a near-by chair.

"Yes, I gen'ally go home by train. Are yuo—all going to Florida too?"

Sweet, gentle, and low—an excellent thing in....

"Ah, yes, I live in Miami."

The conversation continued, as he sat down more comfortably in the chair. There was a slight hitch in the proceedings as he attempted to

draw the chair a little closer; for it was screwed to the floor as a rough weather precaution. He got up and went over to the lounge.

It developed that she was a sophomore at a small college near Washington, and was coming home by water after a visit to New York. They found mutual acquaintances by the usual method of "Do you know so-and-so at Yale—I think he's still there; or maybe he went to Harvard." He took her to dinner.

\* \* \* \*

The evening of the following day their steamer chairs were side by side at the stern of the boat. A conveniently-located ventilator cut off the light from the card room, and there was only a dim glow about them. Nothing broke the silence but the faint, rhythmic beat of the propellers far below, and a gentle swishing of water against the side of the boat. The broad wake was faintly visible in the star-light. The stars themselves seemed so far away, so infinitely wonderful.....

It was delightfully cool. He moved his arm a little; she leaned forward, then rested her head back against it again. "Comfortable, Lucille?" he asked. She gave a little sigh of content. He looked at her; her features were a dim blur—a mere faint impression of ethereal beauty, he thought.

He leaned over, looking into her eyes. Deep, shadowy—almost black in the darkness. He kissed her, unresisting. A bit moist, warm, delightful, not wholly satisfying. He tried to satisfy himself....

History repeated itself, for a rather considerable length of time. At last, during one of the infrequent intervals, while she was gently stroking his sleeve, he was moved to philosophize. He had been reading a good deal of Conrad lately.

"You know, I don't wholly understand you, even now, Lucille. Life is like that, somehow. It's as if lone-

liness were a fixed and absolute condition of life." He plagiarized directly, shamelessly. "We are gods who do not know each other—ships that pass in the night, with a friendly hail, half understood; never really touching, perhaps never even passing each other again."

She was gazing at the narrow crescent of the moon, a mere rim of light in the starry sky. As he paused, she looked over and nodded. "I reckon youah right," she contributed.

He went on. He felt he was talking rather well, and was not loath to continue. "And all the time we unconsciously seek something, we know not what—perhaps love of another, faith in a human heart and in its love for us. Everybody is lonely at heart, though most of us fail to realize it."

At last, she turned away quickly, to conceal a yawn, and then stretched gracefully, sensuously, like a cat. Leaning towards him, she toyed with the lapel of his coat.

"You're a funny boy, Fred," she said, smiling. Naturally this puzzled and intrigued him, and he tried to find out what she meant. But the ways of women are involution and in-consequence; she only whispered, "Kiss me, Fred." He looked at her, startled, then did that which was required of him. Her eyes were half-closed as a girl's should be when she is being properly kissed—at least, so she had heard somewhere, and it did seem to add a little to that delicious sense of surrender.

They continued to turn their attention to that which seemed appropriate in the circumstances for several minutes. But at last she remarked that it really was time to go below—and enforced the remark by rising.

Fred went back, and leaned over the stern, watching the wake of the boat—or, more exactly, not watching it—and thinking of the conquest he had made, and of how much real companionship and inspiration there

might be in store. He had never talked so brilliantly as tonight.

\* \* \* \*

The next morning he got up fairly late. He did not even hear the numerous calls for breakfast; and he had only a confused impression of a continuous, unfamiliar noise, about which he had not the slightest curiosity, as he awoke. So it was with great surprise that he opened his eyes and saw a huge, yellowish-brown, and altogether ugly mass almost directly outside his cabin window. At last his sleepy wits cleared and he realized that the boat was in dock at Charleston.

He might have known that from the heat, he reflected. On every occasion he had ever been in that city, it had been over 100. He did not like Charleston; it impressed him as a living burial ground. How absolutely dead it had been one Sunday morning! Four ragged little darky newsboys had followed him all the way up Market Street—probably he was their only prospective customer that day! He couldn't see why so many people loved Charleston, even if it were beautiful and historic.

Historic—the very cobblestones, in the bumpiest street, would be pointed out to you as the oldest cobblestones in America. He didn't care for old things himself. Traditions—oh, to be sure, he was proud of the age and history of his college—but then, that was different. Perhaps it was just that he did not care amazingly for what the Charleston traditions represented—everything was so new in Florida, with that great “booster” spirit of progress at any price and relentless efficiency.

He dressed quickly, and went on deck. Leaning over the rail, he watched the stevedores running down the gangway into the hold, their trucks loaded with bales of cotton, or miscellaneous boxes. Stevedores sweating, laughing, chanting; one

with red flannel underwear for a shirt; all with shoes burst at toe and heel, pants patched or torn. One coal-black husky, with brawny corded arms, was helping to “catch” the trucks on the cog chain running down the gangway; a “high-yaller” over by the door was apparently supervising proceedings—until the foreman saw him.

How hot it was! Fred wondered if Lucille wanted to go ashore soon; of course she would. He really should have asked her the night before—but no matter. What a wonderful girl! He would certainly spend the summer commuting to her home. He would learn to understand her better in time—funny how little he really knew about her, about how she lived, what she liked, what she thought. A lovely little bundle of puzzles!

He walked all around the boat, in the saloons, writing-rooms, card-room; but she was nowhere to be found. He was hurrying back along the upper deck when he happened to glance down at the gang-plank.

She was walking ashore with a very collegiate youth. It was that sleek-haired young Taylor, from the U. of Virginia. Fred couldn't believe his own testimony as an eye-witness—how could she bear that silly ass, with his interminable tales of what a wild fellow he was? Oh, well, there are always house-parties and proms, and University is not far from Washington. Damn women anyhow!

“Was I bored?” she was saying to Taylor. “No, I was simply thrilled to tears. Jack, Chaw'lston will be one mad rush of excitement after that. You can't have any idea how tiahsome he was. He'll make a wonderful prof some day—he talks just like a novel. And—he's 'most as passionate as an oyster....The old deah said he'd come ovah and see me right soon. Well! I can just imagine having him drop by foh me some evenin'—just about!”



## GRANITE STATE POLITICS

POLITICS are once again taking the center of the stage in the Granite State. Local interest is rapidly on the increase and although the national conventions have monopolized public attention during the past month, the situation in New Hampshire is becoming of more and more interest.

The line-up in the contest for the Republican gubernatorial nomination is becoming more evident. With a few striking exceptions the conservative old guard element in the Republican party is lining up for Knox. It is rumored that the process of lining up the Old Guard has not been altogether easy or fully successful. There are continued reports of those who persistently refuse to conform, while much of the support which Major Knox has gained from this source is distinctly passive in its nature.

With characteristic and aggressive energy Major Knox has been carrying on a speaking and hand-shaking campaign in all parts of the state. Although he has, through his own paper and the Boston papers, received much more publicity than his opponent, it is nevertheless apparent that the less prominent man on the street, known in the political vernacular as the "Plain People" have a very friendly and cordial feeling toward Captain John G. Winant. The result at the Primaries will doubtless depend on how many of the rank and file are sufficiently interested in this contest to go to the polls and register their preference.

Although Primary Day occurs within two months, it is not yet possible to tell what issues will be debated between the Republican candidates. Soon after the announcement of his candidacy last fall, Captain Winant issued a statement clearly indicating his position on all impor-

tant state issues. Since that time he has come out in favor of the Child Labor Amendment to the Federal Constitution. Major Knox, on the contrary, has as yet made no such announcement of his position. Consequently, we are still uncertain whether these candidates will join issues on the 48-hour Law, the Child Labor Amendment, the \$2.00 Poll Tax for men and women, the Liquor question, because we as yet only know the position of one candidate. Everyone expects Major Knox to state his position on all those matters when he files the official declaration of his candidacy.

The situation in regard to the Governor's Council is rapidly drawing to a head as far as Republican candidates are concerned. In Councillor District No. 1, John Edgerley of Tuftonboro is the only avowed candidate. In District No. 2, John Hammond of Gilford, Senator in the last session of the Legislature from District No. 6 and Lecturer of the New Hampshire State Grange is the only announced candidate.

In district No. 3, which is made up of Manchester and surrounding towns, there is no formally announced candidate to date on the Republican ticket.

District No. 4 has an unopposed candidate in the person of Samuel A. Lovejoy of Milford. Mr. Lovejoy has represented the town of Milford in the Legislature during the last three sessions and has been considered one of the most influential members of the House.

In District No. 5, the only announced candidate is Jesse Barton of Newport, who is a former Senator for District No. 8, and who has also had the honor of serving as President of the State Senate.

The uncertainty which still prevails as to who the Democratic candidates for Governor and United States Senator must be dissipated by July 28, which is

the last day for filing declaration of candidacy.

The Primary system of nominations carries certain embarrassments for politicians which are not usually publicly discussed. Under the old caucus system the minority party usually held its convention after its opponents had nominated all their candidates. This enabled them to select those who were likely to develop the greatest strategic strength. At present they all have to announce their candidacy before they know who their opponent will be at the November election. As yet the Democrats are not sure whether their candidate for Governor will have to oppose Knox or Winant. That situation has doubtless been a factor in delaying all announcements to this late date. Furthermore it is understood that Governor Brown would prefer to remain within the state where he can give some attention to his personal business, rather than go to Washington.

After the Governor, Raymond B. Stevens is the most talked of possibility for one of these offices. His experience in National Government affairs gained in Congress and as Vice-Chairman of the United States Shipping Board, would qualify him particularly for the United States Senate. The fact that he has already run for that office indicates that he does not share the Governor's rumored reserve to service at Washington. In the event that Governor Brown should be induced by his party leaders to run for the Senate, there is much speculation as to who would take his place at the head of the Democratic ticket. The names of Charles Tilton and Robert Jackson and John B. Jameson are often mentioned in that connection.

It is hardly worth while longer to speculate on these various possibilities, for the last day for filing is close at hand, when all these gentlemen will have to make their final decision.

There is a striking contrast between Democratic National politics and the situation of the party in New Hampshire.

We have just witnessed the bitterest contest for the Presidential nomination which that party has experienced since 1896 when Bryan first presented the free coinage of silver issue. It is interesting to observe this most intense competition for the Democratic nomination coming as it does immediately after the most signal defeat that party has experienced in a Presidential election for a generation, at least.

In contrast to this National situation, the Democrats of New Hampshire in 1922 polled their biggest vote since the Civil War. One would naturally expect that such success would stimulate competition for nominations at the next election. But, on the contrary, there is not even a suggestion of a contest for the Democratic nomination for Governor, United States Senator, or for either Congressman. Is this due to the controlling influence of a strong machine, or to doubts as to the outcome of the election?

Throughout the past month there have been repeated reports that Huntley Spaulding, Chairman of the State Board of Education, might announce his candidacy for the Republican nomination for the United States Senate in opposition to Senator Keyes. It is understood that there is considerable Spaulding sentiment throughout the state and that Mr. Spaulding has been urged very strongly to become a candidate. This seems to spring in part at least from the ardent Coolidge men in New Hampshire who feel that Senator Keyes has not properly supported the President. His vote on the Burson Pension Bill, to over-ride the President's veto and his support on the Democrat tax plan are cited as evidence. Even Senator Keyes' eleventh-hour decision to support the President's veto of the Bonus Bill does not appear to satisfy some of the stronger Coolidge enthusiasts at the present moment. However, it does not appear that Senator Keyes' re-nomination will be contested,—Editors,

## THE EDITOR STOPS TO TALK

IN our boyhood days we had occasion from time to time to make certain requests of our paternal ancestor. We always got the same reply, a reply which is characteristic we have since observed in most fathers. It was, "Ask your mother." Even in those days we began to vaguely comprehend that father was indulging in the pastime politically known as "passing the buck." Within the last few weeks, however, viewing the opening of the campaign of 1924, both in the State and Nation, we have arrived at a more complete comprehension of just what Dad was doing. He was availing himself of the cheapest of all expedients for shifting responsibility. He was calling for a "Referendum."

The political history of this country shows several instances in which politicians have attempted to dodge a great moral issue by calling for a "referendum" and in every case it has been a costly expedient for the people—costly in time, in money, and sometimes in blood. Prior to the Civil War, at a time when the slavery issue was paramount, Stephen A. Dougless hit upon a means of straddling the question by calling for a referendum. He called it by another name, however—"Squatter Sovereignty." Following his lead, Congress passed the "Kansas-Nebraska Bill," which allowed the settlers in the territories about to become states to decide for themselves by means of a popular referendum as to whether their state should be slave or free. Immediately every territory became a battle-ground and the story of "bleeding Kansas" is one of the darkest episodes of American history.

New Hampshire well remembers that point in the struggle for prohibition when our politicians hit upon that popular referendum known as "local option." The voters of each town and city they stated, should be

given the glorious opportunity of deciding whether their town would be wet or dry. The state immediately entered upon one of the worst periods in its political history—a period which was marked by bribery and cheap trickery in every little town in the state—a period during which towns discovered that they might as well be "wet" as to have high license in a neighboring community. There is little question but that all citizens, whatever their attitude may have been upon prohibition, breathed a sigh of relief when this state was done with that species of referendum known as local option.

In 1920 the Democratic party frankly espoused the cause of the League of nations and went down to overwhelming defeat. Whether or not that defeat was because of its stand on this issue is too complicated a question for us to discuss at this time. Some of the leaders of the party, however, evidently thought so, and consequently the Democratic party in its recent convention on the "sidewalks of New York" retreated from its position and declared for a popular referendum—the most cowardly thing they could possibly do. If the "Unterrified Democracy" wishes to repudiate the League, let them do so frankly. If, on the other hand, they still believe in the justice of their cause, it would be far better for them to go down to ten defeats and still remain loyal to it. The history of American parties proves that defeat cannot injure a party which remains positive and militant, but that death and dissolution inevitably follow in the wake of political dodging.

We cannot help but feel the same contempt when we read that one of the aspirants for the Republican nomination for Governor calls for a state wide referendum on the 48-hour law for Women and children engaged in manufacturing.



The state of New Hampshire conducts a referendum every two years at a cost of many thousand dollars. The United States conducts a referendum once in four years. In these popular referendums which are known as elections, and which are necessary and right, the people choose those men whom they wish to serve them in public office.

Of course the calling for a referendum permits a great deal of heart throbbing oratory about the "will of the people." Any politician who shouts loudly, "Let the people decide it," can avoid stating his own position upon the question. If, however, while he is a candidate, he states frankly his position on a public issue, he will find that he will get a referendum at the polls, and if, while in office in which he has been placed under a representative form of government to administer affairs to the best of his judgment, he does what he believes to be right honestly and openly, the referendum will be forthcoming at the next election.

The colonel of a regiment upon the battle line confronted by a problem which calls for a decision would never think of taking a referendum vote of his regiment while they stood exposed to the enemy's fire as to what

course should be pursued. The people of this nation have a right to expect that their officials shall display manhood, shall make their decisions frankly and honestly and take the consequences. A referendum costs a tremendous amount of money, develops bitterness and animosity and accomplishes nothing more than to aggravate a question. To be true to his responsibility a candidate or a party should let the people know his or its position and abide by the consequences. A traveller in Texas found two half intoxicated cowboys gazing at the sky and discussing as to whether the shinging orb displayed therein was the sun or the moon. Upon being appealed to for his opinion the traveller glanced at the weapons hanging from the belts of the contestants and said, "I don't know. I'm a stranger in these parts." Such is the position of candidates and parties who wish to duck public issues by an appeal to a referendum.

In some extreme cases a referendum may be a necessary thing but the great majority of those suggested are a practical impossibility. At least the man who calls for them ought to prove his sincerity by stating at the same time how he will vote in case his plea is successful.

---

## THE RED-WINGED BLACKBIRD

BY HARRY EDWARD MILLER

Spirit of drear and marshy intervale,

How proudly sounds thy whistled "o-ka-lee!"

Mark how night in his plumage doth prevail;

But O, those wings, wherein the morn we see!

# CURRENT OPINION IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

## Clippings From the State Press

### Fred Brown and the Presidency

New Hampshire is certainly pleased to have its chief executive, Fred H. Brown, occupying a place of prominence before the delegates of the National Democratic Convention now in session in New York City.

—*Exeter News Letter*

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Several politicians at least will have the satisfaction of kowing that they were "mentioned" for the presidency, including Hon. Fred H. Brown of Somersworth, our present governor. What a political joke it was!

—*Dover Tribune*

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New Hampshire Democrats, it seems, are going to vote for Governor Fred H. Brown. We see no reason why they should not. He is certainly as able as was Franklin Pierce, and a better balanced man. He is, politics aside, making an excellent governor. He is infinitely to be preferred to Al Smith or McAdoo. There are no flies on him; nothing to his discredit can be said of him as a man. Stick to him, is our advice to the delegates to New York. With both candidates New England men, New England would be on the map, and we would be sure of a good president anyway. It would not surprise us one bit to see just this come about.

—*Granite State Free Press*

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### The Democratic Convention

Speeches like that of Senator Pat Harrison before the Democratic Convention in New York are difficult to classify. To the sane reasonable person the libel on the Republican party must seem so wildly extreme as to have been

put forward as an expression of humor. Its effect must be to invalidate all charges, to throw doubt on the sincerity of all partisan attacks. Certain things are matters of common knowledge. Secretary Mellon is not a fool, but the ablest secretary of the treasury we've had in two decades. President Coolidge far from being the subservient tool of human beasts of prey, has established a historical record for independence and uprightness. It is precisely this characteristic that gives him his hold on the public. To deny it is like an attempt to deny the truth of the multiplication table. Convention speeches are never to be taken as statements of fact, but the farcical claims of the senator from Mississippi show a contempt for the intelligence of the common man that is amazing. Why not put a little poetry into the fiction and assert that the sunshine is the gift of democracy, while night is conjured upon us by the wicked Republicans that they may be able the better to hide their villainies.

—*Exeter News-Letter*

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All is not harmony in the Democratic convention at New York. They are broken into shreds over the temperance plank and the Klan plank. The Democrats would like to retain the "wet" vote without eliminating the "drys" and would like the "Klan" support without eliminating the anti-Klan delegates. How to do this is causing great difficulty. The Democrats feel it is necessary to have all these warring factions and clicks and klans with them in order to make a show at winning. The key noter in his speech said just the things he was expected to say and was coached to say about the Republicans. The Democratic members of the senate have paved the way for just that kind of an

address as a key note speech outlining what kind of a campaign will be waged this fall to show that the Republicans are responsible for all the short comings of the Wilson and Harding administrations.

—*Milford Cabinet*

## General Dawes

General Dawes is nationally known. The country knows him for a colorful, picturesque, pipesmoker personality with a gift for strong phrases. "Helen Maria" Dawes had made his imprint in the national consciousness long before he blasted a now forgotten congressional inquiry into a state of coma.

Back in McKinley days he came to Washington and left his mark as Comptroller of the Treasury. Fifty-two years old when America entered the great war, he tried to get into the artillery. Pershing snared him out of the Engineers and made him the chief purchasing agent of the A. E. F. On his return he became Director of the Budget and nursed it through its teething days. Awhile back he went over to Europe and did a monumental job, now known as the Dawes Reparation Report. Dawes was fighting the battles of the farmer against railroad rates when some of the present breed of farm agitators were wearing bibs. His has been a long, honorable and amazing career since he left the little river town of Marietta, out in Ohio.

—*Republican Champion*

## The United States Senatorship

It seems to be generally conceded among the Republicans of New Hampshire that Senator Henry W. Keyes is entitled to an unanimous nomination as the party candidate for another term in the United States Senate. Not only party custom, but also his valuable and

faithful work as senator entitles him to the nomination.

—*Somersworth Free Press*

Early news from the Cleveland convention was to the effect that Huntley N. Spaulding is being groomed by some of the politicians to oppose Senator Henry W. Keyes for re-election.

—*Claremont Advocate*

The time is ripe for people to make up their minds as to what shall be the next U. S. senator from New Hampshire, whether Senator Keyes shall succeed himself or give way to a stranger and inexperienced man. There is no mistaking the fact that Senator Keyes has made good and is an able man with much influence in the senate. The fact, also, that he is a member of the appropriations committee, which is probably the most important committee in the senate, as well as several other important committees go to show his executive ability is recognized by his party. True, he is not a noisy senator, but we do not need that as there are plenty who are all noise and demonstrate the truth that an empty barrel makes the more noise.

—*North Conway Reporter*

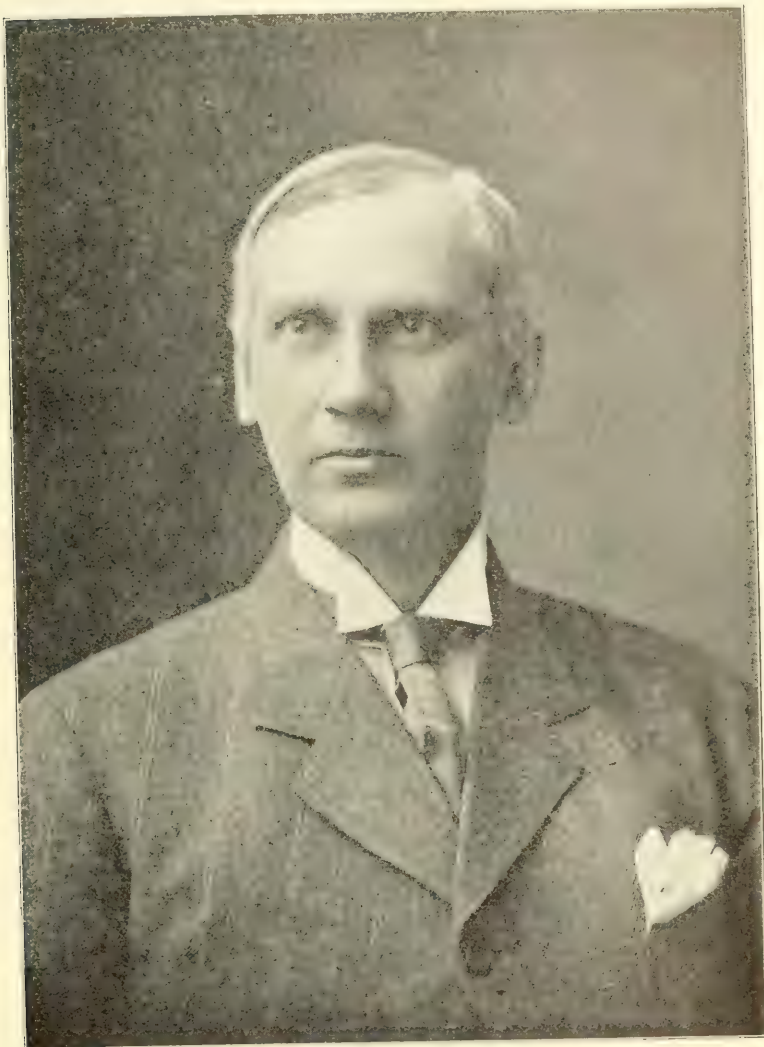
## Perhaps It Was a Just Retribution

Lucky indeed it was that no one was killed when the piazza floor at Hotel Weirs broke last week and precipitated some thirty unsuspecting dentists, engaged in conducting a clinic, into a pit fifteen feet deep. The underpinning of hotel piazzas requires frequent and careful inspecting, and this accident should serve as a timely warning to others.

—*Rochester Courier*



# NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY



GORDON WOODBURY

Gordon Woodbury of Bedford, former assistant secretary of the navy, died suddenly in Manchester on June 17th.

Mr. Woodbury was one of the most distinguished citizens of New Hampshire and a scion of one of the most illustrious families in America. He was 61 years old, a native of New York City, and a direct descendant of Matthew Thornton, who signed the Declaration of Independence for New Hampshire.

Mr. Woodbury was graduated from Phillips Exeter Academy, Harvard College and Columbia Law School. He was admitted to the bar but practised little, his time being occupied in the management of his family estate which was one of the most extensive in that part of the state.

For the past thirty-five years he was prominent in the Democratic party, and was a delegate to the national convention in 1896 and again in 1920. He also served with distinction in the House of Representatives.

Mr. Woodbury's highest public honor, however, came in his appointment in the Wilson administration to be assistant secretary of the Navy, a position which he very ably filled until the inauguration of Harding.

During the war Mr. Woodbury worked for the Red Cross in England and France and received honors from both of those governments.

Mr. Woodbury was a man of charming personality, of a most generous nature and interested in all public improvements. He

will be greatly missed throughout the state. He is survived by a widow, two sons and a daughter.

### HENRY ROBINSON

Henry Robinson, former mayor and postmaster of Concord and in years past one of the brightest lights in New Hampshire journalism, died on June 24th after a long illness, at the age of 72 years.

He was known all over New England as the "Father of the R. F. D." His fame as a supporter of the rural free delivery even spread beyond the border of the New England States.

He was mayor of Concord about 30 years ago, and later he was elected by the Republican party to the New Hampshire Senate, and up to that time was considered the youngest member who ever sat in the upper branch.

As a writer and journalist, and as a keen pamphleteer Mr. Robinson was famous. For many years he contributed to newspapers and various publications under the name of "Jean Paul." There was no political pamphleteer in New Hampshire who could hold his own with "Jean Paul" in the sharpness of repartee and the smoothness of diction.

He is survived by one son and five daughters.

### FRED J. MARVIN

Fred J. Marvin for 50 years a merchant, for 41 years town treasurer, twice representative, once a senator, zealous in good works, a friend of the poor, died at his home in Alstead recently.

Mr. Marvin was born in Alstead Dec. 4, 1854. He received his education in the village schools, then became a clerk in the E. A. Huntley store, a position which he held for two years. He then bought the Huntley store. His business brought him into contact with people in all walks of life in his own and neighboring towns and his reputation for honesty, square dealing and accommodation was of the highest.

Mr. Marvin was always a democrat, and notwithstanding he lived in a town usually Republican, he was twice elected a representative to the Legislature, and in 1903 was elected senator from the eighth New Hampshire district. He also held numerous minor offices and was a leader when funds were to be raised for patriotic or charitable purposes. He was a Mason and an Odd Fellow.

Mr. Marvin is survived by a widow and one daughter.

### CATHERINE A. DOLE

Miss Catherine A. Dole, for several years superintendent of schools in the district of Hanover, died at her home in Lebanon on June 18th.

Born in Haverhill, N. H., on Dec. 25, 1869, she received her education in the

schools of Lebanon and at Smith College, from which she graduated in 1891. For fifteen years she taught in the school in which she had once been a pupil, and the influence she exerted over the lives of countless boys and girls can never be measured. In 1915 she became superintendent of schools in the district of Hanover. For five years she continued this work, then accepted a position on the faculty of Keene Normal School, where she remained until she became ill a few weeks ago.

Her intense enthusiasm for whatever interested her, added to the fact that almost everything in life did interest her, explains why she was called upon to serve in many capacities. She filled the position of executive secretary-treasurer of the State Teachers' Association, and was Editor-in-Chief of the State Teachers' Bulletin. She was very gifted in the way of public speaking and in 1918 she was connected with the food administration under Huntley Spaulding, and with Mrs. Mary I. Wood she covered the state of New Hampshire speaking in regard to war work.

### GEORGE L. KIBBEE

George L. Kibbee, newspaper man of Manchester died at his home on May 29th.

Born in Tilton, Oct. 14, 1866, Mr. Kibbee left that town as a small child and went with his family to Quincy, Mass., where he was under the instruction of Francis Wayland Parker, the eminent educator, then doing educational work in Quincy. A little later he came to Manchester to live, where he has made his home ever since. As a boy of 16 he began work for the Manchester Mirror, and later for the Manchester Union.

Always interested in religion, as a young man he became interested in the Missionary Alliance and was for a time a circuit preacher for that denomination from northern New York to Maine. He also taught at Nyack University.

After this experience he came back to the Manchester Union and for some years was on the reportorial staff where he did fine work, and was city editor for several years.

During the war Mr. Kibbee was connected with practically every activity which in any way touched the state and community. He served on different boards and spoke for all of the Liberty Loans. He was secretary of the Near East Relief organization, and a leading spirit in the state Committee of National Defense, acting as publicity man.

George Kibbee was a self-educated man, a notable illustration of what it is possible for the boy to do who had lost his first opportunity for an education. Not even a graduate of a grammar school, Mr. Kibbee was a student by instinct and his ambition to acquire an education overcame all obstacles in his way. He was married on Feb. 22, 1905 to Miss Olie M. Porter of Manchester, who survives him.

# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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### THE GRANITE MONTHLY

NORRIS H. COTTON, *Editor*

LILLIAN M. AINSWORTH, *Assistant Editor*

H. STYLES BRIDGES, *Contributing Editor*

#### *Associate Editors*

RALPH D. HETZEL, Durham

ERNEST M. HOPKINS, Hanover

JOHN R. McLANE, Manchester

ELWIN L. PAGE, Concord

JOHN G. WINANT, Concord

HARLAN C. PEARSON, Concord

GEORGE M. PUTNAM, Contoocook

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EATON D. SARGENT, Nashua

RAYMOND B. STEVENS, Landaff

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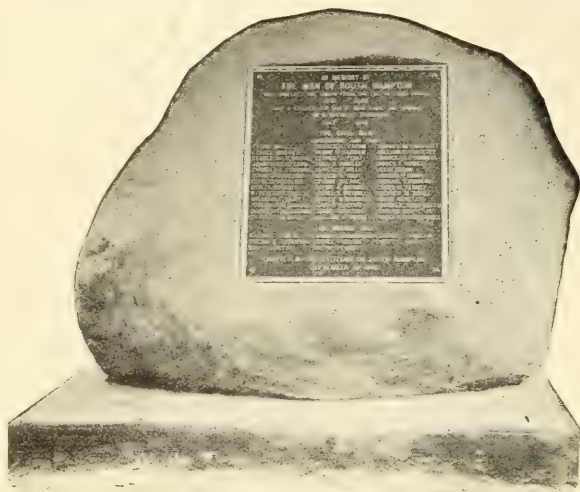
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Photo by Kimball Studio

Capt. John G. Winant, Candidate for the Republican nomination for Governor, at home with his family.



# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

Vol. 56

No. 8



AUGUST 1924

## THE MONTH IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

### Politics

**T**HIS year, as is biennially the case, interest in New Hampshire centered in the filings of candidacies for the primary to be held in September. While there were some surprises in this connection, none can be said to have created a sensation.

On the Republican side United States Senator Henry W. Keyes is unopposed for renomination. In the First Congressional District rival candidates for the nomination are Tax Commissioner Fletcher Hale of Laconia and former Mayor Fernando W. Hartford of Portsmouth. In the Second District Congressman Edward H. Wason is engaged in battle by Colonel Oscar P. Cole of Berlin.

The contest arousing the most interest continues to be that for the Republican gubernatorial nomination between Captain John G. Winant of Concord and Major Frank Knox of Manchester.

In only one of the councilor districts, the fifth, is there a contest for the Republican nomination. In a majority of the state senatorial districts, on the other hand, there is such a contest, with as many as four candidates in some cases; and this may be taken to show an unusual interest in the make-up of the higher branch of the Legislature of 1925.

Some very well known names are included in the filings for the lower House

As was expected, the Democratic state on both sides of the political fence. committee ironed out all differences in that party as to the higher offices on the ticket and the following candidates are without opposition in the primary: State Treasurer George E. Farrand for United States Senator; Governor Fred H. Brown and Congressman William N. Rogers of the First District for renomination; William H. Barry of Nashua for Congressman in the Second District. The selection of Mr. Farrand to compete with Senator Keyes and the elimination of former Congressman Raymond B. Stevens from the ticket followed an extended conference of party leaders on the final day for the filing of nominations.

### Rollins Memorial

The month closed with a pleasing event on Thursday, the 31st, when with appropriate exercises the Society for Protection of New Hampshire Forests placed upon a boulder near the summit of Kearsarge Mountain a tablet upon which is inscribed: "Frank West Rollins Memorial Reservation. This Reservation of 521 acres, extending to the summit of Kearsarge Mountain, is established by the Society for Protection of New Hampshire Forests as a Memorial to Frank West Rollins, Governor of New Hampshire, 1899-1901. Founder of the

Society, 1901, and 15 years its first President."

### Chief Justice Peaslee

At one of the July meetings of the governor and council Governor Brown announced that Justice John E. Young of the supreme court had declined the appointment as chief justice to succeed Hon. Frank N. Parsons upon the retirement of the latter by constitutional age limitation on September 3. The governor thereupon nominated for the chief justiceship Justice Robert J. Peaslee of Manchester and that nomination was confirmed by the council at a subsequent meeting.

The new chief justice was born in Weare 60 years ago, graduated from the Boston University School of Law in 1886 and was first appointed to the supreme bench in 1898. As a jurist his reputation is international and his opinions are widely quoted.

### Other Appointments

During the month the governor and council continued in office for another term, Rear Admiral Joseph B. Murdock, U. S. N., retired, representative in the legislature from the town of Hill, as a member of the state forestry commission; and Mrs. Frances E. Hall of Dover as a member of the board of trustees of the New Hampshire State Hospital. Mrs. Hall is the wife of Chairman Dwight Hall of the Republican state committee, and in interesting juxtaposition to her appointment was that of Mrs. Dorothy Branch Jackson, wife of Chairman Robert Jackson of the Democratic state committee, as a member of the board of trustees of the state institution for feeble-minded at Laconia.

### Inheritance Tax

After extended conference with Assistant Attorney General Joseph S. Matthews, the head of the state inheritance tax department, the governor and council

issued a statement in regard to the state's policy under the opinion of the supreme court declaring the inheritance tax law of 1919 unconstitutional. The position taken by the executive department is that inheritance taxes be paid in accordance with the 1923 law and that sums collected under the 1919 law in excess of the rates fixed by the 1915 law be refunded. Red tape will be cut so far as possible and it is hoped that litigants who have overpaid will not go to the trouble and expense of litigation. As there was no explicit reference to the 1923 law in the court's opinion the governor and council decided to proceed on the assumption that the law is valid until the court rules otherwise.

### The V-1

The United States submarine V-1, the first of the cruising type of undersea boats to be built by the United States government, was launched successfully at Portsmouth during the month. The launching was witnessed by high army and navy officials, together with United States Senators from Maine and New Hampshire, Councilor Cole, representing Governor Brown, Mayor Dexter, and others. The V-1 is twice as large as any other United States submarine and is the largest craft built and launched at Portsmouth since the Civil War, being 341½ feet long, 27½ feet broad, with a surface displacement of 2,164 tons, a surface speed of 21 knots an hour and a submerged speed of nine knots an hour.

During the month the Boston & Maine railroad relinquished the operation of the Suncook Valley Railroad, from Suncook to Pittsfield, but agreed to assist in all possible ways the stockholders of the road in continuing its service under their own management, which is now being done. The Boston & Maine has cancelled this season several trains for the handling of "summer business" and is reducing its schedule on branch lines to the utmost limit allowed by the public service commission.

—H. C. P.

# MAN'S BEST FRIEND--THE DOG

By H. STYLES BRIDGES



Kimball Studio

THE best friends men and women have in the world may betray them. Their sons or daughters that they have brought up with loving care and thought-

fulness may be unappreciative, those people whom we trust absolutely and hold the closest to us may prove unfaithful to our trust. Riches and material things which we may accumulate in life may be lost or taken from us. Our reputations may be sacrificed by some action in a moment of thoughtlessness. Altogether we are living in a very uncertain world.

The one friend that man may have that when once a friend, is always a friend, is a dog. A dog's love and faithfulness to his master will last until death. A dog is the one friend in the world that will stick by a man through the thick and thin of life, whether his master be rich or poor, influential or without prestige, powerful or weak.

The following quotation from Byron is an excellent portrait of the dog, our truest friend:

"But the poor dog, in life the firmest friend,  
The first to welcome, foremost to defend,  
Whose honest heart is still his master's own,  
Who labors, fights, lives, breathes for him  
alone."  
—Byron

Millions of people own dogs in the world, but few people really keep them. A canine member of the household is very apt to be somewhat neglected, or else overdone with kindness and attention. The care and welfare of the dog deserves more attention than has heretofore been given him by the many dog owners. This is a subject by itself, but owners are beginning to think more of the care and management of this member of the household.

As the years roll by the people who are

keeping dogs are more and more demanding something more than just a dog.

One of the first questions to be asked by a prospective owner of a dog is whether he wishes a dog as a pal for himself, a playmate for his children, a protector for his property, or an accomplice in the sporting world. Two things must be considered when this question has been answered.

First, the breed of the dog to be chosen, and second the individual breeding of the dog selected. I would class dogs in three general classes, toy dogs, similar to the Pekingese, Pomeranians, Boston Terriers; utility dogs, similar to the Airedale, Police and Collie; and sporting dogs, similar to the Setter, Pointer, and Fox Hound.

Not only does the use to which the dog will be put determine the selection, but the environment and place where the dog will be kept also has a great deal to do with it.

A person living in a small apartment in the city should in all probability select a small type dog rather than one of the



BLACK POMERANIAN

Owned by a New Hampshire Breeder



large utility breeds, while a person living in the country or in an urban section where they have spacious grounds, could very well select one of the larger breeds. The size of the breed selected will depend to a large extent upon the place where the dog will be kept.

The coat of the dog is also a factor in determining the selection of the breed. There are five different coats found among the different breeds, the smooth, wire, stand off, corded, and the long. The smooth coat is probably the most common and appeals to a great many people for its cleanliness. The wire

coat. It is hard to keep in trim.

The various breeds of dogs differ considerably in regard to their intelligence, sagacity, or smartness. They also differ considerably as to temper and disposition, and all of these things are of considerable importance in selecting the breed. These things are influenced to a great degree by the dog's training, but to a certain degree they are characteristic of the breed. In the matter of intelligence well bred Airedales and Collies rank high. Fox Terriers, Boston Terriers, and most of the terrier class are exceedingly smart but are not exception-

ally shrewd or sagacious. The toy breeds are smart and quick to learn tricks yet as a rule do not show the general intelligence displayed by many of the utility breeds.

The temper and disposition of a dog must be considered, especially



Photo by Kimball Studio

#### GERMAN POLICE DOG

Owned by Mr. Prescott of Woodsville, N. H.

One of the finest dogs in the State.

The long coat is very attractive as a rule. Nothing is prettier in the world than a long, smooth, silky coat on a dog, but such a coat carries dirt and is decidedly unpleasant when the coat is being shed. The stand off coat is nearly as good looking as the long coat. The Pomeranian has this stand off coat. To keep it in good condition, however, it needs thorough attention. The corded coat is rare and is found only on a few breeds. The Poodle is the best example of the corded

if the dog is to be chosen as a playmate for children. A dog's temper or disposition cannot be determined by his looks. The English Bull Dog, one of the homeliest as well as ugliest and fiercest looking breeds of dogs, has probably one of the most even disposition of any of our breeds, but when once aroused, the English Bull is a bad actor.

The strains of dogs in different breeds vary considerably. The Police dog, for example, is very popular with many people in New Hampshire, while others

condemn the Police dog as quick tempered and undependable. This depends largely upon its individual breeding and training rather than the breed. The police dog, formerly called the German Shepherd, seems to be increasing in popularity in this state to a greater extent than most any of the other larger breeds of dogs. The well bred Police dog is very intelligent and is a dog of exceptional courage and endurance. They are naturally a one man dog.

Probably the most popular of the toy breeds in New Hampshire are the Pekingese and the Pomeranians. The Pekingese are the most numerous and seem to be gaining in popularity faster than the Pomeranians. Both of these breeds make excellent pets and appeal to ladies and children especially. As a pet for children the Pekingese are by far the best, they have an excellent disposition and are less snappy than the Pomeranians. However, Pomeranians probably have a somewhat greater intelligence on the whole.

The most popular farm dogs in New Hampshire to-day are undoubtedly the Collie and the Airedale. The Airedale seems to be gaining in popularity as time goes on. Both dogs are noted for their intelligence, ability and sagacity. The Airedale probably has the greatest courage and is the best protector of property. The Collie, however, probably has the more even disposition and the greater ability as a cattle dog. A great many excellent bred Airedales are found in the Granite State, and some fine collies are owned here too. However, the Collies, as a rule, in New Hampshire are not of the finest blood lines. We need the introduction of new collie blood if

this breed is to thrive and hold its former great popularity.

Of the larger breeds of dogs very few are found in New Hampshire. The most popular, however, is probably the Great Dane. The Great Dane is an unusually smooth tempered dog. It is an excellent dog for a companion for either children or grown people. They should not, however, be kept except in the country where there is plenty of opportunity for exercise. The St. Bernard is another large breed which is found to some extent in New Hampshire.

The terriers, including the Boston Terrier, wire and smooth haired Fox Terriers, and the English Bull Terrier are very common and are exceptionally good

all round dogs and appeal to all classes of men, women and children, the Boston Terrier probably being the most popular and most numerous of this class. The keepers of Boston terriers are loud in their praise of the outstanding characteristics of this little New England perfected terrier. The span-



Photo by Kimball Studio

#### IRISH SETTER—BRIAN BORU

Bred at St. Johns, New Brunswick by  
Michael Kiley. Brother of Bonar Law.  
Owned by Benj. H. Rolfe, Concord, N. H.

iels are found to some extent in New Hampshire. Of the Spaniel group the Cocker Spaniel is the most popular. The Cocker Spaniel is a friendly, intelligent, companionable dog that has some sporting instinct and ability.

The sporting dogs including the hound, setter and pointer are almost a story in themselves. The hound is probably the oldest breed of dogs in existence. We have several varying types of hounds here in New Hampshire, although the Fox-hound and Beagles are by far the most numerous.

Of the bird dogs the Pointers and Setters are very much alike in size and outline and usefulness. The principle dif-

ference between the two is in the long and short coats. Both have good dispositions and make excellent companions as well as sporting accomplices.

We have in New Hampshire very enthusiastic supporters of both classes of bird dogs and neither one will give ground to the other in the matter of loyalty to their breed. In the writer's opinion the setters seem to be the most numerous and as a whole the most popular in the state, although this is a debatable question.

In choosing the dog, first determine the use to which the dog is to be put,

whether, as stated before, you wish the dog as a pal for yourself, a playmate for your children, a protector for your property or an accomplice in sports. Secondly, determine which breed of dog fits the need for which you desire this canine friend of man, then look up carefully the individual breeding of the dog for its strain and individual breeding has a great deal to do with the animal. If you are going to own a dog it is a mighty fine thing to own a dog for which no explanations have to be offered and to do this careful consideration must be given in making your selection.

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## CUI BONO?

BY MILDRED FOWLER FIELD

Why wonder whence we came.....earth-dust or cell—  
 Why try to find a meaning for it all;  
 Why study whether stars or atoms fell  
 To shape a million worlds....our own a ball  
 For gods to toss? Are love and pain and death  
 Realities that throb and sear and kill  
 Or vivid phantoms vaporous as the breath  
 Self-born of nothingness but never still?

It takes a million drops to roll a wave  
 Against a million patient grains of sand—  
 A million deaths to mark an honored grave,  
 A million lines to mould a baby's hand;  
 Still pygmies all in pettiness will cry  
 To Atlas-like support the circling sky!



# FEEBLE-MINDEDNESS A STATE PROBLEM

By E. W. BUTTERFIELD

**I**N 1856 in the northern part of the state a besotted man married a woman of a low grade of mentality. To this couple seven sons were born and of these six grew to manhood. One was murdered. A second was deterred from revenge as he believed by a ghostly warning that the murderer was a near relative. A third by aid of the divorce court married three times. His daughters for some years had only the care of father and uncles as the home had in it no woman. The third marriage was by correspondence to a dependent widow with eight young sons. The daughter of a fourth, while still a child, became the victim of degraded men. Two daughters of a fifth were similarly victims, one of a near relative and the other, while but thirteen, in her own home was assigned to the hired man in lieu of his wages. In this story is immorality, incest, murder, poverty, incompetence, unstable behavior, feeble-mindedness in various stages, court charges and criminal procedure. The descendants and their relatives by blood and marriage are in different parts of the state. They bear an honored name but this branch of the family is carrying with it through the years a burden of sin, incapacity and pauperism.

In the eastern part of the state there early lived a colonial family of

good repute. Through evil habits and corrupt marriages, it became notorious as a name for drunkards, ne'er-do-wells, violent men and immoral women. It degenerated and centered in a hamlet where life was hardly human. A study was made and a report published. The very name became so infamous that in a period of years over one hundred members of this family by legisla-

ture had their name changed. So far as I know there is not in the state a single person who bears the original name. No adequate steps have been taken, however, to stop the extension of this corrupt strain of feeble-mindedness. Under other names, those gained by marriage and legislation, it continues to contaminate and the state bears the burden.

The next is a story of depravity of a degenerate family.

Years ago in the western part of the state, a man married a woman with a young daughter. When the child became thirteen, her intimacy with her step-father was discovered and the mother committed suicide. The man of forty-four then married this little girl and a child was soon born. Eight other children followed. When this oldest child, an epileptic with other signs of degeneracy, was twelve, the father, now fifty-six, was

**It is fine to be optimistic but optimism never closes its eyes to real danger.**

**Perhaps the greatest menace to society is the uncared for feeble-minded.**

**This problem is treated fearlessly and frankly in the following article by E. W. Butterfield, Commissioner of Education.**

**Daniel Webster said that New Hampshire produced real men. We must preserve the best in the race of which has was so proud.**

arrested for incest with her. He pleaded guilty and was committed to state prison for ten to fifteen years. Some of the children were placed in homes.

Following the commitment of the old man to the state prison, his young wife took into her home a neighbor. Eventually one of her children, a little girl of nine years, received hospital treatment for a venereal disease acquired by her testimony from her mother's paramour, or possibly from a neighbor at whose house she was occasionally boarded. The whole story is one of disease, immorality, incest and feeble-mindedness. Several of the children are epileptics. Some are at the School for the Feeble-Minded. Others are likely to follow the path of their mother. At this time the mother was but thirty-five years of age and had borne eleven children and all of these are now being supported by the public or in private homes. The man was given a jail sentence and the woman admitted to the School for the Feeble-Minded, where she should have been placed years before. She soon escaped from the institution but was apprehended in Vermont and returned. She again escaped and her whereabouts is not now known. Doubtless she is continuing her career in another state.

These conditions exist because the state fifty or eighty years ago was not able to stretch forth its hand and say: "This shall not be. The degenerate and the feeble-minded shall not bring children into the world to live lives of sin and degradation."

There is now sufficient evidence so that we know in New Hampshire, as in other states, there are great feeble-minded strains which continue from generation to generation. The social and financial burden that these place upon the state has never been calculated. That it is greater than the annual appropriation for our state university and our normal schools is

very certain. It may even exceed the cost of all of the high schools in the state.

There are more feeble-minded people in New England than in any other section of the country. This, however, is but a statement that New England is one of the oldest parts of the country and has been the most prolific breeding ground for colonists to other states. All old states from which emigration has gone freely for generations have a large percentage of feeble-minded persons. This is true of Ireland and Scotland and Scandinavia, from which many have emigrated year by year. Emigration has appealed to the more active, to the more ambitious, while the less competent and those who are naturally sluggish have remained unmoved.

It is probable that nearly two per cent of our people are feeble-minded, that is, they have too little mental ability to make their own unguided livelihood without discomfort to themselves and without danger to society. This situation is due to selective emigration, to free admission of European outcasts and to lax marriage laws.

Feeble-mindedness creates a crushing burden for society to bear. A majority of criminals, if we include offenders against the moral law, a large proportion of paupers, and the shiftless and the indolent are feeble-minded. They fill our jails, our almshouses, our reform schools and our insane asylums. Nor is this all. In employment of all kinds they are the careless and the incompetent workers who delay all labor, who defeat the aims of skilled craftsmanship and who are responsible for far too many industrial accidents. By thousands they are in our regular schools but unable to learn. They add to the disciplinary troubles of the school, they take the teachers' time and they retard the progress of all classes. Their actual number increases with

us but not, as is commonly thought, because of excessive fertility. The opposite is actually the case. The feeble-minded bring to maturity fewer children than the normal and nature, given a free field, provides for the eventual disappearance of the unfit.

Here, however, unfortunately, from an economic and biological standpoint, humanity steps in and calls to its aid science and religion. Destructive social diseases are cured, asylums and hospitals and homes and retreats are established. The incompetent are urged to marry, to be happy and to rear a new generation of simple minded children. In colonial times the feeble-minded with only family protection faced a very different situation. Modern humanity has doubled the number of feeble-minded that it must support and at the same time has probably increased the birth rate.

There is no older state of the Union which is not spending, as is New Hampshire, thousands of dollars each year to perpetuate certain great feeble-minded strains which it has developed. They are feeble-minded families which under the names that show free intermarriage are filling our institutions and courts, are retarding progress and are themselves living miserably unhappy lives.

Of three things we are sure. Feeble-mindedness is inherited. It cannot be changed by care or education and it can be detected. Though there are assuredly other causes, the fact of inheritance we know too well. In the nature of things, the children of the feeble-minded cannot be other than feeble-minded and there are few incompetents who have not an incompetent parent or grandparent. Conversely those who are normal physically and mentally and have no feeble-minded strain in their recent ancestry are almost certain to have normal children.

Feeble-mindedness cannot be changed

by education. Those who have inherited feeble-mindedness by no education or training can secure a higher mental capacity. They can be trained so that their behavior is improved. They can acquire habits of neatness, cheerfulness and industry but all attempts to give them a mental ability denied to them by their parentage is futile. The feeble-minded can neither be schooled out of feeble-mindedness nor will they grow out of it.

Feeble-mindedness can be determined. Tests have been devised and used so extensively that their accuracy can no longer be questioned. The mentality of all children can be known not long after they enter school and suitable training planned for those who are defective. These tests are used by all superintendents, by many physicians and by some teachers.

It is understood, however, that the feeble-minded are not a separate species but represent the lower end of a mental scale. At one end of the scale we have the comparatively small number of idiots, imbeciles and morons. On the other end of the scale are nearly as many unusually gifted persons. Above the morons are the many dull and slow individuals. Below the abnormally bright is a large group of those highly competent. Between the bright and the dull are all of the rest of us, the great majority of people, those whom we call normal.

A very common attitude at present toward the feeble-minded is one of blame and derision. This must disappear, if we are to solve our problem, and will disappear as we recognize that the feeble-minded group to which I refer has a mentality that does not surpass that of twelve year old children. We are patient with our children; we care for them, guard them from disaster and do not expect of them mature conduct. Physically the feeble-minded will grow to man-



hood and womanhood but mentally they will be children of seven to twelve years all the days of their lives. They therefore require sympathetic guardians and intelligent custodianship.

In speaking of these unfortunate ones, the names fools, idiots, imbeciles and even feeble-minded are to be avoided. These terms have ceased to be descriptive and are terms of degradation. Such terms as morons, grown children, the simple people and the incapable are not so objectionable. It would be better, if the official name of our excellent institution at Laconia were not so crudely clear, the New Hampshire School for the Feeble-Minded, but were simply the Laconia School.

In solving this problem, we need, too, a much enlarged plant at Laconia. At present there are always crowded dormitories and a list of unfortunate children who wait for admission. Moreover, there are scores who should receive the special training of the school but who are trying to accomplish in the regular schools tasks impossible for them and unprofitable to the school. The law, also, should make more liberal provision for the admission of children whose parents cannot understand that this is demanded for the welfare of the children themselves. Most of our cities and large towns have adopted the plan of special school-rooms for feeble-minded children. These should be common wherever sufficient children can be gathered for a special class and teacher. It is an expensive plan but it relieves the regular schools and gives certain children a training better fitted to their needs. It, however, fails of its ultimate purpose, if it is not accompanied and followed by custodial care.

As we solve our problem, we must depend increasingly upon extending public protection to the feeble-mind-

ed. A field worker from the Laconia school to follow up with interest and care those discharged from the school would be of immediate aid. This, of course, would not be enough. The feeble-minded are preyed upon personally and financially by designing men. They do not conduct their own affairs with discretion. They as much need guardianship as children of the same mental age.

Up to this point I have discussed only the varying methods of segregation and of custodianship, with the sole aim to protect society and to permit the incapable to lead happy, useful and harmless lives. The final solution of the great problem can only come when we deliberately decide that these great strains of low mentality shall not perpetuate themselves, nor through intermarriage contaminate the strains of higher competence. This means for a single generation either segregation at great expense of the feeble-minded who are of the productive ages, or it means a frank adoption of the process of sterilization. By law this method has a limited application now to inmates of the Laconia school. In my opinion, it should be so favored by public approval that a wide extension is possible. To it all feeble-minded in institutions and many in homes should be subjected. It would mean, then, that our generation bear the great burden of the care for the feeble-minded but that our children be freed in large measure from carrying this crushing load.

I know well that this plan in our state, as elsewhere, cannot have the support of the sentimentalists, but though life is sacred and parenthood the greatest blessing given by a beneficent creator I cannot believe that any human being has the right to cause another to live a life which must be one of humiliation and of degradation. When the state is ready to face the situation, the problem may

be solved. Until the time that the waste of feeble-mindedness and its usefulness can be fully perceived, we must continue much as at present. We can, however, greatly reduce the number of the feeble-minded by enforcing our laws which forbid the marriage of "an epileptic, imbecile, feeble-minded, idiot or insane person," and a fine is placed upon the clerk who issues the license and the clergyman or justice who performs the ceremony.

In spite of this law, it is certain that hundreds of feeble-minded marry annually. Clergymen and clerks alike are careless, they lack the necessary information or they are unwilling to bear the onus of a refusal. Besides this, charitable persons frequently urge the marriage of the incompetent to cast a mantle of respectability over an overt sin.

Prostitutes bear but few children. The great families of feeble-minded children are in the homes where one or both parents are feeble-minded, where by the help of societies, of kindly neighbors and of public charity an appearance of normal family life is maintained, the family kept together and aided to fill the home with children who can but repeat their parents' experiences.

This is work which many of us can do. We can determine that none of the feeble-minded who are our neighbors, whom we know and in whom we have an interest, shall marry. We can show them their duty, we can notify clerks and clergymen when there is need of the probable status and we can hold these officers re-

sponsible for constant attempts where doubt may be to ascertain the mental condition of all applicants. Now that all of our public schools are under professional trained supervision, and now adequate tests of mentality have been developed, we are able to find and even to list all children who probably are of too low mentality to live with safety a full and independent life.

These lists, if the law required, could be made of great value in the hands of the town and city clerks who grant marriage licenses. The immediate difficulty is that the feeble-minded often marry in towns where they never attended school. A solution is a transfer of the granting of marriage licenses from the local officers to the Bureau of Vital Statistics in the office of the State Board of Health. It would be possible to file in that office state lists of feeble-minded children and to prevent many unfit marriages. It would, moreover, make marriage more deliberate than frequently is now the case, and the prevention of unfit and impromptu marriages would be a great step forward in any movement to reduce divorces.

It may seem that my appeal on the subject of the incapable has only a financial basis. I have emphasized the cost but my real appeal is for the childhood of New Hampshire. Not for the children now in our schools but for the children yet to be born. *Every child has a right to mental capacity sufficient so that he can live a happy, useful and godly life.*

# NEW HAMPSHIRE'S CANDIDATES FOR GOVERNOR

One of these men will become our chief executive in 1925

John Winant—Frank Knox—Fred Brown, note the crisp staccato sound when you name them. These three men, young and aggressive, promise the state an interesting fight for the governorship. The first two will contest the Republican nomination at the primaries September 2, and the winner will meet Governor Brown at the November election.

Following are biographical sketches, each one written by an admirer.

## Capt. John G. Winant of Concord, Republican

BY ARTHUR ROACH

NEW HAMPSHIRE has produced some striking figures for the political firmaments. The list of luminaries includes Chase, Atherton, Wadleigh, Sulloway, many others, and of course the sturdy figure of Daniel Webster leads them all. But seldom has New Hampshire's political horizon been crossed by a more striking or more interesting personality than that of John Gilbert Winant, the tall, muscular, clear-eyed ex-aviator who is now seeking the Republican nomination for the governorship.

Captain Winant—he enlisted in the war as a private and won his captaincy and command of an American Aero Squadron on the battlefields of France in 1918—is a type of man not often found, and all too seldom in the turmoil of state politics.

He came to New Hampshire, as a student, in 1903. After completing his college course his natural path lay toward a commercial or professional career in one of the larger cities. When he came to make the decision he found that something in the ruggedness of the New Hampshire hills, something about the streams and forests of the old Granite State, made an irresistible appeal to his nature.

He felt he belonged here. New Hampshire is his home. He is in it and of it. He loves it, and always will.

At Concord he purchased a home, one with ample grounds on the outskirts of the city. With his wife, who before her marriage was Miss Constance Russell of New York, and his two children, Constance and John G., Jr., he enjoys a simple home life.

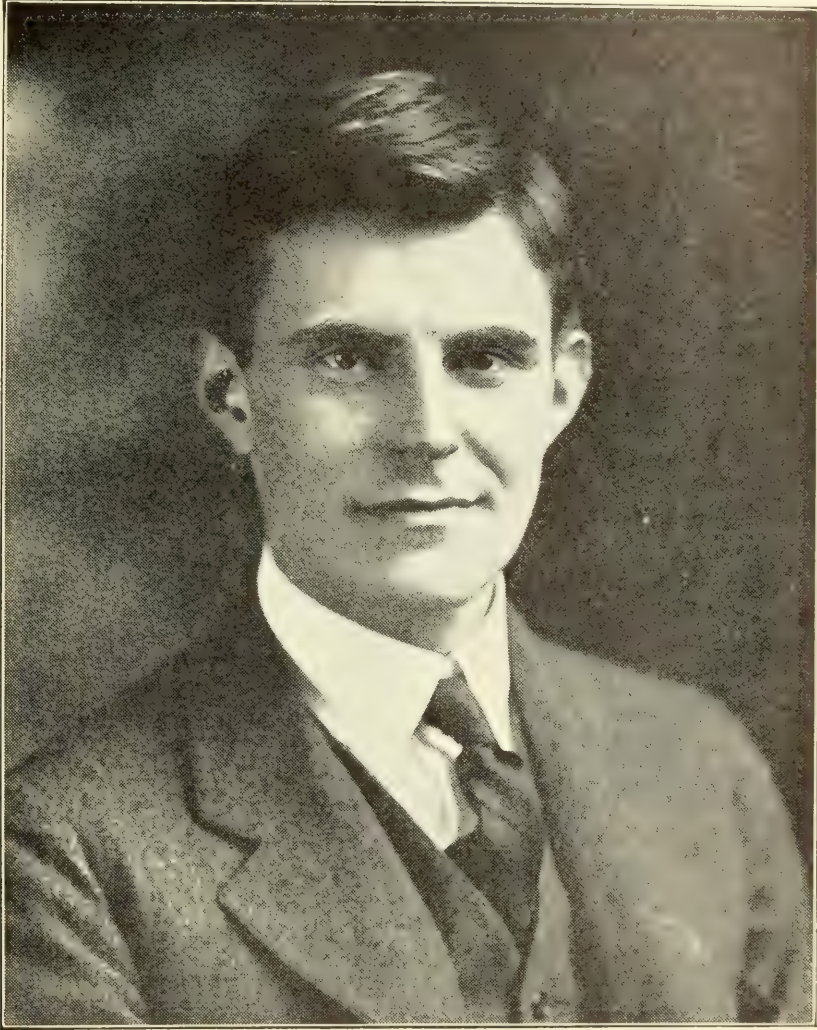
He enjoys a simple home life, but it would be impossible for John Winant to be a man of leisure. He is a human dynamo of driving energy. This shows in his numerous and varied business ventures. They include real estate, lumber, building, newspaper publishing, printing, land development and several other enterprises. He combines a Yankee shrewdness with vision, courage and faith in human nature, which is refreshing and profitable. By his unusual acumen and energy he has attained remarkable success in business, and at an age when most men are little more than started up the ladder.

Though it is only during the present year that the name of John Winant has assumed a state-wide significance he has been well known in the central part of New Hampshire since 1916. That year he en-



tered state politics and was elected to the House of Representatives where, in the session of 1917, he served acceptably on several committees and learned the machinery of state government. The next two years found

him became a leader in the Republican ranks, and though his party was outnumbered in the House, John Winant became one of the outstanding figures. His thorough understanding of the questions and his grasp of the



CAPT. JOHN G. WINANT

him serving his country in France, but in 1921 he was back in the legislature, this time as Senator from the 9th District. When the General Court of 1923 opened its stormy session John Winant was in the House. There, with his knowledge, his experience and his energy, he instantly

principles involved made him a leader in constructive work.

Convinced that duty to his country did not end with military service, that "a country worth fighting for is worth working for," John Winant chose his path to public service among the thorny trails of politics. It is a

path too often avoided because of the sacrifices it demands, or followed in hopes of gratifying personal ambitions. That Winant chooses it because of his true desire to serve his fellowmen, his unselfish eagerness to assume the responsibilities of the highest citizenship, is the unanimous verdict of all who know the man.

John Winant is a modest man. In his present campaign he has frequently stated that the people of the state have a right to know all about him, but certain incidents in his life which, if published, would reflect great credit on him, are suppressed. They will never be made public as campaign arguments, because Capt. Winant forbids their publication. "My record," he says, "is public. To try to make me out a hero by incidents in my private life would be indecent."

He is a student. Dr. S. S. Drury, with whom he worked for six years, calls him a "practical idealist." On nearly any subject of public importance he is thoroughly informed, and

can speak intelligently and interestingly, yes, fluently. He claims no gift of "small talk." He is not a master of repartee and witty stories. His knowledge, thoughtfulness and good sense become apparent when some serious topic is under serious discussion.

Such a personality grows on one. It interests and impresses the observer. "What," he asks, "is the opinion of mature men who have known Winant for years? His neighbors and associates in Concord and elsewhere?"

One of the older masters at St. Paul's School was asked about Winant and replied: "John is a remarkable man. He's hard to describe. There is something about him which makes men old enough to be his father give him their entire confidence; tell him everything they know."

It is fortunate for New Hampshire that there are still such men, loyal, fearless, honest, unselfish. Men who will sacrifice their time and strength and personal comforts for public service.

## Major Frank Knox of Manchester, Republican

BY WARDEN CURTIS

**T**HERE is no hamlet in New Hampshire where there is not someone who is personally acquainted with Frank Knox, no hamlet where there are not many who have seen and heard him and still more who have a mental picture of him, a knowledge of his career. No man in the state has a larger personal acquaintance, and as editor and publisher of the State's chief paper, no man in the state or out of it reaches so many of our citizens and so often, as does Frank Knox. It is a unique and not often paralleled situation.

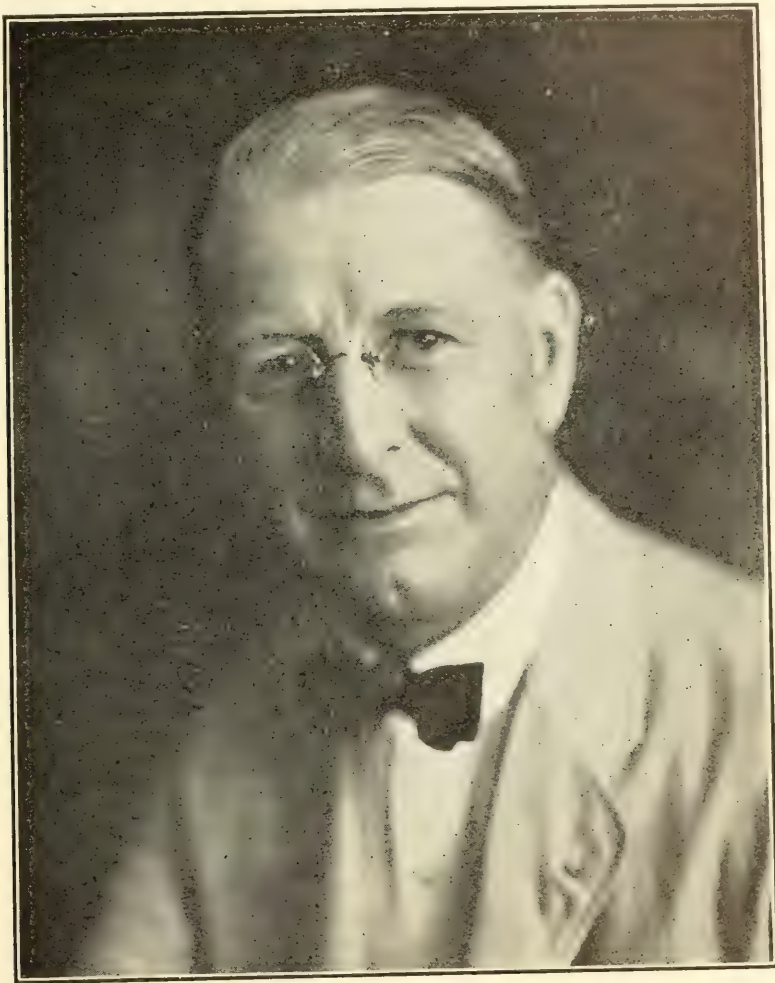
He was born in Boston in 1874 and was taken to Grand Rapids, Michigan by his parents, where he entered the public schools, passed through high school and became a student at Alma College. Here

he was active in athletics, was on the varsity football team four years, being captain one year. His course was broken in upon by the Spanish war, through which he served in the Rough Riders, returning to his scholastic duties and receiving the degree of Bachelor of Arts. He took part in all the battles in Cuba and formed an acquaintance with Col. Roosevelt that was to ripen into a warm and intimate friendship. Directly after the war, he was offered a position on the Boston Journal, then at the height of its power; but he decided to enter the office of the Herald, of his home city. He made his first essay in politics as a stump speaker for William Alden Smith, then congressman and later senator.

After two years connection with the

editorial and business departments of the Herald, Mr. Knox in company with John A. Muehling, forming a partnership that has continued ever since, purchased the Sault Sainte Marie Journal, a weekly which they converted into a daily and soon merged with it the local competitor. The News, as they named

woodsmen, and miners. It was a wide open town, saloons, gambling dens, disorderly houses in full blast. The young editor started in to clean up the town, making this his first fight in behalf of the public, a fight that was to last for years. His activities in various directions attracted attention and when in



MAJOR FRANK KNOX

their paper, was the only daily in that part of Michigan.

Sault Sainte Marie is a big port. More ships pass through its locks than those of the Panama Canal. The northern peninsula of Michigan is a country of forests and mines and so the city was always full of free spending, boisterous sailors,

1909 his fellow townsman, Chase S. Osborn, became a candidate for governor, Mr. Knox was made his campaign manager from which he passed to chairman of the Republican state committee, winning the distinction of a two to one victory for Osborn in a year when the drift was toward the Democrats the country



over. We must bear in mind that Michigan in both area and population is one of the largest states and it was no small distinction for a young man to head one of its party state committees.

In 1911, he was chosen to manage Roosevelt's campaign in the West for the election of delegates to the Republican national convention of 1912. In these two years he devoted himself to this strenuous work, having weekly conferences with Roosevelt in New York, travelling in the West the rest of the time. In one six months period of this time he travelled 50,000 miles. After the culmination of this effort, Major Knox sold his Michigan property and decided to return to his native New England. In October, 1912, with Mr. Muehling, he founded the Manchester Leader. It soon became apparent that the Leader required for its success, association with a strong morning paper and in midsummer, 1913, the Union was purchased from Rosecrans W. Pillsbury. Major Knox thus became proprietor of a paper which occupies a relation toward its state that is not duplicated anywhere else. The Union was one of New Hampshire's institutions and he assumed its editorship in a sense of duty toward the state and a determination to make it more than ever before, of service to the public. His appreciation of this duty that was a privilege, is shown by this brief extract from the editorial announcing the purchase; "Next to gathering and presenting all the news, the Union's special purpose and chief endeavor will be the advancement of New Hampshire's interests—the promotion of its development, the encouragement of every condition that effects its citizens in the community and home."

That this resolve has been lived up to with success, the citizens of New Hampshire will attest. It is within bounds to say that no state and no community has been better and more unselfishly served than New Hampshire has been served by the Union and in a manner more fear-

less and disregarding of any consideration but the best ultimate advantage of the people at large.

The war came. It is not too much to say that in the years before we followed our manifest duty and destiny and entered the combat, the Union led the thought of the state, kept the state's head and heart straight as few American papers did in their field. Certainly none surpassed it. We are getting in these days to be as proud of the name American as the old Romans were of Roman. We do not use it lightly. When we say it of a man, an institution, it is a guerdon. In the years before we entered the war and during the war, the Union was American. Is there any prouder thing to say?

In those grave times, while Major Knox vigorously contended for the acceptance of the German challenge and urged preparedness for the inevitable struggle, he was active in the field of national politics. He was chosen by Roosevelt to speak for him in the negotiations leading to the consolidating of the Republicans and Progressives at the time of the Republican national convention of 1916.

At the declaration of war, Major Knox was appointed on the enlistment sub-committee of the state Committee of Public Safety. He offered his military services to both state and nation and on the advice of his former commanders, Theodore Roosevelt and Leonard Wood, volunteered for training at an officer's training camp. At once he was made president of the New Hampshire Officers' Training Camp association and in the campaign for officer material which he organized, 250 candidates for commissions were enlisted.

Naturally, he expected that he would himself be ordered to Plattsburg, but when the list of appointees was published, his name was not among them. But there was another way to get into the service and he took it. Veteran of a previous war, trained and qualified for a

commission, he enlisted as a private in the First New Hampshire Infantry, National Guard. But he did not go with the First because Col. M. J. Healy recommended him for an officer's training school appointment and he was assigned to Madison Barracks, N. Y. In August he was made a captain of cavalry, his old arm, and the following month was sent to Camp Dix, where he became division personnel officer, in which capacity he assigned 50,000 men to various units. In December he was appointed major of field artillery and given command of a horse-drawn ammunition train. He participated in the St. Mihiel and Meuse-Argonne offensives, was not relieved until the armistice and from August to November, 1918, was almost continuously under fire. Not once did he send his men to undertake a mission which he had not first reconnoitered himself.

Passing his discharge examination with a rating of 100% physically perfect, Major Knox returned to Manchester in the spring of 1919. He was quickly immersed in public and semi-public matters. There were the ex-service men organizing themselves and he became the first state commander of the American Legion. Gen. Wood became a candidate for the presidential nomination and Major Knox led the campaign in the General's native state, New Hampshire, which chose a Wood delegation with Major Knox as its chairman. At the convention, Frank H. Hitchcock, who was the leader of the Wood forces, as a result of dissensions in the Wood camp, stepped down and both factions chose Major Knox as the Wood floor leader.

After the war, the nation found itself confronted with many new problems, some of them purely the outgrowth of the war, some of them long standing difficulties that had taken a new guise because of the war. Major Knox was possessed with the idea of working out some special part of these complex problems. Civilization had been partly un-

hinged. How could it be made better? He believed that the best service he could perform would be at home and he set himself at work on plans to improve conditions in New Hampshire. He saw that the most obvious way to improve the state's fortunes was to effect an amelioration in agriculture with the double aim of better returns for the producer and lower prices for the consumer. Our farmers had things to sell, could produce more things to sell, but could not sell them. Bringing producer and consumer together would solve the difficulty. Major Knox began to study co-operative marketing, went to Europe to study it, spending some time in the country where it has been superlatively successful, Denmark, and returning home, began to push the New Hampshire Co-operative Marketing Association to its present highly successful condition. From nothing it has grown to a membership of 600 and from a business of \$85,000 the first year, \$257,000 the second year, to \$400,000 last year.

The work done by this association has not escaped notice elsewhere and President Coolidge has summoned Major Knox to Washington to discuss ways of relieving agricultural distress the country over.

Major Knox is a self made man. His various enterprises have been built up out of their own earnings. His publishing establishment not only issues two dailies, but maintains a complete engraving department, capable of executing work of the best magazine quality. He is a life member of the Indian commission, belongs to various fraternal and civic improvement orders, is always on some state, municipal, national committee or commission, incessantly busy with his private and public duties, having enough of either to make the average man feel he was overworked, but thanks to a most vigorous constitution and clear head carrying on all these multifarious activities with success.

## Fred H. Brown of Somersworth, Democrat

BY GEORGE E. FARRAND

**I**N the Democratic primary of September 5, 1922, Mayor Fred H. Brown of Somersworth was nominated as the party candidate for Governor.

Mayor Brown did not file as a candidate until the last moment, when he finally yielded to the repeated importunities of his friends. That he was successful was due to the knowledge which his fellow Democrats had of his splendid record as mayor of Somersworth for ten terms and as United States attorney for the district of New Hampshire for eight years.

During the two months between the September primary and the November election an evidently successful attempt was made to acquaint the voters of the state with the facts that during his administration of its municipal affairs he had given his city of Somersworth the lowest tax rate and the smallest debt of any municipality in the state; and that his official course as district attorney had been appreciated and praised as just, efficient and honorable by all who were informed in regard to it.

Candidate Brown also made a favorable impression in his frequent appearances before the people "on the stump." And on November 7, 1922, he was elected governor of New Hampshire by 8,634 majority, receiving 70,160 votes to 61,526 for Windsor H. Goodnow, Republican, of Keene.

At the same election a Democratic majority was chosen in the popular branch of the legislature, the House of Representatives; but the State Senate was Republican, 16 to 8, and of the five members of the executive council, only one Democrat was elected.

From this annoying and embarrassing condition of divided control of, and responsibility for, the government of the state, Governor Brown has emerged with great credit, won by the justice, dignity,

self-control and good humor with which he has faced the situation and handled it, so far as he could, for the state's advantage.

His wise counsel and sound strategy were in evidence throughout the legislative session, and while the Republican majority in the state senate blocked many of his attempts to secure the enactment into law of the principles of the Democratic platform, to which he gave his loyal and hearty support, he was able, relying upon the force of public opinion and using courageously his veto power,—to bring about notable reductions in appropriations and in consequence a substantial decrease of the state tax. As a further result of his policy of financial efficiency and economy the net debt of the state under his administration will be entirely extinguished.

At the same time Governor Brown has not held the finances of the state in so tight a grip as to retard the progress of the commonwealth or to prevent it from discharging its humanitarian duties. Soon after his inauguration he visited the New Hampshire state hospital for the insane and there found a condition of overcrowding so serious that in due time he gave his approval to an appropriation of \$400,000 for an addition to the plant there.

Governor Brown is averse to oratory, pomp and pretense. While holding the office of Chief Executive he has quietly managed to lead the simple life, as regards his personal habits, just as he did before his election. He has not changed the size of his hat. He is still plain Fred Brown, without any frills.

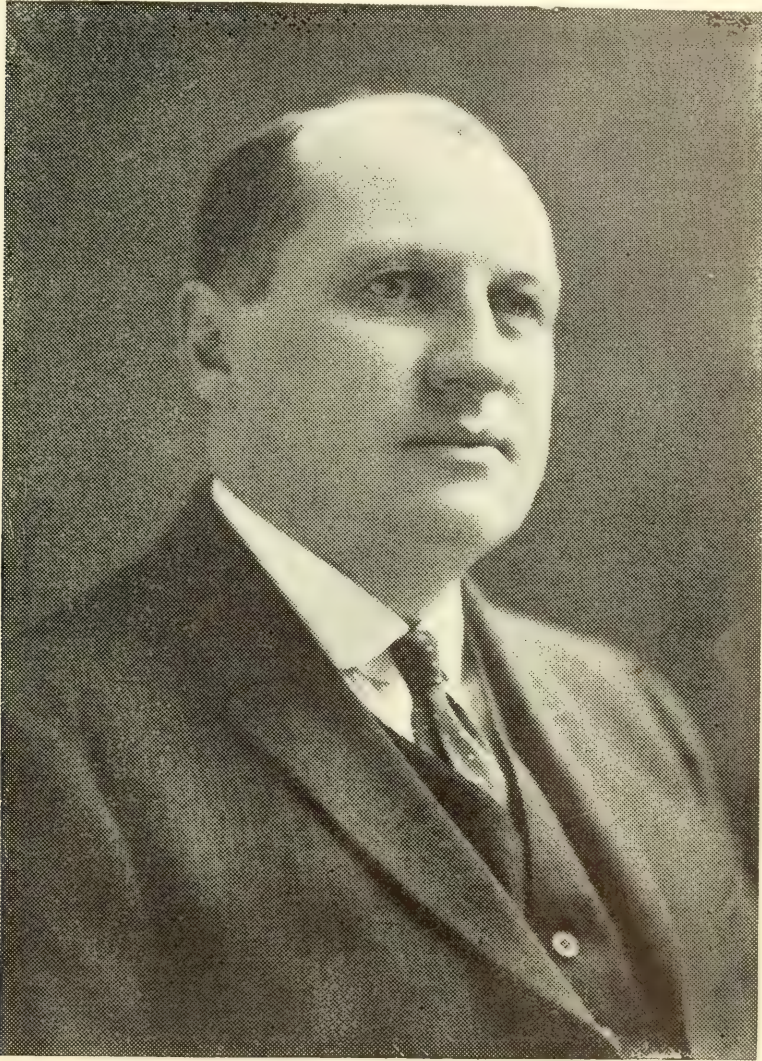
And yet the present Governor fully appreciates the honor of holding his high office. He has represented the state creditably at all sorts of public functions; his occasional addresses upon important occasions have been models of good sense and good taste; he never has



be grudged the time and effort necessary to perform any duty or to meet any obligation, public or semi-public, of his office.

An important test of the ability for

as Governor. They include John E. Young of Exeter to be chief justice of the supreme court, and, upon his declination, that of Robert J. Peaslee of Manchester to the same office; John E.



GOV. FRED H. BROWN

leadership comes in the judging of other men and in this connection, so far as Governor Brown is concerned, it is only necessary to list some of the appointments to public office which he has made

Allen of Keene, justice of the supreme court; Oliver W. Branch of Manchester, chief justice of the superior court; Henri T. Burque of Nashua and Robert Doe of Dover, justices of the superior

court; Irving H. Hinkley of Lancaster, attorney general; Chairman Huntley N. Spaulding of Rochester and Mrs. Alice S. Harriman of Laconia, on the state board of education; John W. Storrs of Concord, public service commissioner; John E. Sullivan of Somersworth, insurance commissioner; John S. B. Davie of Concord, labor commissioner; Leon Gerry of Madison, bank commissioner; former Congressman Eugene E. Reed, member of the finance commission, and John W. Center, member of the police commission, of the city of Manchester; Rev. Ora W. Craig of Manchester, state law enforcement officer; and so on

through two or three times as long a list. Governor Brown is a candidate for re-nomination and re-election. This step he takes through no desire of his own, but in accordance with the unanimous desire of his party and at the friendly suggestion of some not members of that party. His unanimous re-nomination in the primary will presage, in the belief of his friends, his repeated success on election day; in which event the Granite State will be subject for congratulation upon having secured for two more years the valuable services of one of her wisest and best governors.

## THE RAINBOW'S GOLD

BY VERA BENNET ROBLEE

(I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth.

And it shall come to pass, when I bring a cloud over the earth, that the bow shall be seen in the cloud.) Genesis 9: 13, 14.

I oft was told of the rainbow's gold  
 When I was a child of four;  
 And as to me the story was told  
 I dreamed of that wonderful pot of gold,  
 And longed the way to explore.

The years have passed by, yet never have I  
 Discovered that pot of gold;  
 Though still I dream when from the sky  
 The bow of promise is bending nigh;  
 God's gleaming token of old.

Some day, without fail, I'll follow the trail  
 When dark are the earth clouds I see;  
 And on to a place where no gloom can prevail  
 There I'll find the gold, at the end of the trail,  
 The end of life's trail for me.



# THE NEXT STATE SENATE

By WILLIAM E. WALLACE

THERE were 417 members of the House of Representatives of 1923.

Political scouts who have travelled about the state the last few months report that 414 of these had senatorial aspirations. The remaining three were entirely out of the running because two were dead and the other one had moved his residence into a neighboring state. Fortunately for the peace of mind of the general public, most of these gentlemen have curbed their desires and only 22 actually filed their candidacy for a place in the State Senate.

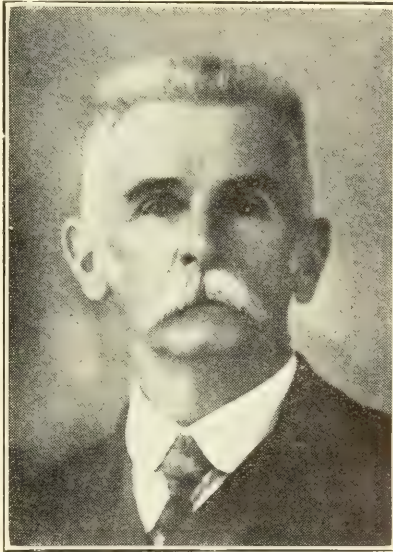
Contests for senatorial nominations in the September primary furnish plenty of food for those who like to speculate on political problems. The Republicans have competition for the places on the November ballot in eleven of the twenty-four districts and the Democrats have an element of uncertainty in five of the districts.

Twenty-two members of the 1923 House of Representatives are seeking a seat in the upper branch of the Legislature and most of the other candidates for the Senate have had experience in the House, with several having served in the upper branch in the past. The Democrats have the advantage in the latter respect, three of the 1923 senators and two earlier senators being in the running. No woman has offered herself as a senatorial candidate, although nine in each party have filed for a seat in the House and several other women are seeking county and local offices.

In two of the districts there are four contestants for the Republican nomination and in four other districts three candidates have filed. The Democrats have three candidates in the eighteenth district, one of their sure districts, while strangely in the two other Democratic strongholds, the thirteenth and nineteenth districts only one candidate has filed. The Democrats have candidates in all twenty-four districts, but the Republicans passed up bids which would cost

the filing fee in three, no such philanthropic disposition being evinced to help the state defray the cost of printing and handling the ballots by donating \$10 as used to be manifested by Albert Wellington Noone when he gladly paid \$150 to have his name on the ballots as a candidate for Governor and United States Senator in the same primary election.

The farming population of the northern section of the state will be interested in the candidacy of



REP. WM. D. RUDD OF FRANCONIA  
Prominent Agriculturist

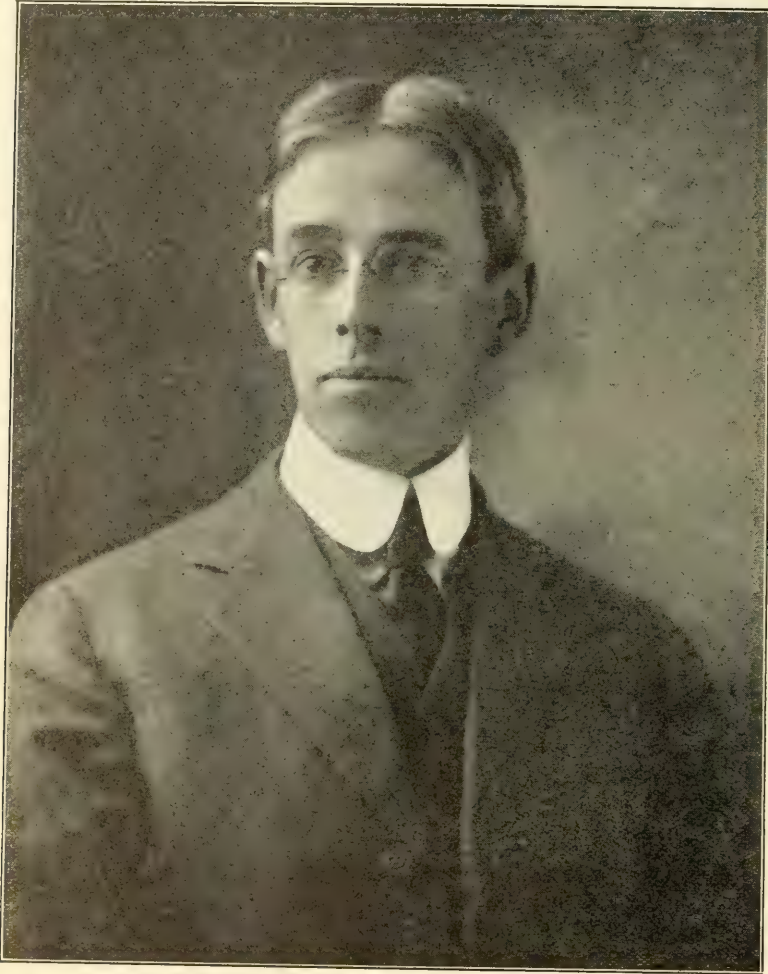
William D. Rudd of Franconia in District No. 2. In his younger days Mr. Rudd operated a remarkably successful poultry farm in Natick, Mass. He was known throughout Massachusetts as a lecturer on various agricultural topics. Coming to New Hampshire he continued his interest in agriculture. The first Republican to be sent to the Legislature by the Democratic town of Franconia, he took a leading part in two sessions, particularly interesting himself in promoting state institutions and in opposing the 48-hour law and other measures



which he believed to be inimical to agricultural interests.

The fifth district looks likely to be one of the liveliest storm centers again this year as in 1922. Three candidates had entered prior to the closing day for filing, with a prospect of a spirited, if good-

and two other places on the ticket, and regardless of the likelihood of revival of a political and personal quarrel which reached the heights of bitterness two years ago. The entrance of Jones seems certain to result in a realignment of forces in the campaign.



EX-SPEAKER CHARLES W. TOBEY OF TEMPLE.

One of the state's most fluent orators.

natured battle between two of these, Representative Willard R. Harris of Orford and Arthur P. Fairfield of Hanover, the contenders. Joseph Moore of Enfield had also entered. Then on the last night, Judge Fred A. Jones of Lebanon decided to file, notwithstanding he had previously filed for Representative

Willard R. Harris has represented his town in two sessions of the Legislature. A teacher by profession, he served on the Committee of Education, and in his capacity as a member of that committee did much to protect and promote the work of the State Board. He has also served his town as Selectman for many years.



REP. WILLARD R. HARRIS OF ORFORD  
A Teacher by profession.

Arthur P. Fairfield is the proprietor of the Hanover Inn, and if he can carry into politics the spirit of friendliness and hospitality which permeates that institution he will indeed be a strong contender.

The other four-cornered fight in the twenty-second district, where Amos J. Cowan of Salem, Wilbur H. White of Deerfield, John P. Griffin of Auburn, all members of the last House, and Edmund R. Angell of Derry, a former member of the House, are the contenders.

Col. Charles B. Hoyt of Sandwich filed early in the fourth district and for a time it looked as if he was going to be allowed the nomination by default, but opposition developed and in the closing days two other candidates offered the gage of battle to him, Frank O. Leavitt and Charles H. Morey of Hart's Location coming in.

In the ninth district Charles R. Jameson of Antrim has repeated his undertaking of two years ago by filing for both the Republican and Democratic nomina-

tions for Senator. He lost in both parties and the general expectation is that history will repeat in 1925, hence the interest lies in the fortunes of former Alderman Frederick I. Blackwood of Concord and former Representative Irving T. Chesley of Concord. Mr. Blackwood had long service in the city government of Concord, but his adventures in state politics have not been happy. Four years ago he was a candidate for the Councilor nomination and lost and two years ago he had no better success as a candidate for Representative. He came just close enough each time to accentuate the exasperation.

The twelfth district promises to be the field for another heated contest.

The three candidates in the race are Charles W. Tobey of Temple, Arthur G. Gordon and Walter E. Kittredge of Merrimack.

Charles W. Tobey is a former speaker of the House, President of the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, and is known

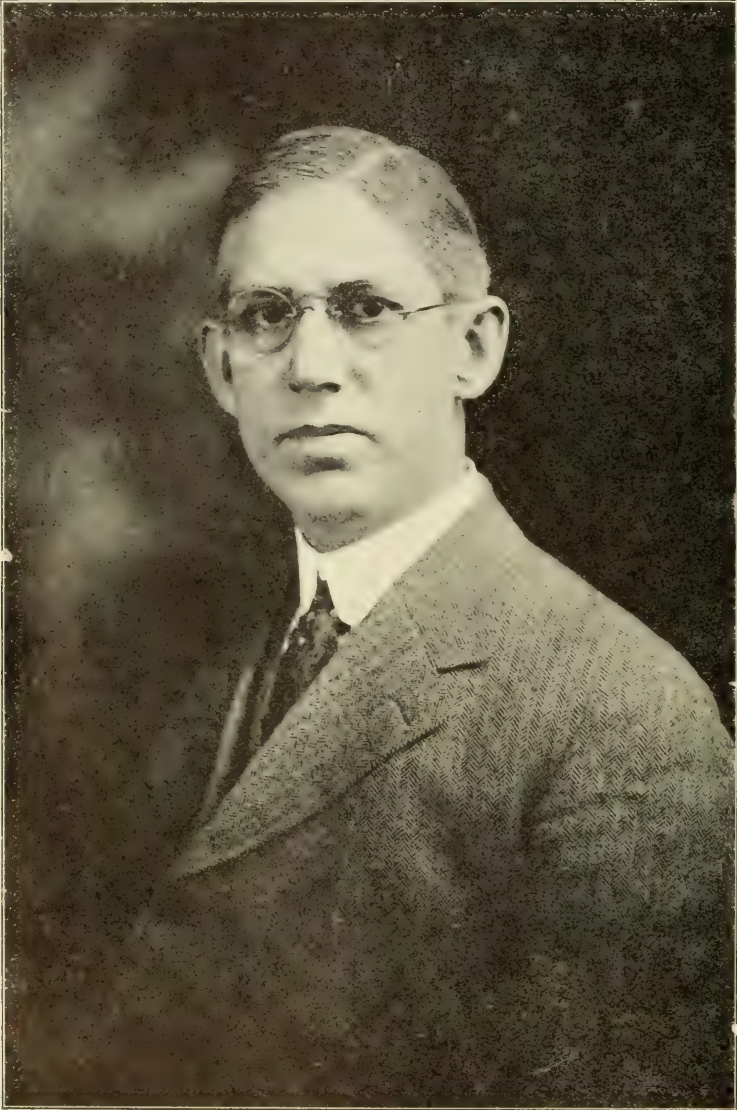


EX-REP. ALBERTUS T. DUDLEY OF EXETER  
A writer of boys' books.

as one of the ablest orators in New Hampshire.

Hamilton A. Kendall, member of the 1923 House and Joseph S. Otis, member of the 1921 House, are the candi-

has been in the ascendant recently. Two years ago he made a strong run against Senator Benjamin H. Orr and last year he was elected Mayor, and banking on his popularity the Democrats have draft-



EX-ALDERMAN FREDERICK I. BLACKWOOD OF CONCORD

Prominent in Masonic circles.

dates for the nomination in the fifteenth district, both being well and favorably known in Concord. The winner of this contest will have to defeat Mayor Willis H. Flint of Concord, whose political star

ed him again for the senatorial race.

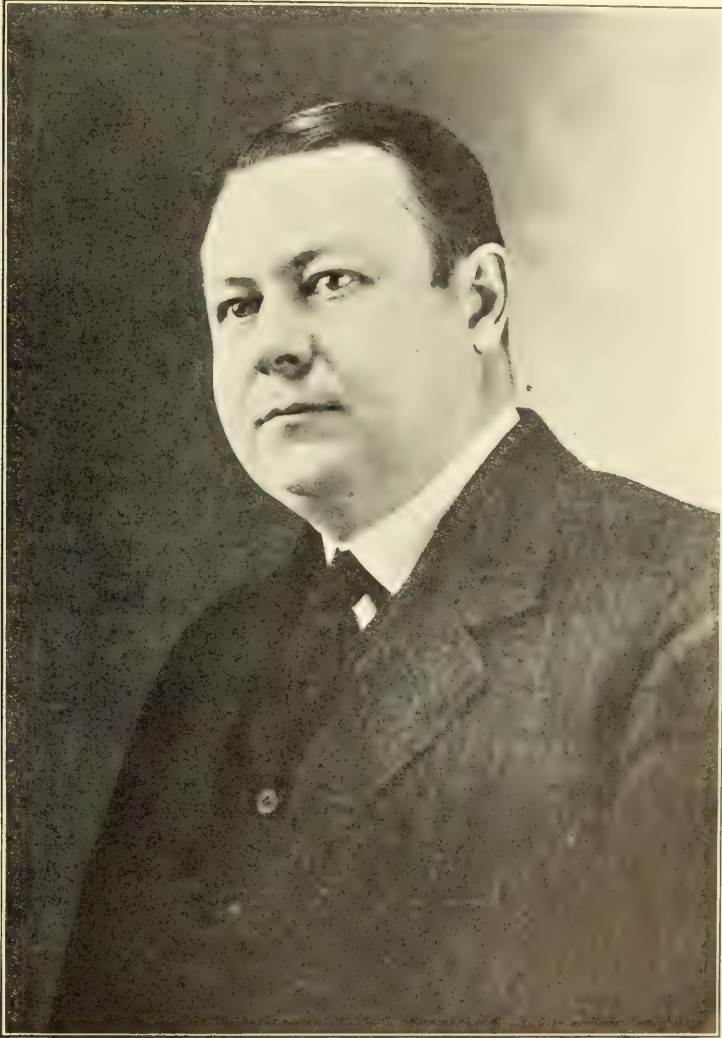
Contests are on in the two Republican Manchester districts, James E. Dodge and Isaac N. Cox, both members of the last House, in the sixteenth and Frank



A. Dockham, Samuel J. Lord and Arthur P. Morrill in the seventeenth. Both districts sent Democrats last year, but the winners in the Republican primary this year should redeem the districts.

Editor George J. Foster of the Dover

house, and Albertus T. Dudley of Exeter, who has served in several sessions in the past, are the Republican candidates. Mr. Dudley probably considers his most important legislative work the piloting through perilous waters of the state edu-



EX-SPEAKER FRED A. JONES OF LEBANON

The storm center of Grafton County.

Democrat is making another essay for the nomination in the twenty-first district, but he has a sturdy opponent in George H. Yeaton of Rollinsford, the big lumber operator.

In the twenty-third district Levi S. Bartlett of Kingston, member of the last

cational bill in the 1919 session.

Two members of the last House are after the twenty-fourth district nomination, Harold M. Smith of Portsmouth and Irving W. Rand of Rye.

On the Democratic side, George H. Whitcher of Concord, former federal

prohibition director, is the candidate in the ninth district, his only competitor being Mr. Jameson of Antrim, who spreads his party affiliations through both parties, a procedure not generally conducive to success in either.

The victories in the two Republican Manchester districts in 1923 seems to have bred hope in the hearts of the Democrats for there are contests in each. Charles F. Read and Joseph M. McDonough in the sixteenth and Senator Clinton S. Osgood and Henry J. VanVliet, the blind member of the House from Manchester in several sessions, and at present in charge of the work for the

blind in the state board of charities and correction.

The contenders in the eighteenth district are former Senator Joseph P. Kenney, William G. McCarthy and John J. Gorham and in the twenty-first district Henry B. Davis of Rollinsford and James F. Dennis are contending.

Senator Walter H. Tripp of Epsom in the fourteenth and Senator Omer Janelle in the nineteenth are unopposed for re-nomination. Senator Janelle is sure of re-election and Senator Tripp's district is close normally, but he won by a good margin two years ago over the same opponent, Perham Parker of Bedford.

## Candidates for State Senate

### REPUBLICAN

- 1—Hugh K. Moore, Berlin
- 2—William D. Rudd, Franconia
- 3—James C. MacLeod, Littleton
- 4—Charles B. Hoyt, Sandwich  
Frank O. Leavitt, Effingham  
Charles H. Morey, Hart's Location
- 5—Arthur P. Fairfield, Hanover  
Willard R. Harris, Orford  
Joseph Moore, Enfield  
Fred A. Jones, Lebanon
- 6—Frank R. Tilton, Laconia
- 7—Frank L. Gerrish, Boscawen
- 8—Hartley L. Brooks, Claremont
- 9—Frederick I. Blackwood, Concord  
Irving T. Chesley, Concord  
Charles R. Jameson, Antrim
- 10—Harry D. Hopkins, Keene
- 11—William Weston, Marlboro
- 12—Charles W. Tobey, Temple  
Arthur G. Gordon, Merrimack  
Walter E. Kittredge, Merrimack
- 13—
- 14—Perham Parker, Bedford
- 15—Joseph S. Otis, Concord  
Hamilton A. Kendall, Concord
- 16—James E. Dodge, Manchester  
Isaac N. Cox, Manchester
- 17—Frank A. Dockham, Manchester  
Samuel J. Lord, Manchester  
Arthur P. Morrill, Manchester
- 18—
- 19—
- 20—Guy E. Chesley, Rochester
- 21—George H. Yeaton, Rollinsford  
George J. Foster, Dover
- 22—Amos J. Cowan, Salem  
Wilbur H. White, Deerfield  
John P. Griffin, Auburn  
Edmund R. Angell, Derry
- 23—Levi S. Bartlett, Kingston  
Albertus T. Dudley, Exeter
- 24—Harold M. Smith, Portsmouth  
Irving W. Rand, Rye

### DEMOCRATIC

- 1—Charles A. Chandler, Gorham
- 2—Alba C. Hicks, Colebrook
- 3—Amos N. Blandin, Bath
- 4—Raymond A. Chase, Wolfeboro
- 5—Herbert L. Webster, Canaan
- 6—Lewis H. Wilkinson, Laconia
- 7—Louis H. Douphinett, Franklin
- 8—Samuel H. Edes, Newport
- 9—George H. Whitcher, Concord  
Charles R. Jameson, Antrim
- 10—Elgin A. Jones, Keene
- 11—Thomas J. Winn, Harrisville
- 12—Willard P. Woods, Mont Vernon
- 13—Henry A. Lagasse, Nashua
- 14—Walter H. Tripp, Epsom
- 15—Willis H. Flint, Concord
- 16—Charles F. Read, Manchester  
Joseph M. McDonough, Manchester
- 17—Henry J. VanVliet, Manchester  
Clinton S. Osgood, Manchester
- 18—Joseph P. Kenney, Manchester  
William G. McCarthy, Manchester  
John J. Gorham, Manchester
- 19—Omer Janelle, Manchester
- 20—Eugene E. Foss, Rochester
- 21—Henry B. Davis, Rollinsford  
James F. Dennis, Dover
- 22—William H. Benson, Derry
- 23—George A. Gilmore, Epping
- 24—Samuel T. Ladd, Portsmouth

# WAKE UP NEW ENGLAND!

## Manufacturers Must Devote More Attention to Distribution of Their Products

BY CHARLES B. BURLEIGH

(Taken from "Current Affairs")

Is New England on the decline? Whether your answer is yes or no you should be interested in the various efforts which are being put forth to rejuvenate this section, which is the cradle of America.

The following article is taken from a publication of the Boston Chamber of Commerce.

### PART I

THE ultimate success of any community, in this day and generation, is dependent on an adequate return for effort expended. The assurance of an equitable balance and ultimate success is, always has been, and always will be dependent on five all important items:

- 1st. The production of an article that will best supply a need.
- 2nd. Production in such volume as insures minimum cost
- 3rd. Adequate facilities for the proper financing of the undertaking.
- 4th. Brains and their exercise in managing the undertaking.
- 5th. The proper disposal of the product.

From the landing of the Pilgrims until the present, New England has led and continues to lead the world in the first four items; the first three of which are connected with production only. The fourth should be divided between production and disposal.

Until recently, however, New England manufacturers have found it comparatively unnecessary to give a great deal of attention to this phase of the business as they had little difficulty in disposing of the results of their skill. In fact the excellence of their product, coupled with the low cost of production, have made them so universally sought for that a large

majority of New England made goods have always been marketed through selling houses located in more or less remote commercial centers. Our manufacturers have thereby been able to devote their entire energies and attention to the quality and cost of their product.

From a commercial point of view, this custom has concentrated the purchase of goods in these centers, contributing largely to their financial and commercial stability and growth. The inevitable result has been that the profit incident to the sale as well as the by-product incident to the influx of the purchasers have also contributed largely to the general prosperity of these communities.

It is a fact heretofore little appreciated that a majority of our New England manufactured textile goods always have been and are today sold by New York houses, our furs for years and our shoes more recently in St. Louis, and our furniture in Grand Rapids, to the extent that our New England store-keepers are obliged to go to foreign markets to purchase goods made by their immediate neighbors. It is seldom that goods manufactured in any one of our industrial centers are ever available for purchase in the stores of the community in which they are manufactured.



These conditions which have extended over a long period of years have produced a condition which, to say the least, does not point strongly to the future prosperity of New England if permitted to continue. We have gradually developed into a purely manufacturing community or, in other words, a community of mechanics.

These conditions should also call to our attention the fact that if our neighbors can live and prosper from the profit derived from the sale of our goods, it should add to our own prosperity to do the job ourselves. If we haven't brains enough to do it ourselves, it might pay to import a few selling brains to help us out. In any event, there is no good reason why we should not do or have done the whole job at home.

### **We Maintain Our Percentage**

Complaint has been made that our New England industries are fast transferring to other sections of the country. While it is true that manufacturing is increasing in other localities, in a greater percentage than in New England, while it is no less a fact that some New England manufacturers have transferred, it is also true that the percentage of New England's manufacturing growth is still being maintained. We should not permit ourselves to become panic stricken, but calmly view the situation with a view to determining just what action on our part will assure us of maintaining our prestige. We must remember that one manufacturing establishment added to a community already having one other, increases the manufacturing in that community one hundred percent, while one establishment added to a community already having one hundred establishments adds but one percent.

New England got the jump on the rest of the country in the early days

due largely to the availability of low cost power contiguous to convenient transportation facilities, while today electricity has entirely changed these conditions. There is no section of our country that does not present power and transportation facilities equal to our own, for which reason, there is no question but what it is our duty to ourselves and to those dependent upon us to step in front of the mirror with a view to looking ourselves over and determine as to whether we are going to continue to lead the world or whether it is necessary to catch hold of the tail of prosperity and be slatted around from now on.

The first thing we notice is that we are dressed in overalls, for we are little else than mechanics, and this is the appropriate dress for our work. We don't need any dress-up clothes for the other fellow is attending to our dress-up work.

We also notice that we have been so busy with our work that we have paid little attention to our beautiful surroundings, and although people have come from all parts of the world to admire them we have looked on them as a nuisance interfering with our work.

We also find that we have for so many years depended on others to bring the advantages of the goods we produce to the favorable attention of the market, that we ourselves have not only become unaccustomed to analyze their worth and appreciate the admiration of the world for their good points, but are unable ourselves to present them in the most attractive manner. Again our product has and is being modified to meet market conditions as brought to our attention by our selling agents, in many cases not in accordance with our own ideas gained from experience, which modifications may be to our advantage, but we should not be obliged to take anybody's opinion but that of the ultimate user and our own.

## PART II

## We Must Learn Not Only to Manufacture But to Sell Our Own Goods

**S**TILL gazing into this imaginary mirror it occurs to us that we have been paying more attention to the output of our machines than that of our brains. Thinking is one of the few things the New England manufacturer must do for himself: the carrying out of plans and methods can be hired, and done as well if not better.

What will keep our establishments going at full capacity three hundred days a year? The answer is obvious; Orders. But why don't we get them?

Our sales agents assure us that "the market is over-stocked" and people will not buy. We accept the evidence, settle back and merely murmur: "Too bad." For so many years have we depended upon others to sell our goods, point out their advantages and fine quality to the buying public, that we are out of touch with both the market and our own products. We are no longer accustomed to analyze their worth, and all we know about the world's opinion of them we get from the sales records. And we seem to be unable to present these excellent goods in the most attractive manner.

Nor are we capitalizing, as we ought, our natural assets. The highly efficient merchandiser is particularly careful to present his wares in surroundings which appeal to his customers. In many cases he provides diversions and entertainments that serve not only to draw their interest but also to furnish relaxation for them during unoccupied moments.

Should not these methods be as effective with the wholesale as with the retail buyer? They are equally human.

New England is liberally provided with facilities for furnishing the most

attractive settings for sales work. This fact is little appreciated by our own people, who are inclined to compare conditions here with what they believe conditions to be elsewhere. Frequently their judgment is based only on hear-say evidence. People the country over are apt to boast of their own locality and sometimes are misleading in their praise. Those who have never visited California envy the beautiful climate of that state. They seldom hear of its high winds and fogs. Through skilful publicity the mild winters of Atlantic City have come to mean a most attractive year round climate to most people. When the average Easterner mentions Oregon, he thinks of its beautiful roses. Their beauty cannot be denied, but their life is exceptionally short when removed from the bush, and they have little odor. Chicago, New York and many other commercial centers have little of historic interest and even less of scenic beauty to make them attractive.

### New England More Fortunate

New England is indeed fortunate in its many advantages. One of the oldest sections of the country to be settled by white men, it has many points of historic appeal. Its mountains, lakes and shores provide an assortment of scenic beauty unrivaled in this country. Our roads are in excellent condition, it is possible to motor from coast to mountains in a few hours. And fine hotel accommodations throughout New England make the visitor feel at home.

Until recently we have been in the habit of apologizing for our climate. Actually it is one of our greatest assets. Our summer temperatures, cooled by delightful ocean breezes

have for years brought thousands of tourists from all parts of the country. In the winter, too, New England has come to be a national playground. Winter sports attract each year an increasing number of people. "The Switzerland of America" is the term applied to New England, and rightly so.

But to date our historical assets, together with those of our climate and scenery, have been realized upon in a commercial way mainly by our hotels, garages and railroads.

The majority of buying in this country is done during the Spring and Fall months. New England is at her best in these seasons. Is it not our duty to capitalize these conditions?

Mr. Eastman of the Kodak Company is credited with a statement to the effect that when any item in connection with your business is dependent upon conditions over which you have no control, it is time to investigate with a view to determining if there is not some other procedure.

New England is neglecting the fifth item necessary to her ultimate and complete success: the sale of her own goods. The time certainly has arrived to correct this fault. We agree that we possess the most attractive salesroom on the American continent, as well as a corps of salesmen who should be more familiar with our goods than anybody else. Provided the right sort of an effort is made, there seems to be no chance for failure.

### Shall We Remain Idle?

The present business depression in our New England factories is obviously due, as we have said, to lack of orders. Shall we continue to sit idle and quiet, awaiting the selling houses in other commercial centers to gather business for us, merely because we and our forefathers always have done so? Wake Up, New Eng-

land. Adopt a slogan to the effect that **What New England Supplies, the World Buys.** No piece of manufactured goods should leave the factory without being conspicuously marked as having been made in New England.

We should advertise the advantage of buying and paying for goods in the same place. We should educate our employees that the purchase of home-made goods contributes not only to their own success but to the prosperity of the community in which they live. It should be brought more prominently to the attention of the individual employee that his own financial welfare is almost wholly dependent upon that of his employer, and that he will profit most who gives his attention to advancing his employer's interests, first by giving an honest return for wages paid, and second by doing all in his power to enhance the sale and use of the product which he is producing.

It is a fact that at the present time hardly a yard of cotton goods produced in New England is on sale in any of the stores in Fall River, New Bedford, Manchester or Lawrence, and comparatively little in Boston or in any of the other textile centers. In fact I doubt if the reader of this article has any idea in what locality any article of his own or his wife's wearing apparel, household equipment or furnishings was manufactured. In fact, an imported article often seems more attractive to the purchaser.

Let us start selling New England as California and the West have sold themselves to the rest of the world. When we have done this, we shall have no difficulty in selling New England's products.

But you say there's no business, that nobody is buying. How do you know? Your selling agent has told you so and you have been satisfied. Sales conditions are undoubtedly hard—to the extent that it costs him more



to sell them than he profits from the sale. He isn't responsible for the welfare of thousands of operatives employed in manufacturing the goods. You are and your interests are paramount to his spending money to sell goods. Keeping your help employed and happy is a better investment than running soup kitchens.

Remember we have

The best goods in the world.  
The finest equipped sales-room.  
The most enjoyable climate in America.  
The highest skilled mechanics.  
The most delightful living conditions.  
The best reputation for honesty.

It may be inferred from this article that the writer is speaking one word for New England and two words for

Boston. Boston does some manufacturing, but more than that it is and should be one of the principal commercial outlets for New England. Only as New England prospers can Boston prosper. All that this city can do to contribute to New England's success indirectly redounds to her own benefit.

Moreover the individual or community that labors only for self advancement enjoys a lonesome existence, has few friends and seldom excels in anything. He who contributes the most to the success of others can but be swept along with the tide of prosperity.

**Remember the World Buys What  
New England Supplies.**

## THE POLITICAL SITUATION

BY HOBART PILLSBURY

**N**O first-class or second-class magazine would think of going to press just before a presidential election without an article on "The Situation," meaning the political outlook. Preferably such an article should be written by somebody who knows absolutely nothing about politics. But such a person is hard to find in New Hampshire, at least one who admits it.

The situation, as we see it in August is critical. We have it on the authority of James A. Watson, senator from Indiana, whom we met in Laconia on one of the coldest nights of the year in July, that this is one of the most critical crises that ever confronted the American republic. It appears from what Senator Watson told us, that unless the Republican party is successful in this campaign, it is a grave question whether the foundations of the American government can hold up more than two or three weeks longer.

Then there is the state situation.

The state situation is very bad, very bad indeed. George E. Farrand, the state treasurer, told us that it is a very critical situation in state politics. For one thing, the Brown dynasty is at stake. Governor Brown the Second is getting some hard Knox and may be deposed. Why not Winant? Why not, indeed!

The Reds appear to be for LaFollette. Democrats have a White Hope. California fears the Yellow peril and the G. O. P. is in a blue funk. But the trouble with New Hampshire is too much Brown.

Just to illustrate how serious the situation is, take the town of Wentworth's Location. What is the sentiment of Wentworth's Location? What is the underground swell in Wentworth's Location? Will Wentworth's Location be hit by a tidal wave or will a landslide come down on it? To be sure, Wentworth's Location is not heavily represented in the electoral college. But Wentworth's Location is Wentworth's Lo-

cation. Its voters are free-born Americans (see U. S. constitution), and as Daniel Webster said about Dartmouth college, it's a small place but there are those who love it.

Then there is Hart's Location. Charles H. Morey, mayor of Hart's Location, has reported to the Republican State Committee that the Republicans will increase their vote in his town 100 per cent at the September primaries. Think what this means, if carried out in the same proportion through the country! Coolidge will have 14,000,000 majority instead of Harding's 7,000,000, if Hart's Location is any criterion. Charley Morey knows the situation in Hart's Location better than anybody. He has, in fact, canvassed the situation thoroughly; he has gone over the checklist; he has sounded out the individual voters; he has felt the pulse of the great electorate of Hart's Location. And he has reported to the Republican State Committee that whereas at the last primary he was the only voter, this year his hired man will vote also, making two votes, or an increase of 100 per cent.

Take the situation in the North Country. Who knows how critical may be the situation up there in the wide, open spaces where men are men, women are bobbed-haired, wood-chopping is wood-chopping and business is bootlegging? Senator Coulombe of Berlin reports that the Republican party has practically disappeared north of the Lost River region, like snow on the White Mountains under July's sun and the poor people are at last coming into their own. Senator Ripley of Colebrook states that a Democrat in his country is as hard to find as a woman with long hair.

"What North Country Democrats there are left," says the senator, "belong to the progressive wing of the party. They will not vote this fall for Andrew Jackson as they have in

the past. They are thoroughly awake to the fact that Jackson and Thomas Jefferson are no longer candidates. The drift among these voters is strong for Grover Cleveland just now."

Miss Sophie Listenin Rustler also thinks the political situation is critical. Miss Rustler is secretary of the Sharon branch of the League of Women Leaders. She states that there are in Sharon six women voters and five of them are Women Leaders. The women, therefore, know where they are going and how long it will take to get there.

"Bob LaFollette will get the bobbed-hair vote," says Miss Rustler. "He is the first Bob that has bobbed up since women got franchise. The women in Sharon who don't like Bob and the bobbed hair can vote for Brother Charley who has no hair and wears a skull cap."

Miss Rustler is being mentioned for member of the Legislature from Sharon in 1931, the next time the town is entitled to send one. She believes in the conservation of our natural resources, especially summer boarders.

Reports from down-state tell of a drift toward idealism. Representative George L. Sibley of Manchester is running for re-election on a platform of "more fraternity."

"We should all be brothers," says Mr. Sibley, author of the eight hour sleep law. "I shall introduce a bill to appoint a commission to investigate the unhappy homes of New Hampshire and see why they are not happy. Brotherly love will benefit suffering humanity."

On the whole, the situation is critical. But New Hampshire never falters in a critical situation. As the large billboard says in front of one of New Hampshire's first-class post-offices:

"Food will win the war.  
Don't waste it."

# A NEW STEP IN THE IMPROVEMENT AMONG PRISONERS IN OUR COUNTY JAILS

BY MISS PAULINE REMICK

IT seems strange that in these days of enlightenment and progress when human effort tends toward the betterment of humanity, that no outside interest has been taken, until this spring, as to the way in which the prisoner in our county jails spends so many of his hours, that no interest has been taken to provide him with some means whereby he could use his time to a better advantage than in idleness.

The serious and thoughtful citizen of our state will readily agree that a term served in idleness and brooding cannot but break down a man's morals. For this reason, we who are more fortunate owe a civic duty to our prisoner and are held responsible for his welfare.

Happily, this spring one of our citizens has felt her responsibility, and through her efforts interest has been aroused whereby classes in basketry under the direction of Dr. Mary Farnum of Penacook, and in sweater knitting, have been started.

This thoughtful and enterprising person is Miss Miriam Bancroft daughter of the late Dr. Charles P. Bancroft of Concord, who has just returned from two years of active service in hospitals and missions in Central China. One day in the early spring Mrs. Wooster, wife of Sheriff Geo. Wooster, asked Miss Bancroft if she would come up to the jail to speak with four smuggled Chinese in their native tongue. While there she realized the necessity of starting some temporary work for the men which would prove to be both lucrative and easily supervised.

Without delay Miss Bancroft talked it over with Mrs. Wooster, and received her warm and enthusiastic support. Next she went to County Commissioner Arthur H. Britton, who

willingly endorsed the plan, promising to help in any way possible and to supply the first order of materials necessary to carry on the work. Then Dr. Mary Farnum was called upon to supervise the classes. She gladly expressed her willingness to give her time, so that now on Monday, each week, these three devote their afternoon to these classes in knitting and basketry.

But what makes it gratifying and well worth while is the fact that the men seem to be very much interested. Already two lots of materials for baskets have been used, and a third ordered. Baskets of every kind are made, from charming and attractive flower baskets to good substantial kitchen waste baskets. Many orders have been taken, and preparations for a public sale are being made. Yarn from several people has been sent in for summer sweaters. The men are happier and the workers are pleased.

In pricing these baskets, the plan in mind is to make the price attractive to the public, and at the same time cover the expense of the materials with a profit, part of which is given to the men, while the remaining amount is added to the Merrimack County Fund.

Furthermore to insure the carrying on of this work in the future, a committee has recently been formed of a dozen or more women with Mrs. Arthur H. Britton as chairman, and Mrs. George Wooster as treasurer. This organization calls itself the Merrimack County Industrial Committee.

And now, since this little venture is proving quite a success, would it not be an excellent idea if in the other communities of our state, a similar movement could be started and a like plan tried out?



# AN ANTHOLOGY OF ONE POEM POETS

Compiled by ARTHUR JOHNSON

Illustrated by Elizabeth Shurtleff

## THE FAIRIES

By WILLIAM ALLINGHAM

1824-1889

Up the airy mountain,  
Down the rushy glen,  
We daren't go a-hunting  
For fear of little men;  
Wee folk, good folk,  
Trooping all together:  
Green jacket, red cap,  
And white owl's feather!

Down along the rocky shore  
Some make their home,  
They live on crispy pancakes  
Of yellow tide-foam  
Some in the reeds  
Of the black mountain lake,  
With frogs for their watch-dogs,  
All night awake.

High on the hill-top  
The old King sits;  
He is now so old and gray  
He's nigh lost his wits.  
With a bridge of white mist  
Columbkil he crosses,  
On his stately journeys  
From Slieveleague to Rosses,  
Or going up with music  
On cold starry nights  
To sup with the Queen  
Of the gay Northern Lights.



They stole little Bridget  
For seven years long;  
When she came down again  
Her friends were all gone.  
They took her lightly back,  
Between the night and morrow,  
They thought that she was fast asleep,  
But she was dead with sorrow.  
They have kept her ever since  
Deep within the lake,  
On a bed of flag-leaves,  
Watching till she wake.

By the craggy hill-side,  
Through the mosses bare,  
They have planted thorn-trees  
For pleasure here and there.  
If any man so daring  
As dig them up in spite,  
He shall find their sharpest thorns  
In his bed at night.

Up the airy mountain  
Down the rushy glen,  
We daren't go a-hunting  
For fear of little men;  
Wee folk, good folk,  
Trooping all together;  
Green jacket, red cap,  
And white owl's feather!



# CARDS AND KISSES

JOHN LYLly

1553-1606

Cupid and my Campaspe play'd  
At cards for kisses—Cupid paid:  
He stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows,  
His mother's doves, and team of sparrows;  
Loses them too; then down he throws  
The coral of his lip, the rose  
Growing on's cheek (but none knows how);

With these, the crystal of his brow,  
And then the dimple of his chin:  
All these did my Campaspe win.  
At last he set her both his eyes—  
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.  
O Love! has she done this for thee?  
What shall, alas! become of me?

## PREPARATIONS

Christ Church MS.

1600

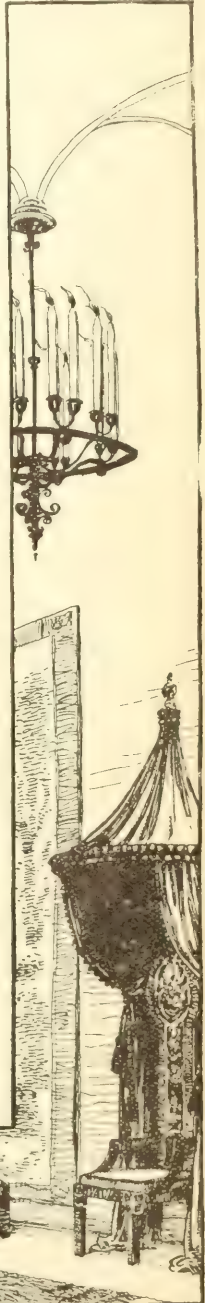
Yet if His Majesty, our sovereign lord,  
Should of his own accord  
Friendly himself invite,  
And say 'I'll be your guest to-morrow night,'  
How should we stir ourselves, call and command  
All hands to work! 'Let no man idle stand!

'Set me fine Spanish tables in the hall;  
See they be fitted all;  
Let there be room to eat  
And order taken that there want no meat.  
See every sconce and candle-stick made bright,  
That without tapers they may give a light.

Look to the presence: are the carpets spread,  
The dazie o'er the head,  
The cushions in the chairs,  
And all the candles lighted on the stairs?  
Perfume the chambers, and in any case  
Let each man give attendance in his place!

Thus, if a king were coming, would we do;  
And 'twere good reason too:  
For 'tis a duteous thing  
To show all honour to an earthly king.  
And after all our travail and our cost,  
So he be pleased, to think no labour lost.

But at the coming of the King of Heaven  
All's set at six and seven;  
We wallow in our sin,  
Christ cannot find a chamber in the inn.  
We entertain Him always like a stranger,  
And, as at first, still lodge Him in the manger.





# THE REPUBLICAN NATIONAL CONVENTION

By JOHN H. BARTLETT

The Granite Monthly is indebted to Ex-Governor Bartlett for the following first hand account of the Republican National Convention at Cleveland. Readers of every political faith will be interested in his keen analysis of the gathering.

THERE are two ways for opponents to attack a Convention, one is to say that it was "boss-ridden," and the other is to assert that it was so leaderless that it became "mob-ridden."

I might also add, by way of philosophising, that there are two ways of behaving one's self; one is to act so consistently right that discipline is unnecessary and criticism is useless, and the other is to act as badly as one can for the sake of praise when one reforms.

Continuing this line of dissertation a little further, one might say there are two ways of being progressive; one is to progress constantly toward a right, and the other is to keep on running as fast as one can go without regard to where right is located. The thoughtless often conclude that the man who is going fast is progressive, while the fact is that the most progressive man in the world is the one who ties to the everlasting principles of right and stays there.

There was a time when it was especially important that America be shaken out of some of its deep-seated and obsolete ruts, but the danger now is the opposite, in that we have been going at an excessive, break-neck speed so long, and this

under the banner of "progressivism," that we have come at last into the first stages of the worst brand of radicalism that ever ruined a country. At this epoch in our history the progressive man may be the one *who harks back to first principles*, and is willing to cling to the doctrines of Washington, Lincoln, and the old Constitution; who is willing to renew the faith and sincerity of the fathers

both in government and religion. We are getting speed crazy in other lines as well as in autoing.

It was this kind of a background that surrounded the picture when the venerable old Republican patriot, the Honorable Theodore E. Burton, stepped out on the platform at the Cleveland Conven-



EX-GOVERNOR JOHN H. BARTLETT  
1st. Assistant Postmaster General



tion to deliver as Temporary Chairman the "keynote" speech.

Much better than his speech—although that was good—was the picture presented by this personality in the midst of 15,000 younger people. Burton is an old man. He has been a candidate for the Presidency. He has been in the United States Senate. He is now in the House of Representatives. No scratch has ever been found on him. No taint of suspicion has ever been nigh unto him. He is just a great big four-square man of the old school. He has a stentorian voice, which, when taken up by the amplifiers and radio, sounded like a call from the ages. His appeal might almost be likened to that of a man crying to halt a runaway horse. To be sure he did not say: "Oh wicked and perverse generation," but he did imply that the radicalism of this country which has been brought over here in steerage by agitators from abroad has found root among certain European and Asiatic sympathizers, is being taken up by the demagogue and humbug in politics as a vote-catching proposition, and is now boldly attempting to sweep the solid American principles away from the safe but rocky political shores of our fathers.

The Convention was not "boss-ridden;" but it had plenty of brains. Like any big organization, it had a board of directors, called a National Committee, and they made up a program. The Convention heard the program read and approved of it. This is what all political conventions aim to do.

The permanent chairman of the Convention was Mondell, of Wyoming. He is the same Mondell who was Republican House Leader for some years, and who stands as one of the very strongest men in the West. He is a middle-aged man of power and judgment whom the radicalism of his state defeated for Congress at the last election. His speech was short, with no attempt to set forth any political doctrine or formula. His function was as presiding officer, and as such he was successful, although he had not

such a crowd to manage as Senator Walsh has since had in the Madison Square Garden. It doesn't take quite the skill to drive a nice span of family horses as it does to steer such a mixed aggregation of "speeders" and "balkers" as invaded "Al" Smith's town.

The big work of any convention, of course, is to enunciate its principles and to elect its candidates.

The political policies set forth in the Republican platform are progressive, I believe, in the best and truest sense of the word. They are not radical. They are not tied up to Wall Street nor reactionary. Neither are they controlled or dictated by the I. W. W. fire-eating element. They constitute a rational view of a progressive and rationalized America. The only objection to the Republican platform as it emanated from the resolutions committee was that raised by that chronic objector, who was present in this convention only for the purpose of laying the foundation for his new political party, that ultra-radical and socialist, Senator LaFollette. The King of radicals, about 70 years of age, was not there in person, although his son and understudy was. LaFollette is a great lawyer. He has a son who is also a lawyer vainly straddling to step in his father's footsteps. They are both pugnacious, headstrong, and said to be of very red un-American sympathies. They are wonderful orators, and in a series of years they have sold their radicalism to Wisconsin people to such an extent that they are able to carry the state for anything they want. They have done this in the name of the Republican Party, although they fight all Republican Presidents and all Republican measures except their own.

LaFollette, in laying a careful foundation for his long premeditated "bolt," presented to the Convention, through that venerable follower, Congressman Cooper, his own platform, and moved to have it substituted for the platform presented by the committee on resolutions.

The white-bearded radical himself saw

the humor in his affrontery, but essaying to be a martyr he wildly proclaimed that he did not expect the Convention to pass his principles because the delegates were all so bad and he was so Simon pure. He got "booed" some, but both in fair play and for a comedy act they kept quiet while he pawed the air.

The consummate "nerve" of the proposition is seen when we note that the LaFollette "amendment" which Cooper was, in form at least, motioning Republicans to adopt, condemned the Republican administration. He asked them to repudiate the Mellon plan which is one of the greatest assets of the party, and made ridiculous thrusts at us in various ways, winding up with a bunch of radical planks including Government ownership of railroads.

Of course this was a supreme farce. He practically said so. LaFollette is not a Republican and has not been for years, but he has carried the Republican *name*. He simply captured and took over the whole Republican organization in Wisconsin and is now using it to fight Republicans in other states. He *may be* sincere, but he is *so radical that Debs is for him*, and that's saying enough. Wisconsin has the Soviet political itch, and that is all there is to it. Any itch is catching.

The twenty-nine delegates of Wisconsin, with one exception, sat in their seats and balked at everything that was done. To one who was looking for a little fun and excitement, they created the whole of it. Whenever a good point was made in a speech and the crowd got up and cheered, the LaFollette bunch refused to stand up. When Coolidge was nominated for President and the motion was made to make it unanimous everybody stood up and went wild, except the LaFollette group, and they sat stolidly in their seats, except one.

They claim to be "for the people" and yet they refused to abide by the majority rule. They participated in a Republican Convention where Coolidge had over a thousand votes and they had only 29, and

yet they refused to abide by the will of so great a majority. They are natural agitators. If they were given everything they wanted to-day, they would get up a new and wilder set of notions and doctrines for to-morrow. They are the *infected nucleus that leads to socialism, communism and bolshevism*. They made one mistake, however, in the Convention which was greater than all their other mistakes. Having refused to stand up when the others stood up on divers and sundry occasions, finally they were tested at a particular moment when everyone else was standing, by having the band play "The Star Spangled Banner." So stubborn were they that they even refused to get up at this, and then they got the "boos" of the Convention. It was more or less of a joke on them but they stuck it out.

When Coolidge was nominated the band struck up "Onward Christian Soldier," everyone stood and sang, and there was plainly manifest a thrill of Rooseveltism and a kind of religious inspiration was in the atmosphere, as if a crusade had begun and yet it never touched these dogged-chinned followers of LaFollette. They were there determined to lay the foundation for a "bolt" although no real opportunity or excuse was found.

Calvin Coolidge was placed in nomination by a man who also bore the name of "Burton." These two men of the same name are personally widely different. Dr. Burton, the young preacher and college president and old-time friend of Mr. Coolidge, came into that Convention as unaccustomed to politics as a Tammany leader would be unaccustomed to a pulpit. He brought with him a religious atmosphere and tone which was wholesome, refreshing, inspiring, and uplifting. He had none of the grandiloquent phrases of the old-time political orator. He talked about Coolidge as a boy and a man as flippantly and entertainingly as if he was spinning yarns in a country store, and yet he did it with a charm of imagination mingled with de-

lightful philosophy that made him as entertaining a speaker as one ever heard. Dr. Burton was once president of Smith College in the home town of President Coolidge. He has been president of the University of Minnesota, and is now president of the University of Michigan. He is "red-haired," resembling the President in that respect. He has a wonderful brain, a tongue even more wonderful, and a line of social and human philosophy which reminds one of the tongue of Philips Brooks. He has known Coolidge intimately and believes him born, bred and trained to the leadership of a great people in a great era. He simply told those one thousand delegates little personal and vitalizing things about President Coolidge which made them surer than ever that they had the right man.

What the American people are hunting for just now more than at any other time in American history is a man whom they can trust. More than nine-tenths of the American people believe that Coolidge is thoroughly honest and can be trusted to do the right thing in any and every emergency, and, regardless of political faith, that is what they want. Dr. Burton added bits of evidence on evidence, and fact on fact which have developed in the life of Mr. Coolidge to prove his case.

It didn't take Dr. Burton's speech to nominate Coolidge. He would have been nominated anyway, but after Dr. Burton had spoken every man in the audience, except the twenty-nine from Wisconsin, were ready to get out and fight for Calvin Coolidge, believing that the country needed just such a man at this time.

After all, the right kind of a man as President is more important than a right platform. The platform is but words. A President is a personality and has a character. A platform deals with issues and things which the party thinks it sees ahead. The President has to deal with thousands of things which nobody has foreseen. He has to deal with them as they arise, sometimes on the spur of the

moment. He is put in exceptional crises.

Calvin Coolidge is his own platform. It often seems trite and uninteresting to talk about the issues set forth in party platforms. I suppose most of the thinking people who will read this article have not read the political platforms of the two great parties, nor the LaFollette platform. They will recall very little of either platform, even if they have read them. No doubt they will recall that the Republicans in their platform said in effect that McAdoo was as crooked as Fall. And they will also recall that the Democratic platform said in effect that Fall was crooked and that McAdoo was O. K. The people have read about this Fall-McAdoo scandal sufficiently to come to their own conclusions. The fact is, however, that after the most desperate efforts and the most pernicious lying that was ever attempted not the slightest bit of mud ever got within a thousand miles of Calvin Coolidge. He stands out the more conspicuously clean because of this desperate attempt to besmear him.

But I was speaking of the platforms. Perhaps the most conspicuous difference in the platforms is that relating to the League of Nations. The Republicans declare positively against it, and the Democrats declare practically in its favor. The Democrats would like to be able to carry out the Wilson policies and go into the League of Nations, but they are afraid the American people are against them and so, while they virtually declare in favor of it, they are pussyfooting a little. Davis is for the League and aided President Wilson in formulating it.

The Republicans declare in favor of *economy and lower taxes*. They cite their record in reducing the taxes by 25 per cent, and declare their determination to run the Government so economically that they can reduce them still further. This will really be the great issue of the campaign because taxes touch every pocketbook. Nearly everyone has been oppressed by taxation, and the country



has come to a point where it must simply call a halt on public extravagance. Coolidge is a man of infinite courage, and he seems to be almost a prophetic personage to lead the American people out of its profligate taxation policy back to reasonable and decent taxation. To do this he must strike some hard blows; and he has struck them. He is running the Government now on about three billions a year, whereas the Democrats were spending about six billions a year just before this administration came in. He reduced the national debt one billion dollars last year. He has got the best business organization of the Government that it ever had.

The Republican platform states as follows: "The right of the Government to *regulate, supervise* and *control* public utilities we believe should be strengthened." This is a progressive declaration in favor of keeping all railroads and other agencies upon which the public depend within the strong grasp and control of the Federal Government; in other words, to protect the people against aggressions from these sources. The Democrats go no farther than this, but La-Follette wants the Government to own the railroads and run them. Of course, each platform praises its own party all that the facts will stand. We expect that. And, of course, they attack the other party all that the facts will stand. And we expect that. But I respectfully ask anyone to read the Republican platform and to determine for himself or herself if it isn't a progressive, high-minded, well-balanced promulgation of principles. The talk that it is reactionary is pure bunk.

President Coolidge knows the rural life of the country. He knows what farming is and what it means. He is as determined to aid the farmer as anyone can possibly be. The Republican platform pledges to "take whatever steps are necessary to bring back a balanced condition between agriculture, industry, and labor, which was destroyed by the Democratic Party through an unfortunate administra-

tion of legislation passed as war-time measures."

Of course, no party can make corn grow. The proposition to fix the price of wheat and corn and have the Government guarantee that price is one of the proposed radical remedies. But it hasn't been the policy of the American Government to go into the price-fixing business. If the price of wheat was fixed at \$2 per bushel when supply and demand would make it sell for \$1 per bushel, it is very evident that the poor people of the country who eat bread would have to pay this arbitrary amount. If the Government can fix the price of wheat, why would it not fix the price of all other articles. When we get into that realm we get into the realm of socialism and communism. The Government must see to it that there is competition, free and fair, and that monopolies, particularly in the necessities of life, are crushed. But to arbitrarily fix the price of everything that everyone sells or buys would undo the very foundations upon which American business has always rested.

President Coolidge was the first President to act under the "elastic tariff," raising the duty on wheat which came in from Canada, thus aiding the farmers in the wheat states. This took courage and initiative, and was really very progressive action.

The Republican platform declares that in the event of a coal strike the "control and distribution" must be invoked to prevent profiteering. President Coolidge, as a New Englander, knows that to control coal distribution is necessary at times and in this the platform is as progressive as any.

The Republican platform stands for a reasonable tariff to protect American labor against foreign competition.

Thus the Republicans have a right to feel that both its platform and its candidates are not only safe but rationally progressive.

The Convention took some time to find the man it wanted for Vice President.

There has been some talk that it didn't take the man the "bosses" wanted. Personally, I saw no indication of "bosses" anywhere. I heard many delegates inquiring, hoping to get a tip as to who the President or Chairman Butler wanted, but no tips were given out. They simply voted until they had nominated Mr. Lowden, who told them in advance there were reasons why he could not take it and who insisted upon those reasons. Then they finally hit upon General Charles G. Dawes, a most happy solution. General Dawes was in France with the Army and one of the most conspicuous Generals in the war. He was a volunteer and his masterful brain and genius did much to help win the war. This was a complete recognition of the ex-service man. General Dawes is a genius. He is a financial genius, perhaps on a parity with Secretary Mellon. He has a plan for the solution of the financial problems of Europe which has attracted the attention and perhaps the consent of the world. It is a source of great pride to Americans that out of the chaos which has reigned since the war we should produce a genius who should set forth a formula which would rejuvenate the world, financially; that is General Dawes, our candidate for Vice-President. He is big enough to be President. Some accuse him of being a banker. So he is. Any American lad who has a genius for figures, mathematics, and money, may become a banker. Why not? When it gets so that America doesn't afford the opportunity for a poor boy to become a banker, then it is no longer America.

But I suppose I should be writing about the Convention. Everyone knows what a big national convention is like, because they read the papers and hear it on their radiophones. All conventions, however, are not just the same. The Republican Convention was not stupid. It was not dull. There was a spirit of progress and reform dominant in it which was really thrilling. There was a wonderful magnetism about this Vermont

farm lad who has come to the front at a time of national peril to lead us, which almost suggests the leadership of that young man which Illinois produced in the days of '61.

The Convention lacked many of the old-time leaders. I have been to four national conventions. One looked in vain for Depew, Penrose, Cannon, Root, Mann, and many others of the old school who had passed on. It was distinctly a younger crowd who were running things. To tell the truth, there was a very distinct atmosphere of rejuvenation. Senator Lodge was there, and although many jibes have since been thrown at him, he was apparently very contented to sit by as an adviser and let the younger men run things. He was neither sulky nor sour.

The presence of women in such large numbers and the election of women on the National Committee in equal numbers and authority with the men was a very noticeable and conspicuous thing. On the platform sat the National Committee and many distinguished guests. William J. Bryan was there as a Hearst reporter. Every big pen-pusher in America was there. New Hampshire's woman writer, Mrs. Keyes, watched all from the stage.

The Republican Convention had sense enough not to stir up any religious contests or antagonisms. It recognized the true American doctrine of religious toleration. It put Americanism first. It was not because all classes and all religions were not represented in the Convention, because they were. If an attempt had been made to start something, it would have been found that there were many who belonged to the Ku Klux Klan, or their sympathizers, in that Convention and many who were just as much opposed; but all seemed rational enough to hark back to first American principles. It was such harking back as that which I call progressive.

The honest American people, the great body of the middle class of Ameri-

can folks who have their families to support, desire that the ship of state shall go steadily on, that our fine American institutions shall not be disturbed, that employment, which calls for capital, shall remain steady, that prosperity shall reign, that taxation shall not be burdensome, and that all shall be permitted to enjoy life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. This great body of American people do not desire to go off on any

radical tangent or introduce any seeds of socialism, communism, or other foreign political diseases into this country, nor do they desire Wall Street rule. It is as progressive to stand against a wrong as it is to push forward to secure a right. This is the spirit which seemed to me to dominate the Republican National Convention. It is the spirit which President Coolidge personifies, and I believe it was the spirit of that Convention.



Calvin Coolidge on his father's farm  
at Plymouth, Vermont.



## LEADERSHIP

To Calvin Coolidge

*From The Vermonter*

I know a pine tree on a northern hill;  
It stands high-placed—where all the strong winds blow,  
Its green boughs whisper in the summer breeze,  
Or bend, still green, beneath the winter's snow.  
The trees that cluster in the sheltered vale,  
When painted Autumn flaunts her colors gay,  
Fling all their bright leaves to the freshening gale,  
And, 'neath the snow, hide their dead leaves away.  
Not so the pine, it stands unchanged, still clad  
In living green, when all else green lies dead.  
Its roots sink deep within the rock-ribbed soil,  
But God's own sunshine rests upon its head.

I know a man from out those silent hills;  
The vigor of the north is in his veins,  
Something of that gray granite of the cliff  
Sustains his will, each purpose high sustains.  
The storms of bitterness and rage and hate  
That sweep the path to which his feet must hold  
Drive weaker men down from their high estate;  
They leave him calm, unshaken, self-controlled.  
Well grounded in the simple verities,  
Untouched by taint of avarice or guile,  
Deep rooted in traditions of the past,  
His heart lies in the sunshine of God's smile.

—Ella M. Hazen.

Brooklyn

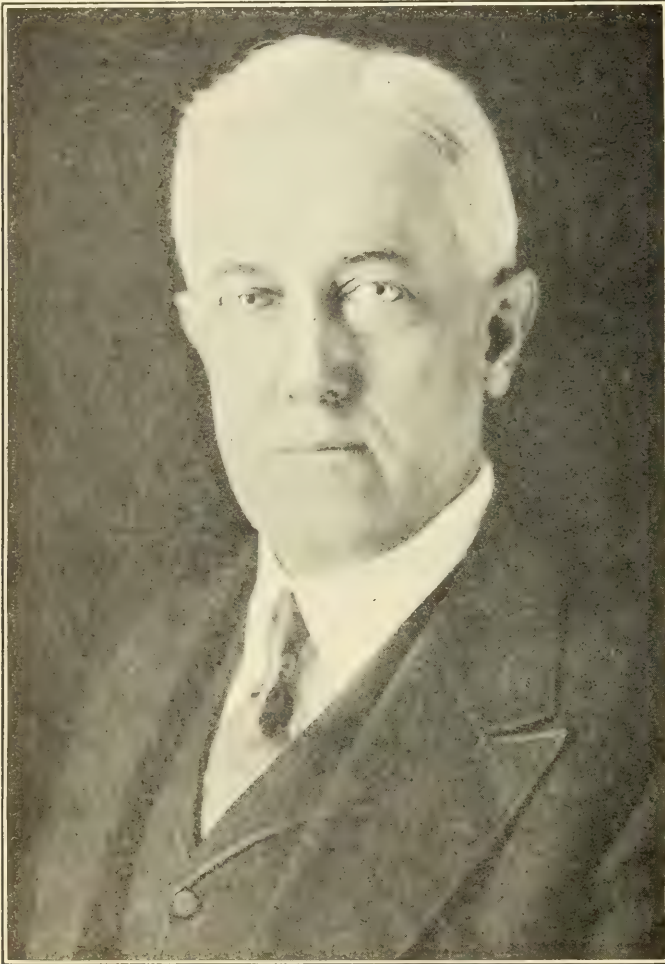
# DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL CONVENTION

By JAMES F. BRENNAN

I am pleased to comply with your request and give you my impression of the National Democratic convention recently held in New York, in which it was my privilege to

were able to follow in detail the proceeding by radio.

The history of our national convention shows no greater contrast than existed between the recent dem-



HON. JOHN W. DAVIS

Democratic Candidate for President of the United States

act as a New Hampshire delegate, the fourth in which I have thus served; a convention the longest in our political history and in many respects the most notable, being held at a period when the people throughout the country

ocratic convention in New York and that of the republican convention held a month ago in Cleveland. At the Cleveland convention the delegates merely ratified the republican candidate for president who had been

selected long before and adopted the party platform which had been prepared for it; a platform which had been selected nicely fitted to the candidate and to the existing exigencies and was quickly accepted exactly as written, without discussion or comment. It was quite different in New York, where the democratic party platform was formulated only after several public hearings before the platform committee and was fully discussed not only in the committee room but on the floor of the convention and was finally adopted by a unanimous vote, followed by the long balloting and final selection of candidates for the president and vice-president. The notable, almost unprecedented fact being, that, after the longest convention contest known in our history, there was formulated a matchless platform which squarely met every issue in the present campaign and there were selected uncriticizable candidates. All without a dissenting vote and amid the greatest enthusiasm.

Is it any wonder that one of these conventions was short and smooth while the other was long and agitated?

Where now are the scoffers at this democratic convention? Suddenly quiet are my republican friends who were wishing that "this confounded balloting would get off the radio." Suddenly sobered are they by the emergence of John W. Davis. A few days ago their wishes fathering the impatient query "Why don't the democrats renominate So-and-so or So-and-so and done with it?" That was when lesser lights were the figures of the hour and the republicans were happy.

And if a democrat may be justly proud of the result of his convention he may also be proud of its method. What of his number of ballots if vital questions get discussed in any unbossed open meeting? The party and the country benefit. In this way were Washington and Lincoln thrown

before the world. And now Davis.

As I was sitting in the convention during one of the many boiling point periods to my ears came a worried voice: "Oh what a long discussion and balloting; the republican convention at Cleveland was so nice, short and smooth; I am wondering if it would not be good policy for us to adopt the same method and get through more quickly." That was an expression of Americanism of little faith. Nice and smooth, indeed. A better evaluation was that by the new republic: "The Democratic party is showing an amount of sheer political vitality which by comparison makes the republican party look like a neurotic recluse." Better also is the verdict of Mark Sullivan: "Let us state the real fact and say that this Democratic convention was one of the best national conventions of either party held in recent years. It was unbossed, it took its own measure of every leader that tried to dominate it, it fought out the convictions of its various factions, it came to its own conclusions and in the end it unanimously nominated the best one of twenty or thirty candidates who were before it."

I would supplement these observations with a paragraph by that keen political student, Claude G. Bowers, author of "Party Battles." It is easier to boss a republican convention for reasons not far to seek. Temperamentally the republicans are more responsive to the whip. The politicians of both parties know that and count upon it in campaigns. An unpopular nomination in a republican convention and the republican voters can be whipped into line; make an unpopular nomination in a democratic convention and among the democratic voters there is a revolt-note the Palmer and Buckner deflection in 1896 and that from candidate Alton B. Parker in 1904. The Harding nomination was not popular, but the re-



publican voters fell into line. Temperamentally the delegates to republican conventions are used to the whip.

We have no regrets today. Our convention was the more vital, the more human assembly, a veritable tribunal of discussion of issues and candidates by the people in the manner of our far-distant forbears seeking and determined to find its best man.

A thousand ballots were not too

many if John W. Davis is the outcome.

I came away from the convention scarcely able to realize that it had at last been able to struggle out of the miasma of factional strife which had gripped it and unite in naming a man with the rugged honesty of a Grover Cleveland and with the intellectual qualities of a Woodrow Wilson, the kind of a man whom the American people will be proud to have in the White House.



Many readers of the GRANITE MONTHLY will readily recognize in the above photograph Honorable Elias M. Cheney Senior Editor of the Granite State Free Press of Lebanon and the Honorable James F. Brennan of Peterboro. Mr. Cheney is on a visit to his former home in Peterboro and Mr. Brennan has just returned from the Democratic Convention at Madison Square Garden. One of them, a life long republican, and the other a staunch democrat, it is easy to see the trend of their con-

versation. Perhaps the above scene is typical of every village in New Hampshire this autumn. At any rate it is typical of the older generation in New Hampshire,—a generation which has ever evinced an intense interest in politics. It would be a fine thing for the Granite State if the younger men and women would follow their example.

The GRANITE MONTHLY is indebted to the Peterboro Transcript for the above photograph.

# THE STATE'S GROWING FAMILY

By A. O. MORSE

WHEN the Rev. Millard F. Hardy of Nelson, N. H., of the class of 1874, came back to the University of New Hampshire for Commencement this spring he compared his class of fifty years ago with the classes to-day. "We were a well organized class," he said. "Henry Sawyer of North Weare was president. I was vice president. Sawyer was secretary. I was treasurer. There were two of us in the class, you see. That's why it is hard for me to comprehend this university to-day with nearly 1200 students."

Equally amazed were the returning alumni of the class of 1914 to find that in the ten years since they graduated the college has more than tripled in size, from a total of 385 in 1913-14 to 1188 during the past year, exclusive of the Summer School. Nor

does this increase, which long ago brought serious problems to the university and has now created a situation which is acute, appear to be slackening. Even if the freshman class this fall were to be no larger than last year's and allowing for the normal falling off in the upper classes, the total enrollment would be increased next year by nearly 100 due to larger classes moving up. But the freshman class this fall will be considerably larger than last year's. On July 18, two months before the opening of college, 348 freshmen had been accepted, 60 more than had been accepted at that date last year.

Since the conditions which have been

responsible for the increase up to this time are still in existence, it seems certain that this trend will continue for some time to come, unless of course, the university is forced by lack of dormitory space and class rooms to refuse admission to some who apply. The records of the State Board of Education give a very positive basis for predicting a continued increase. In the past four years the number of students enrolled in the high schools has increased by nearly 5,000. Moreover, four years ago seven out of every 100 students who entered

the first grade went to college, whereas now the number has increased to 11.

Who are these young people who are thronging to the state university, and where do they come from? In the first place, from last year's records 893 are men and 295 women. The great majority



FRESHMAN TUG-OF-WAR

of them come from New Hampshire homes, from farm homes, village homes and city homes. Every county in the state is well represented. Nearly every town has sent students; 144 New Hampshire towns were represented last year. Many, probably a majority of the students, are sent by parents who have not had a college education themselves but wish to give their children the best preparation they can. It is inspiring to learn of instances of determination and courage on the part of fathers and mothers to put these sons and daughters through college. There was a mother who in addition to taking care of a large





An Examination in English

family cooked in the kitchen of the college dining hall while her eldest son worked his way through. Many fathers and mothers have had the vision to plan and save to give their children the advantage of a college education, as did Mr. Levi French of Contoocook, who planted an apple orchard the year his son was born, which should pay the boy's way through. On the profit of this orchard young Mr. French came to the university, specialized in orcharding and graduated in the class of 1923. Graduates of many other colleges have seen fit to send their children to the University of New Hampshire and last year ten students were children of graduates. It will be only a short time before many of the alumni will have sons and daughters at the university.

That a very large proportion of the students come from families of small or moderate means is shown by the large number who are able to attend only by the assistance of scholarships and scholarship loans and by the fact that 49 per cent are earning a part of their expenses. Many are employed on the university farm, in the dining hall, as janitors in the dormitories and many find work in the stores, restaurants, and homes of the town. Several men specializing in poultry have operated commercial plants not far from the campus and have been able

to pay their college expenses and have graduated with a bank account.

During last year in an effort to determine the cost of attending the university, students were asked to volunteer statements of their expenses. These show that the average total cost per year to the student is \$666. Individual reports show that some students are going through the year at as low a cost as \$425, a large part of which they are earning. One student who kept an exact record of his expenses for freshman year reported as follows:

Fees	.	.	.	\$52.90
Room rent	.	.	.	65.00
Board	.	.	.	219.63
Clothing	.	.	.	30.84
Books	.	.	.	26.85
Travel	.	.	.	6.73
Incidentals	.	.	.	55.88

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Making a total cost of \$457.83

This student had the advantage of a state scholarship which covered the tuition charge of \$75. He earned during the period covered in his account \$294.91.

While recitations, lectures, laboratory work and examinations and preparation for all of these are the most important part of the student's life, he obtains a very vital part of his education not in the class room but in some one or more of



the organizations conducted or authorized by the university. Four musical organizations, an orchestra, band, men's glee club, women's glee club, give concerts during the year, assist at the weekly convocation of the entire student body, and what is more important, give an opportunity for students musically inclined to enjoy concert training under an experienced director. A series of concerts by the best musicians in the country is given each year at an extremely small cost to the student. "Mask and Dagger," the dramatic association, has established a reputation for brilliant presentations of important modern and historic plays. Among others it has given recently Sheridan's "The Rivals," "Dulcy," Milton's "Comus" and Yeats' "The Land of Heart's Desire."

The undergraduates publish a creditable weekly newspaper, "The New Hampshire," which offers excellent experiences in reporting, editing, and advertising to those who intend to enter the field of journalism or who wish practice in writing for publication. Each year the students publish a year book, "The Granite."

Apart from the Greek letter fraterni-

ties and sororities which are primarily social, there are many societies and clubs for the promotion of some field of college work. In the first place there is at the university a chapter of the national honorary society Phi Kappa Phi. To this society, of which many of the faculty are members, are elected those seniors whose work for the four years places them in the highest fifteen per cent of their class. There are honor societies in agriculture, in physics, in biology, in literature, in French, in Spanish, in chemistry; there are the "Aggie" Club, the Engineering Club, the Forestry Club, the Home Economics Club. These organizations create and sustain that interest and enthusiasm without which there can be no scholarship. And then of course the management of each of these organizations gives the student excellent training in administration, in business and in co-operation. Recently among the colleges there has been renewed interest in debating and the debating society at New Hampshire has been increasingly active. Its teams have debated creditably with several of the best teams in the East and through inter-collegiate, interfraternity and forum de-



The Dining Room at the Commons

bates many of its members have learned to express themselves clearly before an audience and to prepare and test arguments.

The word "team" in connection with college connotes to most people athletics, but there are other kinds of college teams and they, too, have their victories. Each year the university sends out a number of agricultural judging teams such as the Dairy Products Judging Team which last fall won first place at the Eastern States Exposition at Springfield in competition with teams from New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Connecticut and Massachusetts. Last year the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. sent out sixteen deputation teams comprising 47 men and 24 women, to conduct religious meetings and community entertainments throughout the state.

With a community of 1200 young men and women there is a large and varied program of social affairs, but of course all the students do not attend all the events; each chooses those in which he is most interested. There are several major affairs participated in by all the students. One of these is University Day in early fall when the sophomores and freshmen become acquainted in the rope-pull and the cane rush and the students meet as one body for the first time of the year. On New Hampshire Day in May every member of the university joins in improving the campus and the athletic fields and in constructing and painting additional recreational equipment such as ski jump and bleachers. At noon dinner is served on the campus and at night there is a dance. In the fall the agricultural students hold their famous Aggie Fair, a small but complete agricultural exposition. With the increase in interest in winter sports the Winter Carnival, introduced only a year or two ago, is becoming an important university affair. The completion of an unusually fine ski jump and the fact that

a New Hampshire student, Gunnar Michelson, is holder of the intercollegiate ski jump championship have added many new enthusiasts to the Outing Club, which promotes winter sports.

Every Wednesday afternoon all the students meet for an hour in the Gymnasium, the only building into which they can squeeze, and are addressed by someone of state or world importance. At one of these meetings recently President Little of the University of Maine stated that athletics is the greatest contribution of American undergraduates to the educational world. And surely physical recreation is largely responsible for the good health and fine physique of our students. As soon as the freshmen arrive they are given a thorough physical examination and it is surprising how many of them from the country as well as from the city show deficiencies in health, due to faulty diet, incorrect posture and other causes. A record is kept of these examinations and students showing deficiencies are interviewed and told how to go about improving their condition. Special corrective classes are held for those who will profit by them.

The university athletic program is two-fold. There is the intercollegiate program for varsity and freshman teams in football, baseball, basketball, track and cross country. There is also a comprehensive program of intra-mural sports in which every physically fit student may participate and must during his first two years. Sports from which the student may choose are football, basketball, track, cross country, soccer, boxing, skiing, snowshoeing, swimming and gymnasium work. There is a similar program, including also hockey, bowling, rifle and archery, for the women and it is required for three years. This program of athletics for everyone is meeting with hearty response from the students and has helped the university keep a splendid record of health.

# THE REVOLT IN THE NORTHWEST

BY HON. HENRIK SHIPSTEAD OF MINNESOTA

Why is Senator LaFollette running for the Presidency? What is the matter with the farmer in the northwest?

We in New England are for the most part followers of President Calvin Coolidge. We believe in him, we trust him, we greatly admire him. We feel no need of a third party. There is with us no serious insurgency, no revolt against the two major parties.

But out in the northwest, Senator LaFollette is running for the presidency, backing a platform to us radical.

Though we do not agree with these people, yet we must realize that they represent large and very important agricultural and industrial sections in our country, that they are very earnest, very intelligent, and very determined. It is wise and well that we in the east should be familiar with and understand their purpose and their point of view.

In this article Senator Shipstead, one of the farmer labor senators, outlines the reasons for the discontent of the northwestern farmer, his remedies and his purpose. It is this discontent that has made possible the candidacy of Senator LaFollette.

**A**BOUT sixty years ago, marking the beginning of the era following the Civil War, the Northwest was just beginning to "Settle Up." Vast areas of free land were thrown open to settlement under the Homestead Act, and the Pre-emption Act, and large areas of "Railroad Land" and land located under "Agricultural College Scrip" could be bought at a few dollars per acre. This opening of large areas of free or cheap, fertile land brought an influx of settlers from the New England States, the Central Eastern States, and from Germany, the Scandinavian countries and Ireland,—all tillers of the soil,—all loving liberty and endowed with the will to work out their own destiny under a flag which guaranteed them the right to "Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness."

They broke the prairies, cleared the forests, built churches, schools, roads and villages. With the people came the railroads to render the very vital service of carrying freight and passengers.

After a few years had gone by some of the farmers came to believe that the railroads were charging extortionately high prices for hauling grain and other freight, and that the uncontrolled power of the railroads to fix rates "at all the traffic will bear" was a serious handicap to the development of the country and was causing an unjust burden upon the backs of the farmers who produced the freight. The farmers felt that the railroads were entitled to a fair compensation for services rendered but that the

power to charge whatever they pleased was an interference with their Constitutional right to "The Pursuit of Happiness," because it gave the railroad owner too large a share of the price that his wheat sold for at the terminal market. So the farmers formed an organization to compel the State Legislature to pass laws regulating freight and passenger rates in order to do justice to the farmers without injuring the railroads.

The proposal that the State government should regulate the "business of railroading" was looked upon as a very dangerous precedent by many good people. Newspapers and politicians called it "An unwarranted interference with private business." It was called a "Radical Idea." A twenty year political battle was waged with the result that a law was passed fixing freight and passenger rates.

With the railroads came the Line Elevators owned by the large milling companies and large exporters of wheat. They paid the farmer whatever price they wished to pay him for his wheat. Usually there was no competition. Their system of weighing, grading and docking often left the farmer only a small share for his labor in producing the wheat. Then came the time that the farmers demanded that the State Legislature should pass laws protecting the weighing, grading and docking their grain. This was also looked upon as "An unwarranted interference with private business." It was also called "Radi-



calism Gone Rampant." At last, the idea gained ground that it was the business of the State to "interfere" in order to protect the producer and laws were enacted for their protection.

Then followed an era of State regulation of monopolies until the idea became prevalent that the State was too small and weak to regulate and control trusts and monopolies and that the State legislatures were too easily controlled by the railroads and other trusts through their control of newspapers and lobbies. Therefore, the farmers said, the Federal government being so much stronger can regulate better, more uniformly and more efficiently and will not be so easily controlled by *those it should control*. This idea found its principal exponent in Theodore Roosevelt and became the prevailing opinion of American statesmen, despite the fact that it was called "Radical" and "Unwarranted interference with private business."

The purposes of this regulative legislation and the principles running all through it have been the protection of the people against unjust extortion by monopolies and trusts controlling the necessities of life through their control of coal, iron, transportation and money. With what result? After twenty-five years of government regulation, freight and passenger rates are higher to-day than for forty years. In the face of exports of wheat, the largest in the Nation's history (221 million bushels average for the last three years,—pre-war average 57 million bushels), the farmers are receiving for their wheat less than the cost of production. Coal has more than doubled in price; clothing, machinery, building material, all are monopoly controlled and selling at monopoly prices; farmers are losing their farms; small independent bankers are forced out of business; monopolies are controlling newspapers and public opinion and hence legislation, while through their control of legislation they are escaping taxes by adding those taxes to the price of the goods to the con-

sumer (who is, in the last analysis, either a farmer or a laborer.)—all this results in the wealth produced being taken from the producer of wealth and concentrated in the hands of the "Collectors of Wealth," because twenty-five years of government controlling and regulating the trusts and monopolies, show that the trusts and monopolies control and regulate the government. They have proven to be stronger than the people. Therefore, they control the government.

The people of the Northwest believe that because of this control the government has been used for purposes for which it should not be used. Instead of being used to protect the people, it is being used to protect the monopolies that oppress the people. Therefore, they say "The people must again get control of the government in order that they may use it to protect themselves and their children in their right to Life, Liberty and the Pursuit of Happiness."

To entirely understand Senator Shipstead it is necessary to know that there are two so-called "Farmer Labor" Parties. One of these was the party which attempted national organization and ran a candidate for President in 1920. The other is the Farmer Labor Party of Minnesota. They are entirely different organizations. Senator Shipstead belongs to the Farmer Labor Party of Minnesota.

Both his parents were Norwegians who immigrated to Minnesota in the early days and became prosperous farmers. Henrik Shipstead now forty-three years old, was sent from the little town of New London, Minnesota to the Normal School and afterwards to the school of dentistry of Northwestern University in Chicago. He practiced his profession and invested in farming lands much of which he farmed himself, but his principal interest was always in politics. He read American history and law and gradually came to have a great reputation in that part of the State for his wide reading as well as for his cool judgment on

current questions. When asked how he happened to go into politics himself he said: "I just got so mad!"

He is tall and powerfully built, slow in speech until aroused and then speaks with great fluency. He defeated Senator Kellogg whom President Harding then sent as Ambassador to the Court of St. James. Senator Shipstead was at once put upon the Committee on Foreign Relations of the Senate, which is considered an exceptional honor for a new comer. As a member of that Committee he was called upon to speak in executive session upon the confirmation of Mr. Kellogg. It was universally commented among his colleagues that his speech betrayed extraordinary tact. His speeches the past winter have been the opposite of popular addresses. They have been for the most part dry technical discussions of financial matters filled with tables of statistics. Senator Shipstead was summed up by a brilliant Washington correspondent as "A Republican A.W.O.L." (Absent without leave.)

Shipstead is one of the steadiest personalities in the Senate. To know him is to be convinced that there must be a terrific deal of public sentiment about out there to so stir this slow and glacial person into heat or motion.

There be those who like to know of a man by knowing of his wife. Mrs. Shipstead is very pretty, with rosy complexion and brown eyes and a delicately aquiline nose. She is very quick in speech and gesture and has already a reputation in Washington for her wit and vivacity. She is more ardent in her politics even than her husband, and glories in the difficulties of the campaign which they won and in which she worked side by side with her husband.

Mrs. Shipstead is the daughter of a wealthy owner of country stores about Minnesota. Neither Senator or Mrs.

Shipstead has that certain picturesque lack of social experience which commend a new "Radical" to the newspaper men and give him a lot of publicity. Mrs. Shipstead knows as much about pretty clothes and recent books and ideas as other people and is just as kind a neighbor and helpful friend as the women we know in Peterborough or Nashua or Manchester or Snowville. She does not milk a cow with any greater frequency than a woman of the same income would in New Hampshire. I may add much to the regret of the newspaper photographers. Indeed, she is socially one of the most charming of the Senatorial wives in Washington.

Senator Shipstead is one of LaFollette's lieutenants although he has not been an especially intimate personal friend of the LaFollette family. The conditions which produced Shipstead would have produced him anyhow, if LaFollette had not been there. His state of mind is briefly this: We have been promised again and again by the old parties that the people and not certain few special interests would be given control of the government. We have hoped and been betrayed again and again. Now we are through. We trust neither the Democratic Machine nor the Republican machine. We see the same hands pulling the strings whichever party is dancing the steps. Now we will try by the traditional processes of American legal political action to bring the government into close contact and direct responsibility to the people who make it. We will try to see that the interests represented in Washington shall be those of the farmers of the country and of the workers of the country of all kinds and in all places, rather than the interests of those who live by the manipulation of High Finance, either national or international.

This short personality sketch was written for us by Hyde Clement who is spending the summer in New Hampshire. Hyde Clement is the pen name under which a Washington journalist contributes a Washington letter to the magazine called "Town and Country."

He has sometimes seemed to this writer as masked in his ability to see any good in the Democratic party as any New England Republican of my acquaintance.

# THE TRIFLER

BY WILLIAM MACLEOD RAINE

Author of "The Yukon Trail," "The Big-Town Round-Up," etc.

JAMES ADAMS looked up from the letter he was writing at the tent table. For a silent moment he watched his cousin arrange his necktie to his critical satisfaction by the light of a swinging lantern. Adams disliked extremely what he had to do, but he was not the man to shirk a duty because it was disagreeable.

"Where are you going, Alan?" he asked at last.

"Oh, just out."

"Meaning that it is none of my business. I wish I knew it wasn't," answered the older man gravely.

"Don't be a granny, Jim. You are not your cousin's keeper any longer, you know. I'm of age. That relieves you of responsibility, I expect," Alan flung over his shoulder impatiently, still too busy with his tie to turn around.

He was a good looking young fellow in a boyish way. There was in his light curly hair and insouciant manner some suggestion of perennial youth. His face showed not an ounce of wickedness, but both mouth and eyes lacked the stamp of force and decision.

A troubled frown clouded the clear-cut face of the older cousin. "If by that you mean I am no longer legally responsible you are right. But I can't stand by and see you do wrong without hindering it if I can."

Alan swung around, flushing angrily.

"What right have you to assume that I am doing wrong? Does that necessarily follow because I go to see a girl?"

"It does if you make engagements to meet her without her people's knowledge. It does if you make love to a girl you can't marry," answered the older man steadily.

"Why can't I marry her?" demanded Alan hotly. "Who says I shan't?"

"Do you mean to marry her?"

"Oh, cut it out, Jim. This isn't your affair."

James Adams believed it was his business, but he did not say so directly. He put a hand on the shoulder of his sullen young cousin and looked straight into his angry, unstable eyes.

"Look here, Alan. There comes a time to every real man when he can no longer play at life as he did when he was a boy. He has to take hold of it with both hands and face it squarely without any dodging or self-deception. I wonder if that time hasn't come to you."

Alan shifted uneasily. "Oh, tommyrot!" he cried petulantly.

"It isn't tommyrot, my boy. Only a weakling drifts into vital decisions. A *man* sits down, counts up the cost, and decides whether he can afford to pay it. That is what you must do about this girl. You must play fair both by her and by yourself. If you think of marrying her you must decide whether she has it in her to make you a fit wife. If you're not going to marry her you must stop going to see her."

"I don't know why I must," grumbled the boy doggedly.

"Because it's the right thing to do. You're a likeable young idiot, and out in this forsaken spot the girls at the ranches don't get a chance to see many young men. It's more than conceivable that she may have to pay too heavily for your idle gallantries. You don't want to leave a broken heart in your wake, do you?"

"It seems to me you are taking a good deal on yourself to butt in," said Alan sulkily.

"I don't think I am. Your mother asked me before she died to look out for you, Alan."

In Adams' voice there was an appeal, but the youngster chose not to respond to it. "I guess I can look out for myself."

"Are you looking out for Miss Steelman too as an honest man should? Are you sure she does not care for you?"



Before his cousin's level eyes the younger man felt himself wither. "Hang it, you've been spying!" he said angrily.

The face of the older man set like a vice. "Careful, Alan, careful," he said quietly.

"Well, why do you worry me into saying such things?" blurted out the lad fretfully.

"I don't want to worry you. All I want is that you should be an honest man and know your own mind."

"Well, why shouldn't I marry her if I want to?" demanded Alan with aggressive inconsequence.

"I don't know. I have never met her. But you want to be very sure you are not under an infatuation. The Steelmans are honest people enough, I dare say, though I have never met them. But they don't belong to your class socially."

"I thought you were a democratic fellow, and all that sort of thing."

Adams smiled. "Perhaps I am, but I recognize gulfs of nature and of education that can't be bridged. I don't say this is a case in point, but it may be. Why don't you introduce me to her?"

"Oh, I didn't say I was going to marry the girl. Don't be such a croaker, Jim!" retorted Alan with a forced laugh as he set out on his three mile tramp. He was keen to be gone, for he had not seen her for three weeks.

James Adams turned again to his letter, but the unease did not lift at once from his mind. He was a man that took life too seriously to toss its troubles jauntily away as did his cousin. He embodied force and strength in every line of his square chiseled face and sturdy figure. He had pushed his way resolutely through life to the front without adventitious aid, by sheer hard work and capacity. He was not a brilliant man, but he was a trusty one. The secret of his rise lay in this steadfastness. His superiors had always found that what he did was well done and that he never shirked responsibility. His readiness both to accept big undertakings and to "make good" was what had won him the

appointment as chief engineer for the construction of the Short Line.

Five years before this time his young cousin, Alan Adams had been left as his ward. The boy had been born with a silver spoon. His fond mother, early left a widow, had denied him nothing. He had grown up spoiled and self-willed, the kind of good looking lad whose easy scheme of life assumes that less important people were made to minister to his pleasure. To James Adams his instability had been a continual thorn in the side, but he had done his duty by the boy, had tried, not wholly with success it had seemed to him, to instill into the lad some of his own backbone and moral fibre.

But there was a strain of weakness in Alan with which his cousin had little tolerance. He drifted from one occupation to another, never sure of his own mind. It was after the subsidence of one of his tentative business enthusiasms that the engineer had asked Alan to join him in the survey. Always an out-of-doors man, the boy had joined him with alacrity.

After Alan had gone his cousin sat down and finished the letter he was writing. It was an important letter to him. In it he was for the first time in his life telling a young woman that he loved her and asking her to be his wife. Jessie Brand knew that he loved her, and he knew she knew it, but he had never told her so. He had waited, as she had known he was waiting, until he could offer with some assurance of certainty a home that would be suitable for her and the invalid mother to whom she had devoted herself since her girlhood. He felt that the time when he might speak had come, and his heart leaped with the joy of the words he was writing.

A shadow fell across the page. Adams looked up, to see confronting him two men who had entered noiselessly through the open tent flap. They were lank cattlemen, with the bronze of the plains painted in their cheeks and on their leathery necks. One of them was well

along in his gray fifties, the other a youth not five years out of his teens. The younger man's thumb was hitched in his sagging belt, almost touching the holstered revolver. The silence in which their unflinching dark eyes watched Adams was so menacing and full of hatred that he would have felt a chill foreboding of trouble even without the rifle of the older man that covered him steadily.

"What do you want?" demanded Adams.

"We want you."

"Me?"

"I reckon so."

"What do you want with me?"

"They call you Adams, don't they?" jerked out the older man.

"That is my name." The engineer had risen to his feet. His eyes had grown hard and his voice sharp.

"Then you're our prisoner."

"What for? On what charge?"

The voice and manner of the ranchmen were tense with repression. "You'll know at the proper time. There's a horse here for you."

"What's your authority? I decline to go without a warrant."

The younger man laughed, but his laugh was far from merriment as east from west. "This is warrant enough," he said grimly, his hand closing on the hilt of his revolver.

Adams faced him, stern and unafraid. "I'll not go a step without knowing why and where."

"By God, you will. Dead or alive you're going with us, you d——d scoundrel!" retorted the young cowpuncher in a sudden rage.

The level eyes of the engineer did not shrink. He thought rapidly. "Very well," he said picking up his hat, "I am ready."

The men rode on either side of him, watching him alertly in the moonlight. The folly of any attempt to escape was patent. They rode in silence, save for the pounding of the horses' feet. For a few hundred yards they followed the

valley road, then swung to the left up a gorge.

"We must be going to Bailey's or Steelman's," thought the prisoner. Then in a flash it came to him that his captors must be David Steelman and his son Bud. But still he could think of no reason for their strange conduct. They had the reputation of being sturdy fighters, sticklers for their rights to the last jot, but certainly they were classed as law abiding citizens rather than desperadoes.

Adams watched for his cousin Alan, for he knew that unless the boy had taken the ridge trail they must soon come up with him. But they did not sight him, and after following the canon for two miles the party took the arroyo that led up to the Steelman ranch. A group of willows massed in the uncertain light twenty yards from the adobe house. Here they stopped. Adams noticed that a pony was tied to one of these.

Young Steelman slipped from his saddle and caught the reins from Adams. "Git down," he ordered.

Adams dismounted, and they marched him to the house. Another minute, and he stood in a large room not without evidences of good taste. Big windows, set three-feet deep in the thick adobe walls gave the first instantaneous charm. A potted fern or two relieved the bareness of empty space without overcrowding. There was a piano, some magazines, a few late books, a Morris chair and some leather-seated rockers, and on the wall two good Copley copies of Madonnas tastefully framed. All these and other touches of an educated feminine taste Adams subconsciously credited to Elsie Steelman, the only daughter of the family the ewe lamb of the old ranchman, who had spent two years at the state university.

A young woman sat crouched in a low chair before the open fireplace with her back toward them. Her attitude was eloquent of dejection and weariness. On the other side of the room sat a straw-haired man of cadaverous face. Adams

recognized him as an itinerant preacher of the neighborhood. He nodded awkwardly to the engineer, adding a "Howdy, brother?"

The girl did not turn her head when the three men entered the room. Her father stepped forward and laid a hand gently on her shoulder.

"Elsie," he said with infinite pity and tenderness. The girl moved uneasily and turned her head toward her father.

Adams had heard much of her good looks and his first impression more than justified the current report. Just now her dainty charm was clouded to a troubled loveliness that was finer than mere beauty. The engineer did not find it hard to understand how the rough ranchman worshipped his daughter.

"I've brought him to you, Elsie," said Steelman with a wistful little note of apology in his voice.

She flung around on him in astonished dismay. "You've brought him here. You dared!"

"I knew you'd hate me for it, but I jes' couldn't stand for to see you pinin'," he said simply.

"Oh, father, why didn't you keep out of it?" she implored. Then she turned her eyes on Adams defiantly, and a little startled cry of surprise leaped from her lips.

"It isn't he."

"What?"

"It isn't the right man." A wave of crimson flooded her cheeks even to her neck. "Oh, father, why did you do it? Why didn't you leave me alone?" she cried reproachfully. Don't you see you're making it worse. I don't want anyone to marry me unless he wants to."

Her brother came forward and took her face in his hands. "Your're shielding him, Ell. You think you can keep on fooling us," he said harshly. "It is the right man."

The girl's face worked. "Don't, Bob," she implored in a low, tortured voice. "Let me go. This gentleman isn't Mr. Adams. I have never seen

him before. Oh, let me go away somewhere."

"You spoke too late, Sis. He told us he was Mr. Adams."

Then in a flash an understanding of the true situation zigzagged to the engineer's brain. The men had mistaken him for Alan and had brought him here to coerce him into a marriage. With the simple primeval instinct they had set out to capture the man who had made love to and destroyed their girl's happiness. That they had acted without the girl's knowledge he knew, just as he knew that she loved Alan and had been treated badly by the careless young scamp.

"He told you he was Adams," the girl repeated. "Why, how could he tell you that?" Her eyes went out to the engineer questioningly, and something in his face told her the truth. "You are his cousin," she cried.

He bowed, "Yes, I am Alan Adams' cousin."

The pure color beat into the girl's face. She was cruelly embarrassed at the situation her zealous kinsmen had imposed on her. Adams, appreciating keenly her distressed beauty, thought bitter things of his heedless, selfish young cousin who had won her heart for his amusement.

Just then the hoot of a night owl sounded. The engineer, looking steadily at the girl, read a flicker of joy and of alarm in her eyes. He turned swiftly to her father.

"If Alan were here what would you do with him?"

"I don't know," said the old man sadly. "I 'lowed to make him marry her, but I ain't so sure now."

Adams lowered his voice for old Steelman's ear. "He's outside now. Go out and bring him in."

Steelman and his son slipped out. The clock ticked three silent minutes away. The preacher chewed tobacco steadily while the others looked into the fire of glowing pine knots.

Again the door opened, to let in the



Steelmans and Alan Adams. The young man was very white, but his eyes did not flinch from those of the girl. He went straight to her and held out both his hands. He looked very handsome and boyish in his frank ardor.

"I've tried to give you up, Elsie, but I can't. I've got to have you. I've been miserable for three weeks and I can't stand it any longer. I just met your father outside and told him I had come to ask you to marry me. Will you forgive me for making you unhappy, Elsie?"

The girl's questioning eyes lit up with a radiant light. "Are you telling me the truth, Alan? Did you really come

to ask me this? Didn't my father—say anything—?" Her eyes went out for just an instant in an appeal to James Adams to keep secret the reason of his presence.

"Yes, he said I'd better speak to you about it, if that was how I felt. I'm speaking now," laughed the young man happily.

A mist filled her eyes. Her hands went out blindly to grope for his. She missed them somehow, but found herself instead in his strong young arms.

James Adams turned away and looked at her father. Both men were smiling tenderly.

## THE EDITOR STOPS TO TALK

ON the second day of September the inhabitants of the State of New Hampshire will take their biennial intelligence test. The foregoing pages have been replete with portraits and biographical sketches of the various candidates for public office. The reader may find ample satisfaction for his curiosity as regards the records of the aspirants for office. He can learn what they believe about the tariff, the agricultural situation, the labor problem, the system of taxation, and all the other issues which enter into a campaign. Unless he is an incurable optimist however, he will know in his heart that none of these things will determine the attitude or win the suffrage of the voters in New Hampshire. If human nature and average intelligence hasn't taken a tremendous leap, candidates will be selected for the color of their necktie, their ability to tell funny stories, or their fondness for crackers and milk.

There are three candidates for the governorship of the state—two republican, one democrat. One of them comes from Manchester. For convenience let us call him Frank. Frank has

waged a very aggressive campaign, a shrewd student of politics, he has wasted no time or energy in discussing public problems or defining his position upon them other than to pull that old line of bunk about "more wages and less taxes." He has at his command a far more effective card for vote getting than ability to administer government. Early in his career he discovered that he was red headed. All over the state he has been introduced as that "red headed" son of the old Granite State. His favorite quotation has been "God gives us men sun crowned." With this slogan his popularity has swept over the state like wild fire and for a time it appeared that victory was in his grasp.

His opponent whom we will call John, had been wasting his time demonstrating to the people of the state that he had a grasp on the various issues before his party and his state, and that he had through a long legislative career proven his ability as an executive. Defeat seemed to be staring him in the face when he suddenly won second prize in a stock judging contest. Immediately his candidacy has taken on new impetus,

and farmers and laborers all over the state who stood with stony faces listening to his arguments on public issues are now enthusiastic for the man who can judge the fine points of a cow.

The third candidate, whom we will call Fred has in the eyes of many, qualifications far out-shining both of his opponents. He has, it seems, great fondness for hot dogs and loves to frequent those dimly lit and fragrant four wheeled dining rooms where frankforts can be obtained "WITH MUSTARD AND ONION."

There are still several expedients, however, to which these candidates have not yet resorted. Following our usual policy of strict impartiality we will make a few suggestions for the benefit of them all. We would suggest in the first place that they give a little more attention to their personal attire. We have been shocked to see how neatly this year's candidates are dressing. They seem to forget that one of the best ways to secure votes is to affect a shabby appearance. We are reminded of two gentlemen who were canvassing a congressional district in Maine not long ago. Each of them boasted vociferously that he was an exceedingly "common" individual. In the course of the campaign they appeared together in a series of debates and in keeping with their policy tried to surpass one another in appearing countrified. One evening as they were seated on the platform one candidate glancing over his opponent in search for some evidence of elegance, noted with extreme satisfaction that his competitor's limbs were incased in red silk socks. Happy in the advantage he had thus secured he opened his speech by pointing accusingly at his antagonist's lower extremities and saying "You claim to be one of the people and yet you appear on this platform with flashy red silk socks, thrust out your feet and permit this audience to witness what a dude you are."

His opponent with a smile which was a bit triumphant and a bit sheepish, lifted his trousers slightly and the crowd with a burst of enthusiasm realized that instead of wearing silken hose he wore no hose at all. Needless to say, he was overwhelmingly elected.

Another point which has been neglected by the several candidates in their efforts to secure votes is the matter of grammar. Not one of them has yet ingratiated himself into the good graces of the populace by murdering the King's English. Perhaps the most effective way of securing the approbation of an intelligent American electorate is for the candidate to assure them upon every occasion that he "ain't never had no education," and to demonstrate his ignorance by every known form of grammatical atrocity. We have in mind one very eminent man who, when called upon to speak, at the opening of a municipal swimming pool, made the following statement: "Ladies and Gentlemen, we are here this afternoon to dedicate this fine pool so that our children can come here and learn to swim and not get *drownded*." Needless to say, this gentleman was a tremendous success politically, being elected mayor of his city for eight successive years.

There are of course, many who will face the coming primaries with intense interest because of their anxiety for the success of their own individual candidates. We wonder if there are not some who will view the outcome of the primary from a more general point of view hoping for an exhibition of intelligence on the part of the general public. Nothing tests that intelligence so much as the direct primary. No institution has its workings so generally misunderstood and at no time is one so inclined to be pessimistic regarding the efficacy of the American form of Government as at the September primaries when they note the reasons for which citizens support their respective champions.

# CURRENT OPINION IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

## Clippings From the State Press

### Coolidge and Dawes

In Davis and Bryan the Democrats have nominated a strong ticket. Republicans would sadly err in the belief that the bitter contests and heated wrangling which marked much of the protracted Democratic convention make its nominations worthless. Such they might have been had certain candidates been chosen, but they are now far from worthless. Mr. Davis is a man of high character and tested ability, wisely conservative, but with a realizing sense of the country's present needs. Governor Bryan strongly appeals to the progressive West. Republicans, however, have ample cause for confidence. Their chief asset is Calvin Coolidge, whose strong hold upon the entire country was shown in the recent primaries. General Dawes adds strength to the ticket. The campaign must be short, but, if vigorously waged, it can have but one result—a Republican victory. —*Exeter News-Letter*

### Davis and Bryan

They say all's well that ends well. That seems true of the New York convention. We certainly think that the Democrats at last hit on the very best nominee. So strange they were so slow in reaching it. As we see him, Mr. Davis is as big a man, and as honest, as ever filled the president's chair. We will have a safe and sane president. Each party is putting its "best man in sight" in actual nomination. There is much reassuring in the fact. As to the vice president, we would sooner have thought of Governor Sweet of Colorado. But if the ticket wins, there is small danger of the Bryans having undue influence in the White House. While we have special reason for admiring W. J. Bryan, we think him the unsafest of politicians,

and at his worst in this campaign.

### LaFollette and Wheeler

LaFollette and his crowd of self seekers would change things all around in these United States of ours. It is said that Soviet Russia favors his ideas. Fine! Wouldn't it be just splendid if the down-trodden workers in this country, riding in some fifteen million automobiles and living on a scale far higher than that enjoyed by any other laborers in the world; wouldn't it be fine if they could but adopt the Russian plan and starve to death, not even being allowed to leave their country, if they could be fortunate enough to find a way out? "By their fruits ye shall know them." Whatever may have been the former condition of Russia, her last state is most assuredly far worse than her first. The Soviet government is a dismal, famine-stricken, unhappy, Godless failure. Do we want to taste of it over here? There are people who evidently would, people who have no desire to let well enough alone.

—*Woodsville Times*

Democratic leaders are almost weeping over the defection of Senator Wheeler of Montana, all the more so because they exploited him as such a hero when he was broadcasting "Roxie Stinson's bedtime stories," the filth offered up by Gaston B. Means and others of that like. They knew all the time just what Wheeler was and they are only getting what they deserve when he turns and bites them. Wheeler announces that he will run on the ticket with LaFollette. They will receive the support of all the I. W. W's., anarchists, Socialists and a few honest but misguided citizens.

—*Claremont Advocate*



## Maybe

Coolidge and Dawes, Davis and Bryan and LaFollette and Wheeler is the order in which the final outcome of the November election will terminate, according to our firm belief.

—*Republican Champion*

## The Next Governor

His Excellency, Governor Fred H. Brown, has finally decided to run for the governorship of the state for the second term, which establishes a precedent, as no governor has ever attempted to attain this office for two terms since the two years' term has been in existence. He is unopposed by any other candidate from the Democratic party in the primaries, but will be obliged to put up a stiff fight to win in the November election from the successful candidate of the Republican party, Major Frank Knox or Captain John G. Winant.

—*Republican Champion*

The Republicans have two candidates for the gubernatorial nomination. Both are good fellows. Either would make an acceptable governor.

The principal qualifications of one are that he was a good soldier, has had a broad and successful business training, and six years of legislative experience in both branches of the legislature.

The noticeable qualifications of the other are that he was a good soldier, went to Cuba in '98, and can tell entertaining stories about his friend Helen Maria Dawes.

—*Milford Cabinet*

Calvin Coolidge probably does not know it, but he has set the stage for the gubernatorial candidacy of Capt. John G. Winant. As people think nationally so are they likely to think in the consideration of state offices. Notwithstanding the proven ability of Calvin Coolidge, it is not

his ability so much as his resolute courage and unwavering honesty that makes him the most outstanding American figure to-day. So it might be said of John G. Winant. No one questions his native ability or the adequacy of his training, but standing out even more conspicuously than either of these are his undisputed honesty, his sincerity of purpose and strength of personal character.

—*Peterboro Transcript*

## Qualified by Experience

Step by step ran the yarn motto that adorned the wall of the front room in the household of our childhood. Those three short words contain in supercondensed form the whole story of the naturally ordered course of any walk of life, but it nowhere adapts itself more nicely than to a career of politics.

Those who aspire to heights of statesmanship do well to follow the natural course of promotion. Such has been the policy of Capt. John G. Winant in his political aspirations. He put his foot on the bottom round of the political ladder in 1917 by serving ward seven, Concord, in the house of representatives. Appreciating his aptitude for legislative service, the voters of the Ninth senatorial district chose him to represent them in the upper branch of the legislature in 1921. He again saw legislative service in the house in the chaotic session of 1923.

Legislative experience is the least dispensable of any of the elements of preparation for the governorship. A "good business man" may be amply equipped for high office, but not necessarily so. A good lawyer might make a good preacher, but such a transformation would involve reckless chances.

—*Peterborough Transcript*

# NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

## FRANK PROCTOR

Frank Proctor, one of Franklin's most distinguished and beloved citizens, died at his home on Monday, July 7th.

Mr. Proctor was born in Derry, Sept. 18, 1856, the son of Alexis and Emma Gage Proctor. In 1863 the family moved to Franklin. He received his education in the Franklin schools, graduating later from Kimball Union Academy, and Dartmouth College.

After his college career he studied law for a year with Daniel Barnard, but gave up his aspirations in that direction to enter the National Bank as cashier. At the time of his death he had served 45 years in that capacity. On the death of his father in 1915 he was elected to take his father's place as Treasurer of the Savings Bank, which position he held at the time of his death.

Mr. Proctor had been treasurer of the City of Franklin ever since it adopted its present form of government, and was treasurer of the town for several years before that time. He served the city for about ten years on the Park Commission.

He was a man of wide attainment and varied abilities. He wrote well, both prose and poetry. He was extremely fond of books and spent much time in his carefully selected library. He was, perhaps, more widely known for his deep interest in Indian lore, having a large collection of Indian relics, which today ranks as one of the largest and finest collections of Indian relics in existence, many of these relics having been found in his own garden and across the river in what is now Odell Park.

Mr. Proctor was gifted with a very keen sense of humor and had an unusual talent for story telling. He was a great lover of nature, taking a great interest in geology.

In politics he was a Republican. He was a member of the Unitarian church and for several years served as trustee. He is survived by one sister and one brother.

## OLIVER L. FRISBEE

Ex-State Senator Oliver L. Frisbee, one of Portsmouth's most prominent citizens and widely known throughout the state, died at his home on July 9th.

Mr. Frisbee was born on Gerrish Island, Kittery Point, Maine, April 14, 1856, being a descendant of a family prominent in American history since Colonial days.

He was educated at the New Hampton Literary Institution, Nichols Latin School of Lewiston, Maine, and Bates College. Upon graduating from College he went into the hotel business and successfully managed several hotels in this vicinity and in the South. He finally gave up this work in order to go to Europe to continue his studies and did some very notable research work for which Bates College rewarded him with the degree of A. M. in 1875 for "eminent success in business, and proficiency in the studies of genealogy, heraldry and colonial history."

In the later years of his life he successfully engaged in the real estate business.

Mr. Frisbee was active in several organizations, being a leading member of the Hotel Men's Mutual Benefit Association and one of the organizers of the John Paul Jones club.

He came into political prominence in 1916 as a follower of Theodore Roosevelt. He enjoyed the distinction of being a close friend of Roosevelt, and had been his guest both at the White House and at Oyster Bay. He served in the House of Representatives in 1911 and in the State Senate in 1921.

He is survived by his widow, one son, and two brothers.

## GEORGE D. BARRETT

Ex-Mayor George D. Barrett died on July 20th at his home in Dover, at the age of 59 years. For the past thirty years he had been one of Dover's most influential citizens.

He was born in Edmeston, N. Y., and received his education at Colgate University. On coming to Dover in 1894 he established a large insurance and real estate agency. He was secretary of the Dover Co-operative Bank, which he was instrumental in starting, and a member of the Dover Commercial club.

He was a Republican and was twice elected mayor. As a member of the 1921 Legislature, he advocated a bill for the creation of a new city charter which failed passage.

Mr. Barrett was one of the founders and first president of the Cocheco Country Club. He was a member of Moses Paul Lodge of Masons. He is survived by his widow and one daughter.

## JOHN C. NUTTER

John C. Nutter of Somersworth passed away on July 16th at his home in Somersworth.

John Canney Nutter was Somersworth's "Grand Old Man." He was born in the town of Farmington, August 25, 1835, receiving his education in the district school at Merrill's Corner, and at the Moses Brown School, Providence, R. I.

For a time he taught school, and then learned the carpenter's trade, at which he worked for some years at North Weare. Later on he was in business at Winchester, N. H., and at Springfield, Mass., coming from there to Somersworth in 1867, where he engaged in the sash and blind business, under the firm name of G. W. Hubbard & Co. Later the business was moved to Berwick. Mr. Nutter retired from business life in his 80th year, but in no sense did he give up his interests and activities, for up to within two weeks of his death, he maintained his lifelong habits of industry, working in his garden, in which he took great delight, and attending to many little duties about the place. His faculties remained exceptionally keen, and he remembered clearly very many incidents of the long ago.

## THE HOSPITAL CAT

BY MILO E. BENEDICT

(Written at the Hospital)

To little Miss E. L., a youthful St. Francis who numbers among her favored friends many birds and animals, bees and butterflies.

Swiftly she came in my room  
Following Bridget's broom,  
Then darted immediately out  
Like a detective scout.  
Mysterious bouncing creature,  
Seemed but a dark streak  
Without feature.  
Excitement seemed slack,  
For I was flat on my back,  
And I pled: "Oh, bring in the noble cat!"  
"No medicine quite like that!"  
But days passed heavily by  
And but twice did I hear kittie cry.  
Then one day a saintly nurse,  
Seenig my pulse was no worse,  
Thought of a fine innovation—  
"For your table  
"Here's a live decoration!"  
Next to the tall vase of flowers  
Which lightened my long drawn hours,  
She placed the dear cat on all fours.  
'Twas like handling me all-out-doors!  
For a helper so adept  
Hippocrates would have wept.  
Such cool, philosophic attitude!  
No cant, homily, or platitude!  
"Use cat sense and you'll be well."  
That's all kittie had to tell.  
Much wisdom in a lump!  
Then she showed me how to jump.  
(Hear that musical thump  
As her feet hit the floor?  
All sound to the core!)  
And I marvelled there at.  
Oh! the wonder of a cat!  
When shall I jump like that?



# HISTORY

## of the Town of Sullivan, New Hampshire

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The exhaustive work entitled, "History of the Town of Sullivan, New Hampshire," two volumes of over eight hundred pages each, from the settlement of the town in 1777 to 1917, by the Rev. Josiah Lafayette Seward, D. D.; and nearly completed at the time of his death, has been published by his estate and is now on sale, price \$16.00 for two volumes, post paid.

The work has been in preparation for more than thirty years. It gives comprehensive genealogies and family histories of all who have lived in Sullivan and descendants since the settlement of the town; vital statistics, educational, cemetery, church and town records, transfers of real estate and a map delineating ranges and old roads, with residents carefully numbered, taken from actual surveys made for this work, its accuracy being unusual in a history.

At the time of the author's death in 1917, there were 1388 pages already in print and much of the manuscript for its completion already carefully prepared. The finishing and indexing has been done by Mrs. Frank B. Kingsbury, a lady of much experience in genealogical work; the printing by the Sentinel Publishing Company of Keene, the binding by Robert Burlen & Son, Boston, Mass., and the work copyrighted (Sept. 22, 1921) by the estate of Dr. Seward by J. Fred Whitcomb, executor of his will.

The History is bound in dark green, full record buckram, No. 42, stamped title, in gold, on shelf back and cover with blind line on front cover. The size of the volumes are 6 by 9 inches, 2 inches thick, and they contain 6 illustrations and 40 plates.

Volume I is historical and devoted to family histories, telling in an entertaining manner from whence each settler came to Sullivan and their abodes and other facts concerning them and valuable records in minute detail.

Volume II is entirely devoted to family histories, carefully prepared and containing a vast amount of useful information for the historian, genealogist and Sullivan's sons and daughters and their descendants, now living in all parts of the country, the genealogies, in many instances, tracing the family back to the emigrant ancestor.

The index to the second volume alone comprises 110 pages of three columns each, containing over twenty thousand names. Reviewed by the New York Genealogical and Biographical Record and the Boston Transcript.

Sales to State Libraries, Genealogical Societies and individuals have brought to Mr. Whitcomb, the executor, unsolicited letters of appreciation of this great work. Send orders to

J. FRED WHITCOMB, Ex'r.  
45 Central Square, Keene, N H.

Vol. 56. No. 9

SEPTEMBER 1924

# THE GRANITE MONTHLY



SCHOOL DAYS

In This Issue---NEW HAMPSHIRE'S FRATERNITIES

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# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

## A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE

Published Monthly at Concord, N. H.

By THE GRANITE MONTHLY COMPANY

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### THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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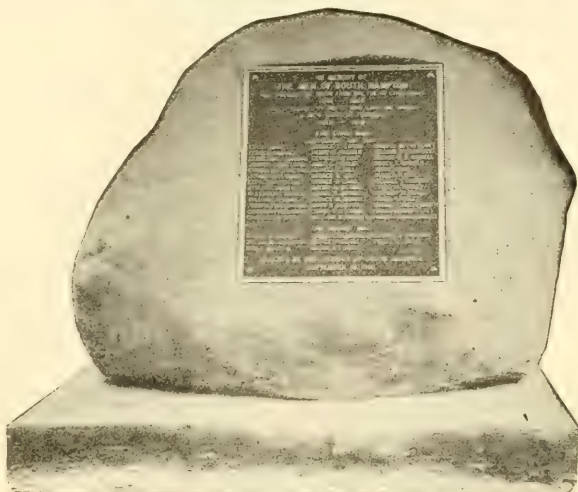
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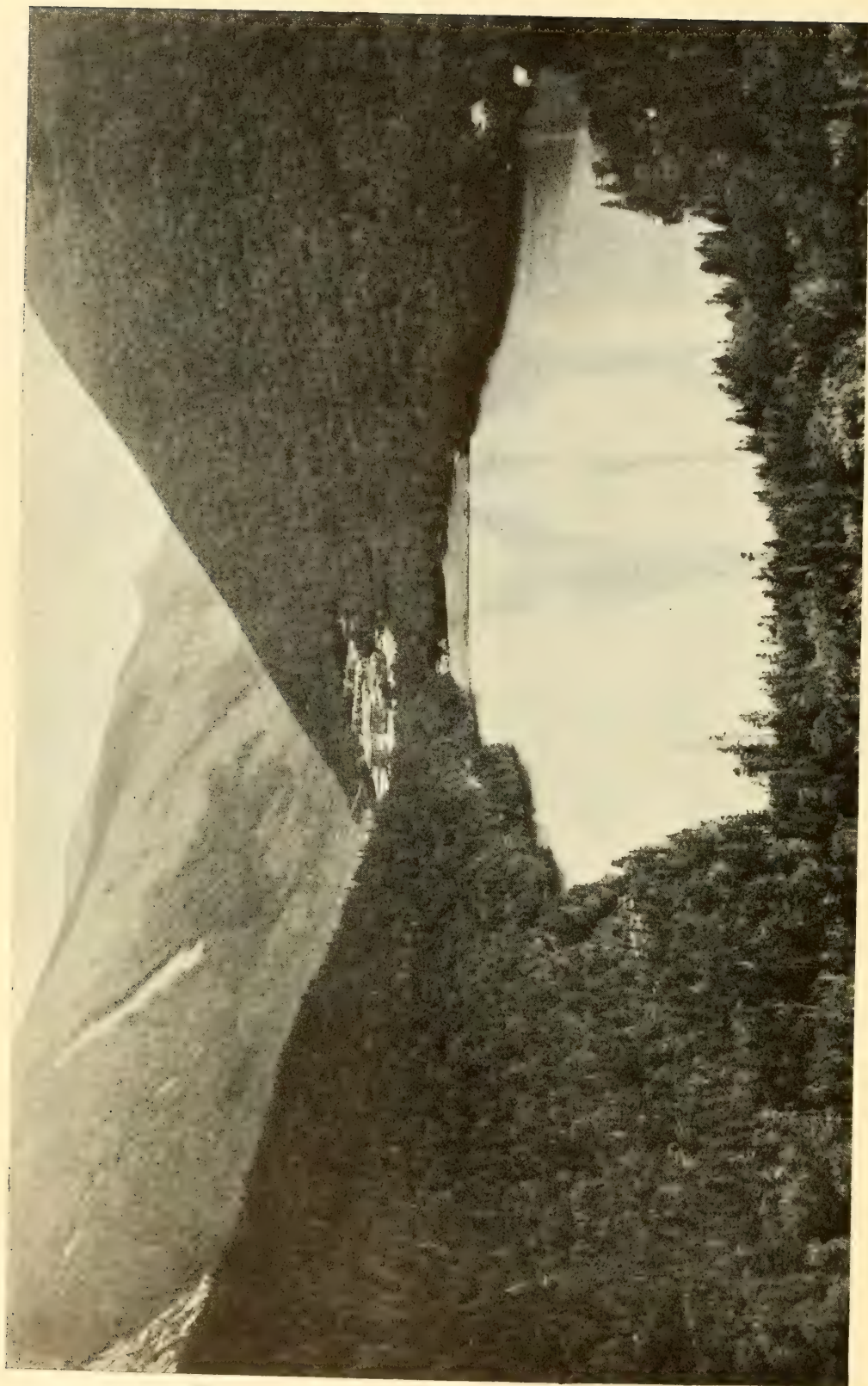
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A NEW HAMPSHIRE BEAUTY SPOT

# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

Vol. 56



No. 9

SEPTEMBER 1924

## THE MONTH IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

**I**N the month of August all New Hampshire was on the move. It seemed so if you looked at the highways morning, noon or night. It seemed so if you read the state news. It seemed so if you visited the state house and heard from the state treasurer that the gasoline tax receipts were breaking all records and from the commissioner of motor vehicles that his registrations for the year were approaching the 70,000 mark.

This latter official would tell you that there were too many cars and too many drivers licensed and that he proposed to keep off the highways cars whose operation was dangerous to those who rode in them and to others as well; and that he was determined to reform the manners and improve, so far as he could by executive orders, the mentality of some drivers. Bathing girls on the windshields and petting parties on the front seats have been among the especial recent troubles of the commissioner. The drunken driver continues to be a dangerous nuisance and the terrible penalty often visited upon recklessness or heedlessness was illustrated anew during the past month when a party of six lost their lives upon a Coos county railroad crossing. Every city and summer resort and almost every village has its automobile parking problem.

Where were all these folks going in

New Hampshire in August? To the mountains and the lakes and the beaches. To Old Home Day gatherings and camp-meetings and soldiers' reunions and political rallies and county fairs and Farm Bureau and Pomona Grange field meetings. Some rode with serious intent and more were just on pleasure bent. But they rode and they rode and they rode, all of them.

However, the stockholders of the Suncook Valley Railroad, disowned as an unprofitable branch by the Boston & Maine, which has been operating it under contract, believe there is still business for the iron horse, and they have arranged to continue the operation of the road as one of the smallest steam traffic entities in the country.

Old Home Week of 1924 was as successful as any of its 25 predecessors. With the exception of the celebration at Newcastle of the 150th anniversary of the first overt act of the Revolutionary War, the capture of Fort William and Mary, the observances of the week were simple and unpretentious, but genuinely enjoyable. Some of them were accompanied by the dedication of soldiers' memorials. And, by the way, the great bronze tablet bearing the names of the state's dead in the World War was placed in position last month in the rotunda of the state house, where it occupies a suitably prominent place, just opposite the

main entrance. On this line, Old Home Week visitors and other travellers in the Connecticut valley had their attention called to the bronze tablet which C. N. Vilas of New York and Alstead has placed upon the Great Rock in Langdon, calling attention to the fame of John Langdon, Revolutionary patriot, for whom the town was named.

The great reunion of the year in New Hampshire followed Old Home Week and had its location on The Weirs campground where the veterans of three wars gathered in large numbers at Camp J. N. Patterson, whose name honored the memory of the last general officer in the Civil War from New Hampshire to pass away. National Commander Quinn of the American Legion recognized the encampment by his presence. Dr. Robert O. Blood of Concord was elected president of the Veterans' Association under whose auspices the reunion is held and which this year has completed arrangements for purchasing the campground grove itself from the Boston & Maine railroad. The state now aids the association in keeping up the plant.

Another noteworthy fraction of the month was Farmers' and Homemakers' Week at Durham with a remarkable program, culminating in a clever pageant. Good attendance and much interest were reported, also, from the sectional agricultural gatherings of the month, the Farm Bureau and Pomona Grange field meetings and the orchard tours.

The protracted drought required the issuance by Governor Brown during the month of a proclamation closing the woodlands of the state, except in Coos county, to hunters, fishermen, berry pickers and others. As has been the case in other years, however, the appearance of the proclamation was soon followed by some good rains which allowed the lifting of the ban. Thanks to the excellent system of forest fire detection and prevention instituted by the state forestry department, the losses from this cause

are growing less each year. One sad result of this season's drought, however, was the failure of brook trout fishing, many favorite waters disappearing entirely as the days and weeks passed without rain.

Roy A. Haynes, national director of prohibition law enforcement, visited New Hampshire during the month and expressed himself as much pleased with the situation in this state as regards obedience to the constitutional amendment and the Volstead act. His praise of the state director under the federal law, Rev. Jonathan S. Lewis was unstinted. Soon after his departure Rev. O. W. Craig, state commissioner of prohibitory law enforcement, announced the appointment of four deputy commissioners, indicating that he still finds considerable work to do in keeping intoxicating liquor out of illegal New Hampshire possession. Rev. Joseph H. Robbins, closing his long service as superintendent of the New Hampshire Anti-Saloon League, had the largest per capita receipts in his records at the services which he conducted in Jaffrey on the final Sunday of his incumbency.

The "summer folks" had lots of fun in New Hampshire in August, as to which the natives could say, all of it we saw and of some of it we were a part. There was a horse show at Dublin and a dog show at Salem and a flower show at Bristol; regattas at Sunapee, stage-coaching at Rye and golf and tennis everywhere. At Mariarden and the Outdoor Players, Peterborough, they played all sorts of things from "Hamlet" to "Fashion," with a Finnish tragedienne and Paul Robeson, the negro star, among the special attractions. There was Denishawn dancing at Portsmouth and the American Astronomical Association met at Hanover. Chautauquas, campmeetings and summer schools were thicker than horse trots and almost as thick as baseball games.—H. C. P.



# THE NEW HAMPSHIRE PRIMARY

"A new era in the Republican Party" some called the Republican nomination of Captain John G. Winant.

"An opportunity to permanently re-unite all elements in the Republican party under the leadership of Capt. Winant," was the comment of another on the outcome of the most interesting contest in the 1924 Primary.

THE vote at the Primary was smaller than it has been for the past two elections. The torrential rains and electrical storm that broke over the State on the day of the primary contributed to that result.

The chief interest lay in the contest between Major Knox and Captain Winant for the Republican gubernatorial nomination. Major Knox was the organization candidate, and had the support of many prominent politicians both men and women throughout the State. He was well known at the outset of this campaign as the enterprising and successful editor of the Manchester Union. Through its columns he has advocated and promoted many movements and enterprises in the interests of New Hampshire. He was known as a ready and able speaker, a man of many personal contacts and one who creates a favorable impression.

Captain Winant, on the other hand, was unknown in many sections of the state, a diffident speaker, and lacking the contacts and support of representatives of the organization in many communities. His nomination by a majority of about 2000 therefore has a broader significance than is attached to most primary contests.

With such a background both candidates made an active campaign, but of a very different type. Captain Winant avoided all personalities and made his appeal principally through frank and open discussion of issues. He early announced his position on all the controversial issues and advocated a liberal and specific platform. While Major Knox, avoiding discussion of issues or platforms, made his campaign on lines of personal contact, hand-shaking and speeches before various gatherings.

## WHAT ELECTED CAPTAIN WINANT

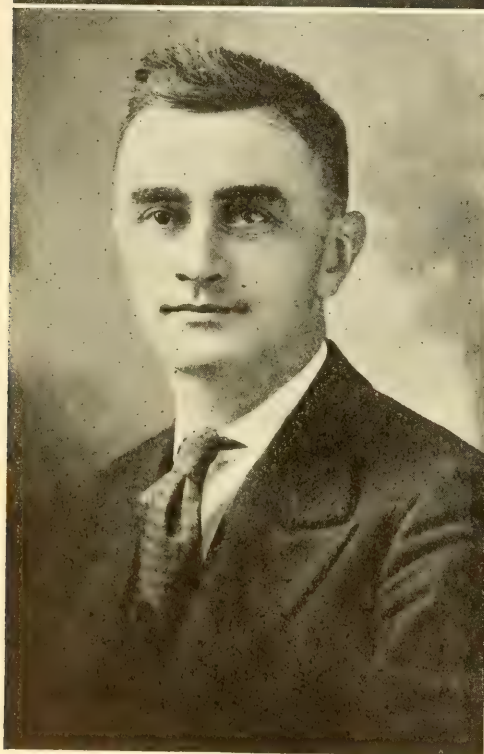
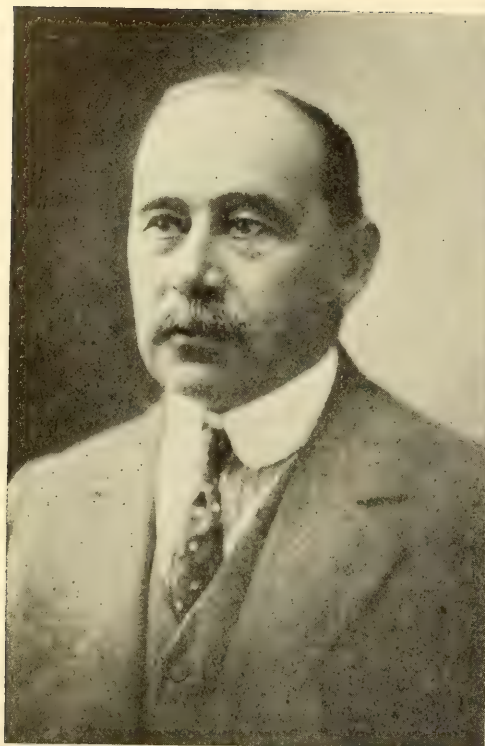
Because of these two utterly different types of campaign the more specific points of contention:—the 48 hour working week for women and children, tax equalization, etc., were overshadowed by the question as to whether the voters should require candidates publicly to state their position on issues before the Primary and before the Party Platform is drafted. This question became the chief issue between the two candidates, and probably was the most important single factor contributing to Captain Winant's success.

To offset Major Knox's support by a large proportion of the Republican organization, Captain Winant had the backing of a large number of enthusiastic young men who had not previously been active in politics and who worked ardently for Captain Winant because they believed in the kind of politics he stood for.

Also large groups of women, many of the more progressive farmers, and the bulk of the Republican members of the labor organizations voted for Capt. Winant because of the issues he advocated, such as Child Labor, Temperance, educational measures, and better industrial conditions. The support of these various elements, his open and frank campaign, joined with the active help of some of the well known men of our state, such as Ex-Governor Rolland Spaulding, Ex-Governor Robert P. Bass, Hon. Windsor H. Goodnow, and others, account for this surprising and somewhat unexpected victory.

## THE NEXT IMPORTANT POLITICAL EVENT

But the primaries of 1924 are now



# THE REPUBLICAN TICKET

For U. S. Senator—Henry W. Keyes  
For Cong. 1st Dist—Fletcher Hale

For Governor—John G. Winant  
For Cong. 2nd Dist. Edward H. Wason





THE DEMOCRAT TICKET

For U. S. Senator—George E. Farrand  
For Cong. 1st Dist.—Wm. N. Rogers

For Governor—Fred H. Brown  
For Cong. 2nd Dist.—Wm. H. Barry



passed into history, we must turn our eyes to the future.

The Republican State Convention at which Party Platform is drafted is to be held on Sept. 18th. The Republican Party has here an opportunity greatly to strengthen its position in New Hampshire by full co-operation with Capt. Winant and his supporters. For this purpose the Convention should do two things:

1st. Draft the kind of platform which will enable Captain Winant to bring to the party his full strength. Otherwise his support will be personal and will not permanently strengthen the party. This the delegates at the convention may well do not merely on account of party expediency, but because Captain Winant made his campaign on those issues, and which should therefore be incorporated in the Platform. For Captain Winant was relatively unknown and his victory at the polls must be interpreted largely as an endorsement by the voters of the things he advocated and the kind of a campaign he waged.

2nd. Give Captain Winant an organization which will enable him to wage a successful campaign. The Party needs new young blood. Winant has the following. The way to attach this younger element permanently to the party is by giving these young men recognition and some responsibility in the party organization.

#### PRESIDENT OF THE SENATE

Another rather dramatic victory of these primaries was that of Charles W. Tobey who in a three cornered fight won the Republican nomination for state Senator in the 12th district. In Greenville he received every vote cast, and in Mount Vernon, Mason, and Temple, all but one. Like Captain Winant, Mr. Tobey's greatest successes were in his home towns. He is now a candidate for the Presidency of the Senate.

Others mentioned for this office are Frederick I. Blackwood of Concord, Harold M. Smith of Portsmouth and Frank P. Tilton of Laconia.

#### PARTY METHODS

Though the Republican primary vote was small it was overwhelmingly large as compared to the Democratic. And here is found an interesting contrast between Democratic and Republican party methods.

The Democrats settled many of their differences behind closed doors. Except in a few instances, the Democratic nominees for leading offices were largely chosen by party leaders before the primaries. There was therefore practically no contest in the Democratic primaries, hence a very light vote.

The Republicans, on the other hand, had with the exception of the United States Senatorship, contests for almost every major office in the state. Differences of opinion as to who should be the Republican nominees were not settled by the party leaders, but were left to the voters at the primaries.

#### THE NOVEMBER ELECTION

In spite of the fact that for the past two years New Hampshire has been under a Democratic administration, and that the Democrats could probably have no more popular or able candidate for governor than Fred H. Brown, yet, if we were to venture a prophecy to-day, it would be that New Hampshire will go Republican in November. For the Democrats will undoubtedly be weakened by two important factors:—First, because of Captain Winant's appeal to large groups of liberal and independent voters, and, on account of his platform, even to numbers of Democrats; and secondly, because of a substantial number of the radical element in the Democratic party which will go to Senator LaFollette. This, joined with President Coolidge's immense popularity throughout New England would seem to point toward a Republican victory this fall in New Hampshire.—*The Editors.*

# INTER MARRIAGE AND TOWN DEGENERACY

By L. E. RICHWAGEN

**I**N a small town not far from the state capital, an unkempt man with clothes tattered and grimy, a week's growth of beard on his chin, slowly plods along, snapping his whip occasionally at the yoke of oxen leisurely drawing a load of hay on a two-wheeled cart. Encourage him to converse, and he will resort to the generalities common in a child of 12 or 14 years. "No, the hay ain't all in. Yes, it look like rain," are the limits of his contributions to a lively conversation.

His name? It is that of an influential, revered family that lived in the same village in the years gone by. It is the name of revolutionary heroes and leaders in the Union army. One of New Hampshire's most notable statesmen, to say nothing of a long line of distinguished lawyers, physicians and congressmen, bore the identical name a few generations ago. And the man driving the yoke of oxen, ignorant to the extreme, with an intelligence bordering on feeble-mindedness, is a member of the same family as these illustrious forerunners.

A survey of the town shows that there are many others of the original family still about. What of them? Do they carry on the notable work of the family progenitors? Do they continue the work of their forefathers in the fields of medicine, law and politics? The tragedy is, they do not. The historical name that once aroused reverence, respect and often fear now is a means of identifying day laborers on the farms, the hirelings, the ne'er do wells.

True, some of the descendants of the original family have left the New Hampshire home and become more or less successful in other places, yet, their fame is not heralded very far beyond their immediate vicinity. Moreover, they are but one branch of the original family, and, not being numerous, can not hope to blot out the stigma placed on the historical name by the existence of the intellectually inferior members re-

maining in the first settlement. The family which was once powerful, making its influence felt in the state and in the nation, has slowly degenerated into a powerless family composed of individuals who are sometimes a menace, sometimes of no account and rarely of any social value.

Alarming as this condition is to an outsider who expected to see in the descendants of this renowned family a class of respected townspeople living more or less in the position of dignitaries, to the village people it means nothing. Some of the old family men hold town office, and inform outsiders of that fact when the occasion arises, or is made to arise. They work side by side with men of other degenerate families and proudly boast of their descent from New England's earliest settlers. It is the only basis on which they can rest distinction—if such it can be termed.

Other large families with several scores of males perpetuating the family name live in the village. They have degenerated as has the first family until their names have become merely a handy method of appellation to designate various of the manual laborers who can safely be trusted not to evolve any innovations. One of these families, for convenience call them Burons, whose ancestors were cultured and intellectual settlers coming over from England at the time of the Mayflower's arrival, are still living in the glamour of an estimable past. They married and intermarried, with cousins marrying cousins, aunts, or other relatives. After lapses of a generation or two, some one else in the family would intermarry and so the process continued. An effort to trace the family history becomes a hopeless quest only attempted by those who have a morbid interest in complex genealogies.

Obviously, the result of such intermarriage is degeneracy, Mendel's law

works with frightful accuracy, and with these families it makes no exceptions. Inherited traits, such as feeble-mindedness, are recessively existent in many people, but they do not come to light ordinarily because the person with a recessive character has mated with another having the same character to bring it out in the following generations. If two members of the same family mate, the recessive characters are pretty certain to become dominant in some of their children. So, a Buron marrying a Buron would have one-fourth of their children normal, one-fourth with the undesirable trait (feeble-mindedness) and two-fourths apparently normal but carrying the undesirable trait to transmit to their children. Only the one-fourth normal children are free from this dread inheritance.

In the many New Hampshire towns, intermarriage has been a common occurrence and the toll of the practice can be reckoned by the number of feeble-minded and morons that inhabit the village, or are inmates in institutions.

Up in the mountain district of the state, in a small town isolated from any large settlement, or from practically any outside influence for generation after generation, the same degeneracy exists but in an exaggerated manner. Two or three of the original families have intermarried and live together in their pent-up community. The manners and customs of these mountaineers is closely parallel to those of the Kentucky Mountaineers before the coal mines were opened bringing an influx of railroads, with foreigners closely behind. None in the settlement could be called brilliant, for they have been weeded out through intermarriage and exodus, leaving only the feeble minded, the dull and the ignorant. It is claimed by a reliable authority that the men still use muzzle loading shotguns and still argue over the disputed election between Hayes and Tilden, back in 1876, just as though it had occurred at the last election. Because of his queer appearance and individual-

ity, an Ossipee mountaineer can be recognized wherever he is.

In another town near the coast, half the population is made up of degenerates. From a check list of 450 voters who cast their ballots at the last election, seven family names are outstanding, the voters by those names casting 276 out of the total 450 votes for the town.

Designating the names by their first letters, the following table indicates the number of voters by the same name who have a vote in the town:

E .....	78
D .....	55
F .....	48
Ch. ....	30
Be. ....	20
K. ....	18
Br. ....	15
Bo. ....	12
Total .....	276

There are many other towns, especially in the northern part of the state, where the same conditions of intermarriage and consequent degeneracy have resulted. In one town, a normal individual carrying a lead pipe in his hand saw a moron descendant of a once leading family who occasionally did work for him. He called to him, "Charley!" and Charley jumped behind a woodpile at the side of the road. The farmer called to him again, but Charley only hid the deeper in the woodpile. The farmer growing impatient swore, "Come want you to work for me." Charley took a peep from behind his shelter, "Put up that gun," he implored frantically, "and I'll think about it."

Charley was just a little worse than those in the village who laughed at him. In many of the small towns, a stranger is gazed on suspiciously and has an uncomfortable life until he leaves the place. A man, wishing to have the loan of a book from one of the most normal of a degenerate family, called at his tumbled down house. The man, it seemed,



was working in the field under the shadow of a lofty peak, scything away with four helpers. Not knowing which of the five was the man he wanted, the book-seeker stumbled over rocks and through tangling vines to the first of the line of workers. The five worked on silently, glumly surveying the newcomer over their eyebrows. "Mr. Smith?" the first worker was asked. He paused long enough to indicate over his shoulder someone in the rear, and continued his mowing. The second man followed the example of the first, pointed over his shoulder, and continued his mowing. The process continued until the last man was reached, Mr. Smith. After an hour's conversation, with much deliberation on the part of Mr. Smith, the stranger was informed that he could not be loaned the book he had travelled 10 miles to borrow.

In that field, mowing straggling blades of dwarfed grass growing among the rocks and weeds, in that field where "made" hay was raked by hand, and where the workers' actions seemed so queer, were two representatives to the General Court and two town officers.

Almost anyone in these many degenerate towns may vote and, thanks to democracy, their votes count as much as the vote of the ablest in the land. Cases are cited where dull voters are instructed to vote in such a way as to make their ballots go for the wrong man. It is not strange that this condition should exist for the morality of a place depends upon the viewpoint of its inhabitants. So, it is permissible for the feeble-minded to vote and, what is far worse, it is permissible for the feeble-minded to marry, though the state law expressly forbids it. When one reflects that only one of their kind would ever marry a feeble-minded person, and that all of the offspring of two mental defectives must necessarily be defective, the consequences resulting from a lax public sentiment can be seen in their alarming nakedness.

Educate the people, some would say,

and thereby remedy conditions. This is a difficult procedure when there are two classes of people to contend with, those who are not educable and those who do not wish to be educated. From the town cited of 450 voters, no boy or girl has gone to college for over 20 years. The same public sentiment that permits the marriage of mental defectives, laughs at the attempts of a truant officer to compel their children to attend school in compliance with the law. The truant officer shrugs his helplessness and executes his office on the one or two foreigners who dare to take their children from the schools for a day's work. The people cannot be educated through example for there are not enough willing to live in these towns, and who have the necessary equipment to live an example, to make any appreciable dent in the accepted public opinion.

Weed out the unfit, is another possible remedy for the steady degeneration of the towns. Theoretically, the idea is sound. Through the medium of the schools, all the children could be given mental tests which have proven reliable methods of measuring intellect. Selecting those children whom the test had shown to be feeble-minded, segregate them, and give them additional tests so that no error might be made. Upon proof of their feeble-mindedness, commit them for life to an institution where they could enjoy all the pleasures of this world except freedom and companionship with those of the opposite sex, two necessary limitations for the general good.

The suggestion of segregating all the feeble-minded in the state was made in 1915 by the Children's Commission appointed by the legislature two years previously. The report of the commission shows that, compared to 947 feeble-minded cared for in various institutions, there were an estimated number of 3,168 at large throughout the state. Thus, the total of both cases in institutions and cases-at-large amounts to

4,115, almost one per cent of the total population.

The report also reveals that feeble-mindedness ranges from the smallest percentage in the most thickly settled county to the largest percentages in the two most remote and thinly settled counties. It points out further that 61.5 per cent of all cases were of American stock. The rest of the cases were distributed among a dozen or more nations.

Practically, experts state, it is almost impossible to segregate all the feeble-minded. On paper, the idea is splendid, without criticism. However, in application the first obstacle met would be the state legislature which would be exceedingly undesirous of appropriating such an enormous sum of money as a plan of wholesale segregation would entail. Secondly, the people are afraid of mental tests even to the most brilliant who secretly harbor the frightened thought that they might somehow be proven mentally feeble. The tests, too, would be difficult to give inasmuch as experienced examiners would be required and hostile parents encountered.

Even were all the feeble-minded to be placed in institutions the morons, just

above the line, are still at large. They are the most serious menace, being as they are not feeble-minded enough to be committed to an institution but so near to it that they have no resistance against temptations. They are the ones who make up the greater part of our criminal and immoral classes. Generally they marry and have large families, thus increasing their kind.

Most all of the towns which have degenerated are naturally isolated, especially those towns that the railroads neglected. This has resulted in a certain provincialism in customs and manners of living that is now reflected in the vast number of people bearing the same name and living in the same town. Through intermarriage, and a general exodus of the brilliant these families have become degenerate. If conditions can not be remedied to any appreciable extent through education, and if segregation of the feeble-minded is not practicable at the present time, what will happen to our rural communities? Will the automobile open up a progressive era of country life, or will it be an opening wedge to worse conditions than have ever existed?

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## FUNERAL

BY ED RICHARDS

The minister had had his say;  
 The carriages were all in line;  
 The helping neighbors went away;  
 And through the house there stole a fine  
 And fragile quietness like glass.  
 A wind of whispering garments played  
 Against it as the searchers pass  
 In black, all sorrowful and staid.  
 Those older ones, they seek him out,—  
 Those tight-nerved ones with hearts as sore.  
 They hear a sob. No more a doubt;  
 They find him here behind the door.

# THE DOUBTFUL VOTERS IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

BY HOBART PILLSBURY

NEW HAMPSHIRE politics are like what Caesar said, All Gaul was divided into three parts. They are the Republicans, the Democrats and the Doubtful Voters. The last named are in a large majority. But, like Jumbo, they do not realize their own strength.

When John G. Sinclair of Portsmouth was a candidate for governor, he sat down one night with the party managers and went over the list of voters in each town. In Raymond, they told him, there were 16 Republicans, 28 Democrats and 104 Doubtful. In Seabrook there were 12 Republicans, 10 Democrats and 245 Doubtful. In Hampton there were 24 Republicans, 20 Democrats and 101 Doubtful. It was carefully explained to him that the idea was to put sufficient currency into circulation among the Doubtful Voters to induce them to support Sinclair for governor.

"By George!" exploded the candidate, "the next time I run, it will be as the candidate of the Doubtful party."

In the present campaign there is no doubt that the Republicans will vote for Winant, the Democrats for Governor Brown. Then there are the minor parties. Who knows their strength? The progressives have plenty of candidates, but what about the poor conservatives who believe in standing pat? The 48-hour vote is all set, but what of the 84-hour element? The dries appear to be satisfied, but the wets are at sea. We have a candidate who appeals to the baseball players and is satisfactory to the tobacco chewers. We have another who won first prize at a cattle show and has his picture taken entirely surrounded by a German police dog. But the golf players, the mountain climbers, the snow shovelers and citizens who believe in daylight saving and moonshine making

—are not these to be conceded to the Doubtful Party?

Gentlemen who have the responsibility of drafting the party platforms should take steps to corral as many as possible of these Doubtful Voters. They should emulate the example of the late Frank Streeter who presented an important plank in a Republican convention once with the explanation:

"This plank, gentlemen of the convention, will take them all in."

For instance, there is a crying need in this state for tax reform. Any political party that really wants some votes should advocate the abolition of taxation. Taxation is one of the most unpopular phenomena that nature has given us. Has Noone the moral courage to strike at the root of this tax business, as Lincoln struck at slavery or as Volstead struck at the Demon Rum? Down with taxes!

There should be a weather plank. The snowstorm which struck the White Mountains September 6, arrived before last winter's snow had melted in the ravines. What is to happen to our summer boarders when New Hampshire becomes a year-round winter resort. Here is a matter that virtually affects the principle industry of the state. If the Republicans and Democrats do not take a stand on it, perhaps LaFollette and Wheeler will.

The automobile problem demands attention. Statistics show that there is only one automobile in this state to five and three-fourths inhabitants. Some of the most deserving poor are without machinery for joyriding. Among those who applied for aid at the office of charities in our leading city, only one in eight owned an automobile! The political parties should take cognizance of such a condition.

A declaration in favor of the resuscitation, rehabilitation, reinstatement and re-



generation of New Hampshire agriculture is also necessary for any political party which intends to get the farmers' votes. This plank should come out boldly for co-operation co-ordination, combination, convergence and co-incidence. The agricultural interests should be protected, even if it takes a constitutional convention to do it.

The Democratic party in New Hampshire should point with pride at Concord

and view with alarm at Washington. The Republican party should view with alarm at Concord and point with pride at Washington. That is in reality, the difference between the two great parties. The third party has a right to be pessimistic about both places.

Is it any wonder that the Doubtful Voters are increasing in numbers, but not as dumb as they were in the days of Franklin Pierce and John P. Hale?

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## A REVERIE

BY LESLIE H. PHINNEY

I have toiled full sixty years amid the boulders  
On the hillsides of this old New England farm;  
    When the maple leaves are dying,  
    When the winter gales are crying,  
I am always looking forward to the Springtime, with its  
    charm.

I have toiled full sixty years to make this farmstead  
Give, for one and all, a meed it scant'ly yields;  
    When the maple buds are swelling,  
    When of love the birds are telling,  
Then I harness Dick and Nellie, and we plough the same old  
    fields.

I have toiled full sixty years to win a harvest,  
That to those I love shall ease and comfort bring;  
    When the swallows high are winging,  
    When the robin's song is ringing,  
I give thanks for strength to labor, and that, once more,  
    it is Spring.

# NEW HAMPSHIRE MASONRY

BY FREDERICK L. BLACKWOOD

A large place in New Hampshire life is given to the activities of the various secret fraternities. It is the purpose of the Granite Monthly to give a short sketch of the work of each in the Granite State. Some appear below, others next month.

THE history of New Hampshire, always of interest to her citizens, would be quite incomplete without some data on the fraternal side of the ledger.

True it is that the Granite State numbers, all told, less than a half million people,—men, women, and children,—yet, for all that, a glance at the rosters of the many secret orders, leads one to believe that a great majority of the inhabitants are affiliated with some secret society. And all of these, I venture to say, have an important bearing on the welfare of the communities wherever situated.

From the standpoint of one who has been a member of the Craft for many years,—having served as the head of several subordinate bodies of the Rite,—it is only natural that Masonry comes closest to the heart of the writer. This does not by any means minimize the importance of those other orders that are instituted throughout the state,—rather, it accentuates the belief that all are potential for the public good and among its votaries may be found many sufficiently well versed in their aims and activities to shed more light to a truth-seeking public.

History at best is rather dry for the average reader to attempt to absorb it. Let us then at the outset have it understood that this article is not a history of Masonry in New Hampshire but a glossary of facts gathered from memory and offered in a rambling way to the readers of the GRANITE MONTHLY.

For the better part of the last two centuries Masonry has played an important role in state and national activities. We of the fraternity like to dwell upon such facts as that many of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, or that some of the most distinguished generals of the Revolutionary War were members of the Craft. There is a supreme satisfaction in the thought that in the shaping of the nation, brotherly love was manifested at every turn and that those who wrought for the good of all were actuated by the spirit with which the lodgeroom is permeated.

Masonry has grown from a small beginning to a wonderful force. St. John's Lodge of Portsmouth was the first to be chartered in this state, in fact it was one of the first to be instituted in the United States and for this reason, if for no other, gives New Hampshire a commanding position among the several jurisdictions.

The archives of the Portsmouth brethren are filled with minutes of interest to everyone who knows the significance of the square and compass. They tell us of men like John Langdon, maker of history, who devoted a life of genuine service to his fellow men,—that Washington and Lafayette were not unknown to them, and that General John Sullivan enjoyed the hospitality of many of their communications.

Masonry in this state traces its advance from this beginning of Lodge institution at Portsmouth. From this beginning there have been added in years

past and up to the present time many branches of the Rite so that to-day there are under the jurisdiction of the Grand Lodge of New Hampshire one hundred distinct Lodges, nearly all of which number in their membership men prominent in the affairs of life,—the grand total of enrollment now being upwards of fifteen thousand.

It might be well to mention three other orders in the state,—not Masonic, but whose pre-requisites demand a relative affiliation with the bodies of the American Rite,—Bektash Temple, A. A. O. N. M. S., the Order of the Eastern Star, and the DeMolay Order for Boys.

Membership in the Shrine is made available through the pre-requisite that



FREDERICK E. EVERETT  
Grand Master

In addition to these hundred lodges, there are also in this state twenty-seven Chapters of Royal Arch Masons, sixteen Councils of Royal and Select Masters, and eleven Commanderies of Knights Templar,—all subordinate to a governing grand body. In the Scottish Rite there are five Lodges of Perfection, five Councils, Princes of Jerusalem, four Chapters of Rose Croix, and the New Hampshire Consistory.

the applicant be either a Knight Templar or a 32<sup>nd</sup> Ancient Accepted Scottish Rite Mason; the pre-requisites for membership in the Order of the Eastern Star are that the applicant must be a Master Mason, or the wife, mother, sister or daughter of a Mason; membership in the DeMolay Order for Boys demands that the petitioner for the degrees must be the son of a Mason or the chum of a Mason's son.



An old custom still in effect in some of the Lodges in the state is that the regular meeting night is governed by the moon's changes. In the early days, when the methods of transportation were crude and many times limited and often the members were obliged to travel a considerable distance to meet with their

"on or before the full of the moon."

It is the rule rather than the exception that Masonic honors fall where due. To itemize those who have labored for the cause of Masonry in the past would require endless space but to those who may read these lines, an article would be incomplete did it not mention such stal-



HARRY M. CHENEY  
Grand Secretary

brethren, a full moon was depended upon to illuminate the way. The modern days of electricity and gas and the universal service which is now obtained by the use of the automobile obviates the necessity of following this old regulation, nevertheless, there are still several of the bodies that hold their meetings

wart exponents of the principles of the Craft as John Franklin Webster, George Perley Cleaves, Horace A. Brown, Frank D. Woodbury, Charles F. Batchelder who have gone to their great reward, leaving behind them a heritage that all might well emulate.

It should never be presumed that the

wheels stop turning by the loss of a member, for the good that men do lives after them. Those old and tried members of the Craft have simply left an example for others to follow, which, in turn, is only a legacy for the next generation.

Those at the head of the symbolic, cap-  
itular, cryptic, and Templar rites in New Hampshire to-day are functioning even as did their illustrious predecessors and if history contains nothing outstanding to record in this present day, yet, Masonic annals will contain a full account of their stewardship.

There are some who may say that no one can ever attain to the heights of some of those who have gone before, nevertheless, time must be the best judge when conditions are so constantly changing, and as the Masonic fraternity is constantly increasing in membership and influence, that, in itself, is sufficient guarantee that there is no backward movement noticeable in the Order.

To give credit, where credit is due, it is only fitting to mention some of those who have climbed to the pinnacle of fraternal success, after years of service. The present presiding officers of the state grand bodies are: Frederic E. Everett, Concord, Grand Master of the Grand Lodge; Eugene P. Hadley, Laconia, Grand High Priest of the Grand Chapter; Joseph B. Bartlett, Derry, Grand Master of the Grand Council; Charles A. Rice, Claremont, Grand Commander of the Grand Commandery; Elmer D. Goodwin, Manchester, Commander-in-Chief of the New Hampshire Consistory; Mrs. Cora C. Reed, Dover, Worthy Grand Matron of the Order of

the Eastern Star; Arthur J. Boutwell, Concord, Potentate of Bektash Temple.

As the Lodge is the foundation of everything Masonic it is to it that the Craft turns when in search of further light. New Hampshire suffers nothing by comparison with other grand jurisdictions as it turns with pride to the one who presides over its destinies,—Frederic E. Everett, Grand Master,—or to him to whom the Grand Master turns in the straightening out of the many details that must confront him on many occasions,—Harry M. Cheney, Grand Secretary. With such men as these at the helm there could be nothing else but harmony and strength in the support of the great institution they represent.

Both are men chosen from the busy walks of life,—the former being a civil engineer by profession and at the head of the state highway commission, and the latter a journalist of reputation before being called to the office of Grand Secretary.

New Hampshire also enjoys the distinction of being one of the first to institute a purely Masonic publication devoted to the interests of the Craft, and it is without a jot or title of embarrassment that the writer calls this to the attention of the readers of the Granite Monthly. The New Hampshire Masonic Bulletin has already, in its four years of existence, proven its worth.

Such in brief is an outline of one branch of fraternity life in the state,—an Order that has stood the test of ages and whose chief characteristics of charity, hospitality and brotherly love have emblazoned their way throughout the world.

## NEW HAMPSHIRE ODD FELLOWSHIP

By WILLIAM WESTON, GRAND MASTER

THE early history of New Hampshire Odd Fellowship is not fully known. The first member of the order who came north from the birthplace of American Odd Fellowship

in Baltimore in 1819 has left no record of his interest in the fraternity. It would have been instructive, even at this time, to know his views of a fraternity practicing works of benev-

olence and charity in such measure as to merit the name of "Odd Fellow," because so different from the societies of the time.

It is certain that an increasing num-

ly followed by the institution of others in various parts of the state until now there are one hundred and four lodges with a membership June 30, 1923, of 16,857. White Mountain



ber of these interested in the order began to gather in the larger towns and cities for on September 11, 1843, a lodge was instituted at Nashua. This lodge, Granite, No. 1, was quick-

Lodge of Concord has the largest membership—about 560—and the first lodge instituted, Granite of Nashua, is second with about 450 members.



The Rebekah Degree, a woman's branch of the order, was planned and formed by Schuyler Colfax in 1851 and sanctioned by the Grand Lodge in that year. The first Rebekah lodge was instituted in Nashua as Nashua, No. 1, Dec. 8, 1870. The name of this lodge was afterward changed to Olive Branch Rebekah Lodge, which name it still bears. This branch of the order has prospered and there are now 97 lodges with a membership of nearly 19,000.

Early in the work of the order it was found difficult to care for the members who by reason of age or infirmity were not able to care for themselves. For a time such members were cared for in their own communities by their home lodges. This was not satisfactory and after much deliberation a parcel of land was obtained in the city of Concord and a home adapted for the use of the indigent and feeble. This home has been splendidly supported by the order but will in due time be supplanted by a larger and more commodious structure. It is easy to give approximate figures and historical dates but the complete history of our order can never be written. We may write that the amount expended for the relief of brothers in one year was \$28,867.43, but this is only the financial statement of the relief work of the order. No records are kept of the un-numbered gifts of provisions, clothing, fuel and other necessities of life freely given to aid the needy. Multiply this by the number of years since the institution of the first lodge, with proportionate subtractions, and add to the result the extensive benefactions of the Rebekah degree members and the total of help is a stupendous sum.

In one year—last year—there was paid for watching the sick \$2,678.22  
 Burial of the dead 10,909.07  
 Other charity 5,820.06  
 Making a total for relief, of \$48,271.78

The aid and assistance given to the brethren along financial lines is a very small part of the work of the order. If a complete history of the order were to be written it must of necessity take up the aid given to men and women in the formation of character and the development of that fraternal spirit which leads to a better understanding of the brotherhood of man.

The history of some of the smaller lodges is a record of heroic endeavor. In some of our decadent towns the population has dwindled to the place where there are no young men to take the place of those who have grown old in the service. The history of these lodges shows the same painstaking care in discharging their obligations as is shown by the larger lodges. In one small lodge a brother was taken sick in the winter season. He lived about two miles from the village and farmed in a small way. For two weeks the members of the lodge took turns in going out to his farm each morning and afternoon to care for the stock and do the work that the brother was unable to do. This evidences the true spirit of Odd Fellowship and is typical of the order wherever found.

The history of the Order would not be complete unless mention is made of the property accumulations of the various lodges. Some of the smaller lodges meet in hired halls, but all of the older and larger lodges own their buildings. Some of these buildings are commodious structures and are well equipped for their purpose with large halls and good offices. The money holdings and investments today are about a million dollars. From the small beginnings of 1843 the order has grown largely because it has rendered definite service to humanity along lines where there was genuine need. It was ventured to translate its motto, "Friendship, Love and

Truth," into the language of service—a language easily understood by all, especially by those who receive or witness its manifold benefactions. The history of New England Odd Fellowship is the history of an or-

ganization devoted to works of helpfulness and charity—endeavoring to destroy a few weeds in the garden of life, and plant in their place the seeds that will blossom in friendship, love, truth, faith, hope and charity.

## ORIGIN, HISTORY AND PURPOSES OF THE IMPROVED ORDER OF RED MEN

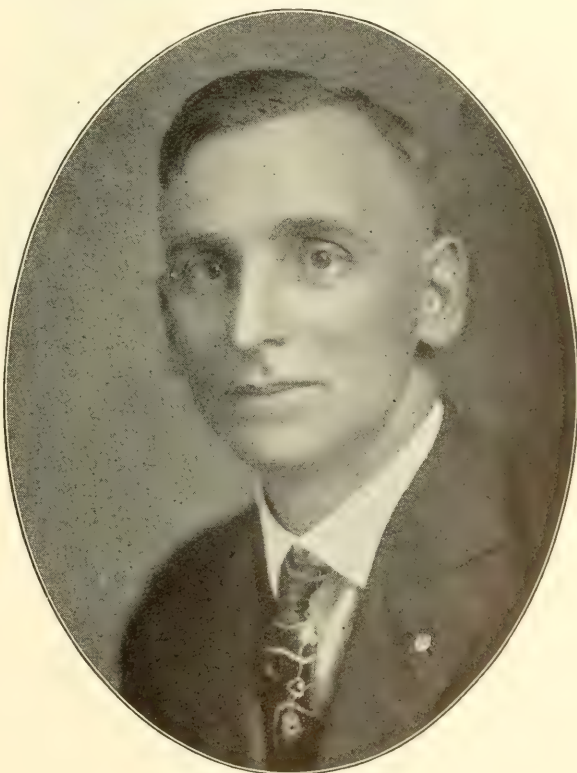
BY HARRIE M. YOUNG

**T**HE question has frequently been asked me, "What is the Improved Order of Red Men and why are you so enthusiastic in its behalf?" As fully as possible within the limits of a magazine article I will answer.

The Improved Order of Red Men is the oldest strictly fraternal order of American origin and teachings. Its birth is co-existent with the birth of the Republic and although in its early stages it did not bear the name by which it is now known we can trace its history with scarcely a break from the year 1762.

Prior to the American Revolution and during that period, also during the war of 1812, there existed many societies, social and patriotic, known as the Sons

of Liberty, Red Men and Sons of St. Tamina. It was the Sons of Liberty who, in 1773, emptied the tea into Boston Harbor.



GEORGE W. HAM  
Great Senior Sagamore, Great Council of N. H.

The early Patriots who founded that society never knew what real American liberty was, they having lived under kings all their lives, and having no vote or voice in some of the most important matters pertaining to their own government. Their first vision of real freedom was caught from the wild savages, who roamed the forest at will

rejoicing in the unrestrained occupation of this great new world; who selected their own sachems and forms of religious worship; and who made their own laws and tribal regulations, which were few

and simple, and only such as were suited to primitive tribal life, while the white men, who came here, were continually followed up and hampered by unreasonable laws and regulations, imposed by a distant king and his local appointees, were denied the right of trial by jury, and were burdened by unjust taxes. They began to chafe under their thralldom and finally when human nature could stand no more they determined to act. The "Boston Tea Party" was the first manifestation of their determination to throw off the yoke, which was later by the Declaration of Independence and the War of the Revolution.

The children of the forest, having furnished the first inspiration of true liberty, and whose paint feathers were used to enable the wearers to escape detection by British sympathizers, it was but natural that the name of the Sons of Liberty should be changed so as to suggest the true cause of its origin and from this grew our present designation, the Improved Order of Red Men.

Originally the watchword was Freedom and the part that these societies played in securing Freedom for the American Colonists is historical. To Freedom was later added, in the need of a broader field, the motto, Friendship,

and brotherly love, shared the interest with patriotism. Later, in 1835, when the order was first incorporated Charity was added so that now we have as our watchword Freedom, Friendship and Charity.

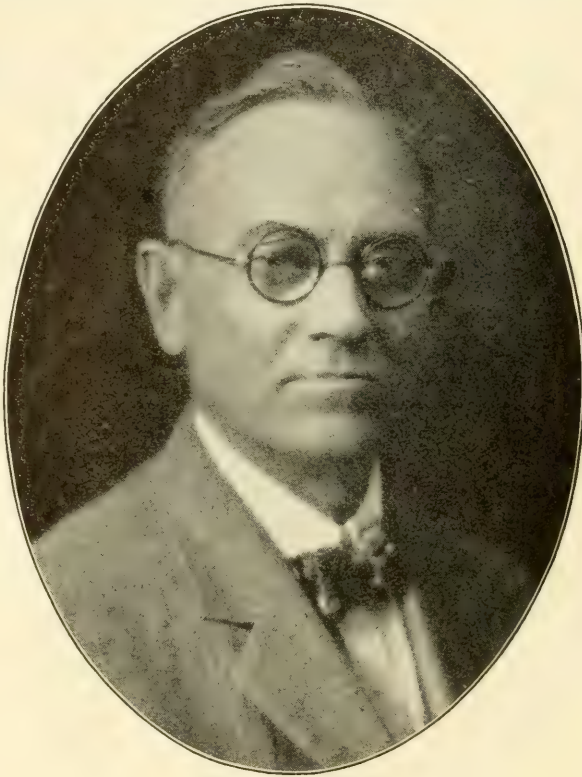
As a fraternity our order claims for its heritage that glorious emblem, Old Glory, and it is a reminder to every member of his pledge to defend the flag of our Union from every danger.

With about 5000 branches, in every State, Territory and Possession of the United States and there only, this fraternity exemplifies the best that is in American manhood. More than half a million members, the flower of this great, industrious, free people, cheerfully give to it their voluntary, loving allegiance.

Its friendship, of fraternity, is the best, purest and strongest and well

worthy of the membership and devotion of all true citizens. It admits to beneficial or non-beneficial membership only white citizens of the United States of eighteen years and upwards and it gets the best.

Its ritualistic ceremonies are purely American, original and distinctive, and give to posterity a demonstration of the best peculiarities of the primitive North American Indian. Founded on the man-



KITT K. STIMSON

Great Junior Sagamore, Great Council of N. H.



ners, customs and traditions of this wonderful aboriginal people, the ritualistic work portrays something original and fascinating, and when faithfully delineated becomes instructive as well as intensely interesting.

We teach the true American citizen, when accepted into our covenant of faith, that the degrees of the Improved Order of Red Men are representative of a race whose ceremonies in their forest homes were elevating and contained lessons that bound them together, as they do us, in bonds of unity and good fellowship.

The Improved Order of Red Men is a secret society, secret in the same sense that the inner life of the home circle is secret, yet there is nothing in its ritual or its laws that debar man or woman on account of creed or nativity. We administer no oath binding you to any religious or political creed; as you enter the wigwam so you depart, a free man. Each member must be a white citizen of the United States, a believer in the Supreme Being, able to earn a livelihood and of good reputation and character. His social standard is not considered so long as he is a true man. It matters not whether he is black with the soot of the forge or clad in the elegance of a prosperous profession.

Strictly fraternal and benevolent in its character, the Order teaches lessons that elevate and instill into the hearts and minds of its members true Friendship, Patriotism and the care of our dependents, as well as the good traits of the aboriginal North American Indian. There are three degrees:

The Adoption degree which exemplifies the primitive Red Man's form of naturalization, through which they compelled their captives to undergo a test

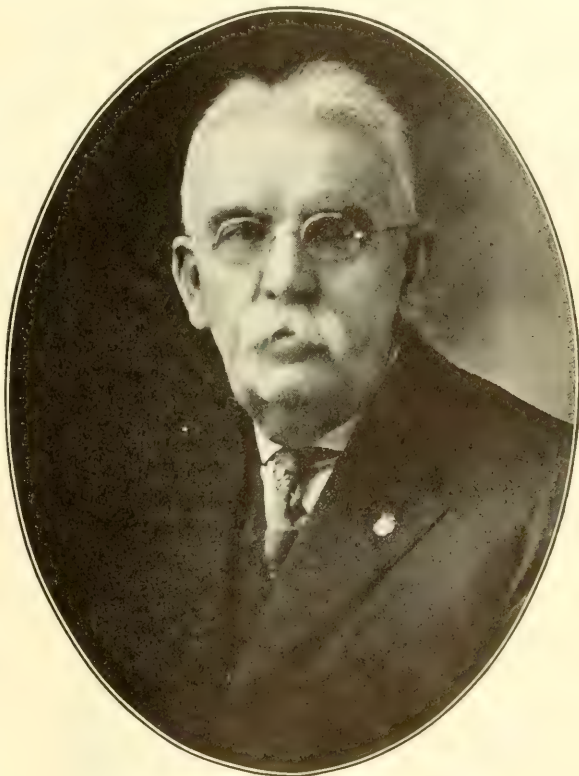
of firmness and power of endurance, and after being so adopted there was extended to them that affection that brothers and relations bear one to the other and all recollections of their former kindred were gradually effaced and they became bound by ties of gratitude to those who had adopted them.

The Warriors' degree illustrating the hunt or

chase wherein was provided sustenance for the tribe and its dependents as well as the manners of the war path.

The Chief's degree which illustrates the religious ceremonies of these primitive men, they being firm believers in the Great Spirit, their beautiful legends showing unbounded faith in a future life and immortality of the soul.

Our charity consists chiefly in this: We visit and care for the sick and dis-



ALBERT WALKER OF CONCORD

abled; We bury the dead; We educate and support indigent orphans of deceased members.

Our method of caring for the orphans has no parallel in any other fraternity. When a member dies and the mother is unable to support the children the tribe reports the case to the State Orphans' Board who make an investigation of the matter. If the case is found worthy a weekly amount is allowed the mother. The tribe appoints three members who see that the child is properly clothed, has sufficient food and is sent to church and school. We have no orphans' homes but we have a home for every orphan with the mother. Hundreds now grown to manhood and womanhood bless the Order in their evening prayers for this work.

We also have a branch of the Order for our wives, sister and lady friends, known as the Degree of Pocahontas.

The name of the Degree is taken from the celebrated character in Indian history, Pocahontas, whose life presents a touching and beautiful picture of grace, beauty and virtue, as well as of constant friendship to the palefaces, who repaid friendship and hospitality with ingratitude and treachery.

In the Degree of Pocahontas, of necessity the ideal Indian princess has been exemplified, rather than the matter-of-fact, prosaic Indian squaw. The legend of Pocahontas and the virtues of her life have been taken as the basis for the ideal ceremony used by the Degree of Pocahontas. Among all the traditions, none is sweeter, purer, brighter and better than that which gives us the history of Pocahontas, the Indian princess.

I have endeavored briefly to show you our principles. Let me tell you something of our marvelous growth. Up to 1846 we numbered scarce 1,200; in 1860 we had 9,300; in 1880 there was 28,000; in 1890 the number had increased to 97,000. By 1900 the 97,000 had doubled and to-day there are over half a million devoted men and women marching ever onward, ever upward under the banner

inscribed—Freedom, Friendship and Charity.

During the past decade the Improved Order of Red Men has paid for relief of members over \$14,500,000. For relief of widows and orphans over \$1,500,000. For burial of the dead over \$5,500,000.

During the great World War, we officially reported 29,991 members in the service of the United States, up to and including September 1, 1918. We are confident that we had at least 40,000 of our members serving in our Country's cause.

In addition to our brothers serving with the colors, the Improved Order of Red Men donated twenty-four Limousine-Bodied Ambulances to the various cantonments and Government hospitals throughout the United States. These ambulances averaged \$3,300 in cost, each, and the money paid—\$75,583.25 for the ambulances, was raised by voluntary contribution from our members.

In conclusion let me say that we have gathered into our folds the best element of our citizenship, including the best exemplar of true charity, gentle and sympathetic woman, who is ready at all times to soothe the ills of humanity with tender voice and hand. To the Degree of Pocahontas much of our success is due. May the Great Spirit grant that in every town, yea in every hamlet, a band of these devoted women may exist, a shining example to their fellows. The Red Men, as in the beginning, are everywhere. You will find us on the northern borders, where the St. Lawrence, through its thousand islands, wends its way to the sea. You will find us in the east, the land of the rising sun, the land of wealth and commerce. We abound in the middle west, through which the majestic Mississippi flows, bearing upon its bosom swiftwinged cruisers conveying our products to other parts. We are in the far west, where the Pacific washes our shores, giving promise of greater wealth from far east-

ern lands. You will find us also in the southland, where cotton is king, where coal and iron abound, where the flowers bloom, not only in the spring time, but throughout the year; where the lark awakens the dawn and the mocking bird

sings you to rest. We are everywhere in America, where friendship, charity and good fellowship abound and our Order shall increase and shall live for the good of humanity, as long as "the heart hath woes."

## THE PYTHIAN HOME.

BY GEORGE WARWICK, JR.

THE property consists of about twenty-five acres, with the main house containing twenty-two rooms, a large barn attached which will lend itself readily to remodeling for additional room when required. There are two heating plants, five bath rooms, and the house is completely furnished. We have had to buy nothing but additional iron beds and a few such items as that. The Pythian Sisters of our State, have furnished a supply of blankets, quilts, towels, and all such gifts, and from time to time we are receiving additional such gifts from them. Besides the main house we have a modern six room house or cottage with a sixty foot green-house attached. An ice-house, small storage shed, good work shop, horse barn, besides all this a large framed farm barn of about 40 x 70, with a fifty foot covered shed attached.

This property was the late Denman Thompson's "Old Homestead" where he lived for years and where he died. You

will remember him as the man who became famous in the production of the play, "The Old Homestead," the story and scenes of which were laid in the town of Swanzev and the characters were fa-

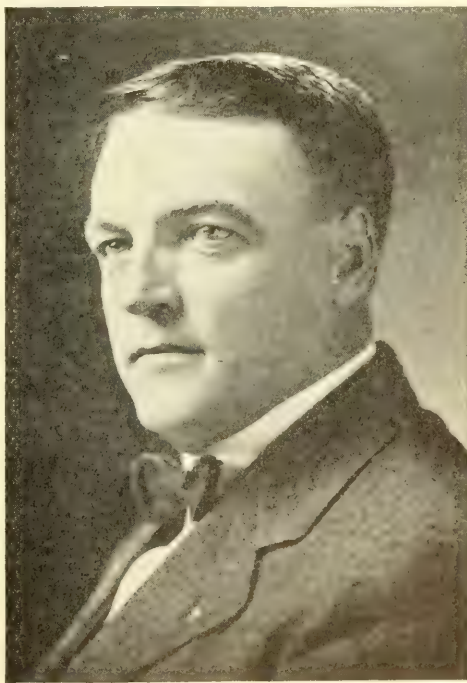
miliar figures in all the localities around the section about our "Home."

The property is located within five minutes walk of the railroad station and in the heart of one of our typical New England villages.

It is surrounded by a broad rolling land, three or four acres of which we keep in a good lawn. There is a wall 800 to 900 ft. across the entire front of the property built of solid cement block, and the road past the house is of concrete besides all the driveways, and

walks on the inside of the grounds. All these things were installed by the late Denman Thompson.

Our water supply is furnished by a series of springs all flowing into a reservoir about 12 x 25 ft., constructed of stone concrete, over which a good framed building was placed and which is lo-



GEORGE WARWICK, JR.

Grand Chancellor of New Hampshire



cated on the hillside above the "Old Homestead" at an elevation to give us sixty pounds pressure at the fire hydrant, which is connected to the main reservoir by a four inch iron pipe. The water pipes from the hydrant are then distributed all over the grounds in various sizes as the need requires. I understand on authority of Denman Thompson's daughter that the water system alone cost her father about \$25,000, and I really do not question this.

The Ashuelot River is the West bound of our property and all of the sewerage is emptied into this stream by modern equipment of tile drains.

Our first thought was to get as many as possible of our members to personally visit and inspect the "Home," and we held a good "Field Meeting" on the first day of October 1921, at which over 1500 attended.

In our campaign we asked each lodge to appoint a conscientious, energetic committee who would make a personal canvass of their membership. The result was that we raised about \$11,000 additional during the first year.

In the mean time, we employed the same caretaker and his wife, who had been on the property for over thirty years to remain with us as Superintendent and Matron. On the first of November 1921, we employed a cook to assist them and instructed them to open the main house and prepare to receive our first resident members, the first one of whom was received at the "Home" on the 6th of November 1921, and two others a month later. Six more have been received since that time and we have lost three by death. There are still applications now pending.

We had no source of income whatever except voluntary contributions until after July 1, 1922.

This past summer we had a mortgage remaining of \$3,000 and began a second active campaign for funds with the result that at our "Field Meeting" held October 12, 1923, we burned the mortgage and now own the "Home" and all

its furnishings free and clear of all incumbrances.

Our next efforts should be to create sufficient interest among our members and friends so that we can create an endowment fund which will bring in a sufficient income to help materially in the upkeep of the "Home."

It has been a hard fight but we feel that the result is well worth while and we also feel that with only a membership of 7500 in the State, our accomplishment is worth some consideration.

We require our resident members to work as much as they are able, but you cannot count on getting a great deal. By creating the proper feeling among them, they help one another in very good shape.

None of the committee or the past or present officers of the "Home" have ever received a cent in salary, and it would only be fair to say that the personal contributions of time and thought and effort have very largely contributed to the success of the "Home."

We feel that we are fortunate in acquiring a "Home" of this sort, but am confident that a little effort on the part of each Grand Domain, will find just some such place as we have found here that seems to lend itself perfectly for the purpose of which we are using it. My experience in the real estate business leads me to believe so.

It would do your heart good to visit this "Home" and see the care and contentment that we bring into the lives of these unfortunate old folks who would only have a haven in some State institution, or county farm. As I have personally studied our "Home" from the beginning and the many problems that have arisen from time to time, I would like to see besides a fund for the maintenance, some fund created by which we could relieve the suffering in many cases, where we cannot admit an applicant to the "Home", and I sincerely trust that we may work out some such plan in the future.

# NEW HAMPSHIRE VETERANS' ASSOCIATION MEETS AT THE WEIRS

BY ALBERT S. BAKER

**N**EW HAMPSHIRE'S shrine of patriotism was rededicated to the cause of public welfare during the last week of August when, according to a custom of 50 years' ob-

Long as the New Hampshire Veterans' Association has been holding its annual meetings at the Weirs, few are the people who know why and what this organization is.



LIEUT. HAROLD K. DAVIDSON  
State Department Commander

servance, the New Hampshire Veterans' Association met at its own call at the Weirs, there to renew acquaintances with comrades and pledges to national devotion.

The Association itself includes in its membership every citizen of New Hampshire who is a veteran of any war in which the United States has been engaged, every member of semi-

military organizations, both men and women, and was organized for the perpetuation of those ideals which are America.

The Association has recently taken into its membership the veterans of the World War, most of them members of the American Legion, and because of their youth it was not strange that they should play the part of leading man in the drama which has just been taking place on the shores of Winnepesaukee.

There under the shadows of the pines, where the New Hampshire Veterans' Association held its 48th annual encampment there were being held at the same time, regimental reunions for the boys of '61, annual conventions of the United Spanish War Veterans and its auxiliary and annual conventions of the American Legion and its auxiliary. While the conventions and the encampment were in progress at Camp J. N. Patterson, named for Concord's outstanding hero of the Civil War final papers were being passed which deeded some 8 acres of land and thirty-five buildings from the Boston and Maine railroad to the Association.

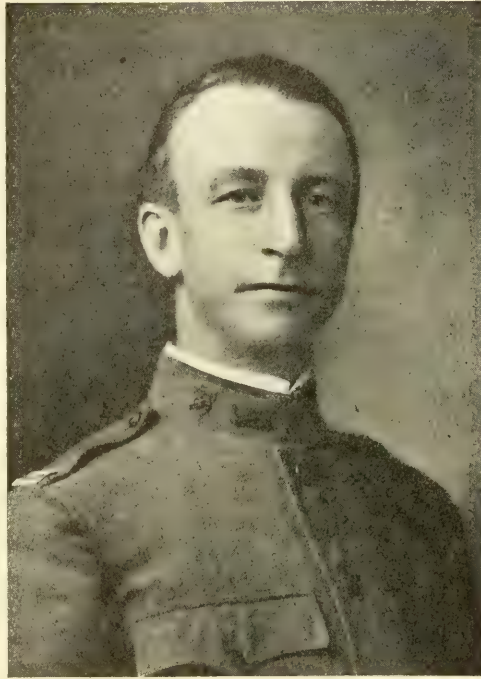
But the encampment this year was different than its predecessors. The boys in blue were not as many as in years now gone. But they came with just as much enthusiasm from far off California, Kansas, Nebraska and

practically every New England state to see the comrades and to live again the days of Civil War through reminiscence.

Among the veterans of the strife of sixty years ago who came to the reunion this year was Major J. N. Bean of Attleboro, Mass., veteran of the Fifth New Hampshire volunteers, who drove 170 miles by motor to be present at the Weirs encampment in spite of his age of 92 years. Then there was R. R. Manchester of the Sixth regiment, who came from Bellair, Kansas, and Henry C. Mace of the 14th New Hampshire and now of California. One veteran who came from the far west was enthusiastic about the nation's development since he served it as a soldier. The veteran reported that he had forgotten his regimental report, which he was to make, and wired home while coming eastward to have it forwarded to him by air mail.

When he arrived at the Weirs his papers were awaiting him at the postoffice.

Distinguished visitors thronged the the soldiers' playground during the encampment, among them being John R. Quinn, National Commander of the American Legion, Mrs. Franklin Bishop, National President of the Legion Auxiliary, John M. Bartlett of Portsmouth, first assistant postmaster general, General Frank N. Battles, state adjutant of the G. A. R., Con-



MAJOR OSCAR LAGERQUIST  
Senior Vice Commander



gressman Edward H. Wason of Nashua, Congressman William N. Rogers of Sanbornville, and many other officers of state military organizations, most of whom were speakers at the open air programs in the grove.

Fun there was a plenty in the large midway near headquarters, but in addition to the fun there was work to be done.

The Legion and its auxiliary held annual conventions, each electing its state officers for a new year, each taking up its problems of development and duties to the hero dead.

The Legion chose Harold K. Davison of Woodsville to succeed himself as state department commander, while the auxiliary accepted the resignation of its president, Mrs. Flora Spaulding of Manchester, and turned to Mrs. Bessie Hauley of the same city for its president for a new year.

Resolutions were expected and they came—many of them. The Legion endorsed the attitude of its national and state departments on Defense Day, adopting a resolution which promised co-operation and approved the principle. The Legion urged the state to furnish funds for a suitable memorial to the World War dead at the N. H. entrance to Memorial bridge across the Piscataqua river at Portsmouth and so missed its buddies who were doing duty at training camps for the National Guard that it resolved that the war department be requested to so arrange its training schedule that veterans would not again be in camp during convention time. Another resolution commended the amendment to the federal constitution giving Congress the right to regulate

child labor and urged its adoption by the New Hampshire legislature. The disabled of the World War were not forgotten and resolutions praised the Veterans' Bureau for its work in New Hampshire, urged that the work in New England be directed by a New England control unit, and urged that a representative of the Veterans' Bureau visit each Legion Post in the state in an effort to reach every disabled veteran and thereby give him treatment and care where deserved.

When Governor's Day came around

Gov. Fred H. Brown attended the encampment and was received with the customary salute given a commander of military forces. With him were members of his staff and council and together they reviewed the parade of veterans which this year did not include the veterans of the Civil War who preferred to review the parade.

Concord Post, American Legion came in for high praise when its troop of boy scouts appeared in full uniform in the parade. The young-



REV. FR. SWEENEY  
Chaplain

sters made a fine impression as they marched along behind the Legionnaires, later to mass their colors with those of the other military organizations directly in front of the reviewing officers. Then came a ceremony new to the Weirs encampment, during which the colors of Legion Posts which had excelled in membership records during the year were decorated by the department commander.

During the encampment, Arthur J. Boutwell of Concord, president of the New Hampshire Veterans' Association, had been in charge of the main programs. The closing act of the encampment was the election of Dr.

Robert O. Blood of Concord as president of the Association and the turning over to him by Mr. Boutwell of the affairs of the Association.

Perhaps the most touching scene of the whole convention was enacted when the Legion convention present-

shire department was to lose George Morrill, who is known as one of the most efficient department officers in the entire Legion.

Then turning to Morrill he said, "George, do you feel funny to hear me say all these fine things about



The three first Commanders of the Department—Knox, Cain and Stevenson

ed its retiring adjutant, Major George W. Morrill of Concord, a purse in recognition of his services. The presentation was made by National Commander Quinn, who in extending his greetings to the department expressed his grief because the New Hamp-

you? Well, you are going to feel funnier in a minute. When I came in here the boys asked me to give you a little something. Let's see what it was anyway." Then he presented the purse and as tears filled the eyes of the four score Legionnaires in at-



tendance, Morrill accepted the gift, unable to speak his gratitude by words.

Frank N. Sawyer of North Weare succeeded Mr. Morrill.

But few realize just what this encampment means to New Hampshire veterans.

At the Weirs there exists today a soldiers' playground which has no equal on the North American continent, if it has in the world. There are seven and one-half acres of land and 35 buildings, some large and some small, all in the name of the New Hampshire Veterans' Association. Since 1881 the Association has leased the property from the Boston and Maine railroad. After a time, as the G. A. R. regimental organizations continued to hold reunions at the Weirs these organizations became the owners of individual buildings and dedicated them to the use of its

members not only at reunion time but at any time for outings, picnics and informal get togethers or vacations. Now all are owned by Veteran organizations.

During the years it has been the dream of the veterans of the Civil War, the Spanish War, the Sons of Veterans and other semi-military organizations participating in the Weirs' reunions that these buildings should eventually become the property of younger veterans and younger members of the present organizations to whom will fall the duty of perpetuating the ideals represented.

To this task the Legion has dedicated itself and it is expected that in the years to come Legion Posts will take over one or more of the buildings on the playground and there make headquarters for its members.

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## OUR DISABLED SOLDIERS

BY ALICE PRAY

TO the vast masses of Americans the Great War has ended. The signing of the armistice was the symbol, to many of us, of the cessation of warfare on the battlefield, and the release from work at the Red Cross rooms. We stopped our electric sewing machines, folded our last piles of hospital garments, rolled our final surgical dressings, and returned to normal life at an amazing rate of speed. We had not suffered hunger, nor had we endured months of nerve exhausting roar of canon at our very borders. We had not lost our homes by the invasion of Teutonic hordes, nor had we lost a large percentage of our population by death. To be sure, economic conditions were in a post-war state of flux, but many of us in New Hampshire could sit by our firesides and look out upon the world with a fair amount of equanimity.

And so the years have rolled on. The

early days of August, 1924, mark the first decade since the beginning of the war. What are we doing at this time for the boys who have been living among us, and yet not with us, for the past two, three, or possibly four years? Have we, in each of our towns, searched for the brave and gallant soldiers who no longer can march to the blare of trumpets? How can we say that the war has ended for us when just around the corner from our homes may be lying a hitherto wonderful specimen of young manhood, whose mind is filled with ambitious thoughts, but whose body never can fulfill its share of those thoughts?

We waved a tearfully glad farewell to our soldier boys when they left—we loved to think of their glorious patriotism as they marched away to defend us who staid at home—we compared them to knights of old—we visualized them as crusaders. They fulfilled their prom-



ises to us which they had made without need of words at the very moment that they donned the khaki. They were 'killed in action.' They escaped unharmed. They came back to us broken and inactive in body, with years of life before them—with minds too active if they dwelt upon the scenes they had witnessed, and too active if they dared to lift the veil of the future. To these, have we, as individuals, kept the faith?

The American Legion has not begged us for money in this state. We have not been called upon to give of any great portion of our time to Legion activities. And because the Legion asks of us so few favors, are we not losing sight of the work that Legionnaires are quietly doing for their disabled veterans? The soldiers who are paralyzed, who cannot walk, but who can ride, are dependent upon any of their families or friends for a sight of New Hampshire's green hills and valleys—so charming in midsummer and so alluring to those of us who can wander among them. How many of the 66,927 owners of automobiles in this state can boast that they have given an hour or two of pleasure to a wounded or shell-shocked soldier, who can ride with perfect ease, but who never can walk again? How can we enjoy our week-end trips, as we dash madly seeking pleasure from seacoast to mountains—from mountains to the lakes—when we know that somewhere in our vicinities is a victim of the war for freedom who himself never can be free in body or in mind or in the 'pursuit of happiness.' These soldiers do not complain. They do not want pity. They are living just as they fought—from day to day—courageously, bravely—hunting for the poppies in their drab existences, appreciating a few moments' respite from pain, thanking us if we by any chance send a message to them, watching their schoolmates and classmates and friends live their gay and carefree lives of crowded activities, but rebelling not in the least at the four walls in which their days begin and end.

Is not their very patience a silent appeal to our apathetic patriotism? If we halt by the wayside a moment in our busy lives, can we not picture our own bodies suddenly devoid of action and realize the tragedy it would hold for us? Could we build a philosophy of life for year upon year upon any basis that would at all satisfy our intellect?

The radio set can be purchased for a fairly low figure. Our money earned by our daily toil would not be so much a source of pleasure for us if we should reflect that the conditions under which we are earning it may be justly due to the fact that thousands of our boys fought at St. Mihiel—but came back to us forever doomed to the wheelchair or the bed. How small a portion of our earnings would be necessary if we all contributed, through the American Legion in our different communities, toward a radio set for each such boy among us. The boys are HERE—some of them are practically helpless—unfortunately—deplorably—they are within our various townships. Let us hunt for them, for they cannot search for us. Psychology teaches us that altruistic emotions without subsequent deeds are weakening to our characters. Let us then remember our emotions, our hopes, fears, and prayers as we 'smiled' when they went OVER THERE. Inaction now is unpardonable. It is not highly important that we have or have not agreed with the bonus bill,—we do not need to discuss national issues while we sit comfortably at our tea tables, when all we have to do is to carry some books, flowers, pictures to a soldier who lives just outside our dooryards, to chat with him awhile that the long hours may somehow vanish a little more quickly. Is it too great a strain upon our selfishness to put it to the test of thoughts, of time, of money, for the boys living so close to us who offered their lives to democracy and who received—worse than the total loss of those lives—a piece of wreckage which they must somehow restore to a semblance of animation?

# AN AUTUMN MOOD

BY ELEANOR DEFOREST WHITE

ANNE Somers shut the door to the baby's room. "There," she said to herself, "thank heaven, he will sleep now!"

With a sigh she flopped into a big chair by the window. Oh, she was tired! And stifled,—shut up all day in a small apartment with a fretful child, after a sleepless night, distracted as usual about the ever-pressing bills.

Anne looked absently out of the window. October days in New Hampshire were always gloomy! She heard the wind whistle; it beat frantically at her washing hanging out on the line.

She would like to feel the vibrant wind against her face, to breathe the keen air. Perhaps a walk. . . . . She arose abruptly. Should she go? There was the mending pile to see to. . . . .

Cautiously, Anne listened at the baby's door. He was sound asleep.

In the narrow bedroom, Anne hurriedly changed her house shoes for ties, brushed a few specks from her dress, and folded a scarf over her shoulders. She turned to go, but glanced in the mirror. A shiny nose! She was getting careless. But who wouldn't, living like this? Viciously she dabbed the powder puff on her face.

Snatching up her mended gloves, she opened the hall door. She hesitated, her hand on the knob. Then, though she felt a fleeting pang at leaving the baby, Anne closed the door and started down the stairs.

She turned off the main road, away from the dull houses of her neighbors, small ordinary people.

She started up the long hill, taking the road which cut directly through the woods. Tom and she had taken this walk a year ago. They never had time for walks together now, and she herself hadn't been able to get out for one alone since Junior came!

Bitterly Anne recalled the first sum-

mer, three years ago. Honeymoon days! The village had seemed paradise at that time. How many wonderful walks Tom and she had taken together,—how young and happy they had felt! Then, he was twenty-five, she, twenty-two.

What an idiot she'd been! Why hadn't she believed what her family foretold? They had said those care-free, heavenly, loving weeks could not last, that life and Tom would be different when they began keeping house themselves, trying to bring up a family; all on Tom's miserable salary as an apprentice in the office of a small town lawyer.

Tom's years of study! What had they led to? He'd passed his Bar exams, only to be a clerk in another man's office! So far, Tom was a failure; a loving, thoughtful husband and father, but, just the same, a failure; unable properly to support her and their child.

She loved Tom,—and Junior—of course she did, devotedly, but one couldn't always be happy on love alone, not when money prospects seemed utterly hopeless.

Anne's steps dragged as she neared the top of the steep hill. "Oh," she thought, "I used to tramp miles with ease!—But there's no pleasure in walking when I'm tired from doing housework all morning."

She reached the top of the hill and stood a moment to regain her breath. Not a soul in sight! Massive, dull clouds drifted below an ominous sky.

The leaves had fallen. All trees but the pines were bare. A sudden gust of wind swirled the dry leaves around her feet, penetrating up her short skirt. Too soon these leaves cracking under her step, the red, the gold, the vivid leaves, would be covered with snow.

Snow. For endless months and months. Winter, dreary and cold, and

the eternal background of unpaid bills, a worn-out wardrobe, a discouraged husband, a demanding baby, and dwindling love.

She shivered, and hurried on, following the winding downhill road at her left.

Then Anne saw two men approaching. She could see by their straight figures, and energetic steps that they were young. Instinctively she tucked some stray tendrils of hair under the edge of her hat, straightened up with a conscious effort, and livened her expression.

The men came nearer. As Anne walked on towards them she knew they were alert to her presence. "They think because of my figure I'm young. . . . Well I am,—in years."

But the men looked at Anne with open admiration. Probably the keen wind had brought color to her cheeks and hid the lines around her eyes,—tiny, terrible lines which she'd noticed bitterly a few days ago.

Anne knew the men turned back to look at her as she passed on, impersonally.

"So I am still young enough for that! Young enough to enjoy life! If only things were different!—And they would be if I'd married Malcolm—"

Malcolm. . . . .

He could have given her all the creature comforts she now ached for. Perhaps he still wanted to! . . . . . The thought frightened her.

A cow's bell tinkled. Anne came upon a herd grazing with content off the dry grass on the slope. She leaned against the bars a moment. A brook trickled over the pebbles, chilly and clear.

Glancing up towards the distant mountains, blue-black, she felt vaguely disturbed by their sombre beauty.

How happy Tom and she and Junior would be, if only Tom could succeed!

Malcolm hated the country.

Anne turned towards home. The air grew colder, more bracing. Her tired nerves relaxed. She took one deep

breath after another, till her whole body glowed. She loosened the scarf at her throat, and walked more lightly, with new energy.

She passed a white farm-house on the outskirts of the town; yet the woods for a space beyond were still dense.

Suddenly Anne stopped, her heart beating violently. Simultaneously she heard a whir, a loud fluttering of wings, as she saw two gray patches vanish over the trees.

Partridges! And what a shot! Oh if Tom were here! How his keen eyes would light up in his love of the sport! She must get home and tell him, and almost unconsciously her pace quickened. How long had she been gone? Was it time for Tom? She must be home to greet him. And their boy, whom she'd left asleep, and alone. Suppose he awoke and she was not there to answer his familiar call, to lift him out of the crib?

A mile yet to go! If only a machine would come her way. Anne's eyes strained ahead and behind in the subdued light. Nothing.

Now she noted the familiar marks of the town; the ugly smoke stack of the saw-mill, and the white church steeple.

But what was that smoke? A fire! And fires in this small town could be fearful things. The smoke was right in the neighborhood of their home,—perhaps it was their house! And Junior was alone,—helpless. His little face flitted before her eyes. . . . . Tom, unknown, busy in his office! What if. . . . .

Anne's heart pounded,—she felt a tightening sensation in her breast. The smoke was spreading all over the town. It grew thicker. Blacker. Frantic with fear for Junior, she hurried on.

When she reached their street, Anne ran. She must know if their apartment was burning, must see Tom and Junior at once, must crush the baby in her arms, must feel Tom's strong embrace about herself.



Then Anne stopped, breathless. Directly across from their house burned a huge bonfire of leaves; a strong wind had saturated the town with its black smoke. It volumed up high towards the hills from where she'd come.

Anne gasped in relief.

Tremulously, a moment later, she turned the knob of the bedroom door. Visi-

ble above the quilt's edge, Anne saw her baby's soft face, abandoned to sleep.

Then she sighed, quietly, happily.

That moment the sun, a glorious ball of yellow light, burst through the clouds, and flooded the room with beauty. Anne smiled. For home again seemed sweet.

## LEGENDS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

THE FIRST

### The Old House at Plymouth

BY EARL NEWTON



**T**HOSE who can recall the incidents of New England rural life in the early eighties will easily remember that interesting personage known as the pack peddler. Let him not be confounded with the tin peddler. The tin peddler drove about in state with a gayly painted cart and sold all sorts of household articles. He took in exchange money, rubber and rags. The pack peddler traveled on foot and took nothing in exchange but the species of the realm, or perchance a meal or a night's lodging. Such a one was Anthony Shultz.

Anthony was a regular caller in New Hampshire. Old residents looked for

his coming. They would speak of it among themselves if he appeared late. They would wonder if he had given up tramping over the dusty roads. Nearly everyone called him Tony. In fact there were few who knew his full name. On his arrival he would open his three heavy grips, usually on the doorstep, for piazzas were rare in those days, and the family would gather for the grand display of his wares. Once extracted from the extension cases and spread about the wonder was how one man could possibly carry such a complete stock of towels, table cloths, hosiery and even small jewelry.

In the summer of 1885 he had converted about half of his stock into cash before he had reached the old stage road which led north from Bristol during the pre-railroad days. He had had supper and had made two or three calls. Where was he to lay his head that night? He would try the next place. After selling a few trinkets he asked to stay all night; but alas! every bed was to be occupied and he must push on to the next house up around the turn in the road. Up around that turn in the road he disappeared forever. What happened at the house of Jean Nutter was never exactly known.

Jean had a reputation of being queer. The neighbors treated him with indifference, some with fear. He was known to travel about considerably by night. People could tell him as he passed the house in the dead of night by his quiet step. No one dared to question what he was doing abroad in the darkness. He took no one into his confidence. He was regularly employed at slaughtering time. He never hesitated to strike the stunning blow or use the knife with dexterity. He was envious, jealous and at times an abject coward.

It is definitely known that Tony never got beyond the house of Jean Nutter. Jean's family consisted at that time of a wife, a small child and an aged mother. The mother was not unlike the son. She was miserly, had a sharp tongue when she ever spoke at all and was considered eccentric in the neighborhood. What happened at Jean Nutter's that night?

Could it have been that Tony displayed his wares and incidentally his roll of money too openly? Could it be that the criminal urge of Jean Nutter lurking in his veins for ten generations, suddenly became his master? Was poor Tony suddenly assailed from the rear and hushed before he could make a single move for self-defense? Was his lifeless body buried and the spoils hidden away before dawn? Did Jean Nutter alone hold the secret of his fate? All these are still matters of shuddering con-

jecture on the part of the old folks around about. From the night in question Jean became a changed man. All seemed to agree on this. He became more and more silent. He would frequently turn quickly and look behind him as he walked along the road. He was seldom out after dark. It became known that darkness made him extremely nervous. He often sat up all night getting some sleep by day.

Rumor had it that a neighbor had discovered a shallow grave in a nearby pasture. Another heard that a body had been seen in a pond far back from the road. In peculiar ways these rumors reached the ears of Jean Nutter. He now took on a new obsession. He feared that officers were coming for him. He furnished barricades for his room. He had two or three guns as well as other weapons. The mother had now become hopelessly insane. He devised curious means of escape should the sheriff suddenly appear. A long narrow passage was constructed out through rambling woodsheds to the end of the structure which led to the wooded slope to the rear. The wife dared not question his acts. She knew his secret but not in detail. She knew better than to make inquiry. She was not of a nature to worry over things which she could not help. Did she not have a new dress and a few new articles of furniture out of money which seemed to come from nowhere? On one particular night Jean seemed to feel more apprehensive than ever. He was sure the officers were coming. They must be closing in on him. He must escape. One loud shriek and he ordered his wife to harness the horse and bring the team quietly up to the door. She obeyed without question. He then crawled under the seat as best he could, covered himself up with a blanket and ordered her to drive. Before morning they had reached the outskirts of Wolfeborough, the small children on the seat by her side. Now becoming somewhat calmer the return journey was made by daylight.

Did the next neighbor know his secret? If so was his life in danger? Whenever this neighbor stopped after the night of the disappearance he never entered the house. Jean's wife never left his side when he talked with the neighbor and the neighbor never left his wagon.

It would almost seem against the proper fitness of things if Jean Nutter had not come to a tragic end. He had lived a dark and lurking life. Thus he must be ushered out.

His mother was now dead. His life was a continuous agony. His wife never let him out of her sight. Finally one Sunday morning he tried to get her to step into his room. She read it all now in his countenance. He turned quickly and before she could prevent it he had locked himself in his room and ended his life. The report of the rifle was heard as far as the neighbor's house.

Each agreed aloud that it came from the direction of Jean Nutter's house and each agreed silently that the long suspense had come to an end.

It was true. In a moment or two came the faithful wife imploring immediate assistance. Nothing could be done. Jean Nutter was no more.

The old house still stands but is fast going to decay. The outbuildings have fallen in, but the remainder of the secret passage can still be seen on the inside and the board of the sheathing which was carefully removed to permit a quick escape left an opening which is still there.

Where had Anthony Shultz come from? Did a family await his return? Some thought he had a home in East Brooklyn. Others that he dwelt nearer by, but no one knew and thus the fate of this humble, peaceable wayfaring man has passed into the eternal mystery of neighborhood conjecture.

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*Compiled by* ARTHUR JOHNSON

*Illustrated by* Elizabeth Shurtleff

## SHERMAN'S MARCH TO THE SEA

BY SAMUEL H. M. BYERS

Contemporary

Our camp-fires shone bright on the mountain  
That frowned on the river below,  
As we stood by our guns in the morning,  
And eagerly watched for the foe;  
When a rider came out of the darkness  
That hung over mountain and tree,  
And shouted, "Boys, up and be ready!  
For Sherman will march to the sea!"

Then cheer upon cheer for bold Sherman  
Went up from each valley and glen,  
And the bugles re-echoed the music  
That came from the lips of the men;  
For we knew that the stars in our banner  
More bright in their splendor would be,  
And that blessings from Northland would greet us,  
When Sherman marched down to the sea.

Then forward, boys! forward to battle!  
We marched on our wearisome way,  
We stormed the wild hills of Resaca—  
God bless those who fell on that day!  
Then Kenesaw, dark in its glory,  
Frowned down on the flag of the free;  
But the East and the West bore our standard  
And Sherman marched on to the sea.

Still onward we pressed, till our banners  
Swept out from Atlanta's grim walls,  
And the blood of the patriot dampened  
The soil where the traitor-flag falls;  
We paused not to weep for the fallen,  
Who slept by each river and tree,  
Yet we twined them a wreath of the laurel,  
As Sherman marched down to the sea.

Oh, proud was our army that morning,  
That stood where the pine darkly towers,  
When Sherman said, "Boys, you are weary,  
But, to-day fair Savannah is ours!"  
Then sang we the song of our chieftain,  
That echoed o'er river and lea,  
And the stars in our banner shone brighter  
When Sherman marched down to the sea.



## THE PICKET GUARD

BY ETHEL LYNN BEERS

1827 - 1879

"All quiet along the Potomac," they say,  
"Except now and then a stray picket  
Is shot, as he walks on his beat, to and fro,  
By a rifleman hid in the thicket.  
'T is nothing—a private or two, now and then,  
Will not count in the news of the battle;  
Not an officer lost—only one of the men,  
Moaning out, all alone, the death-rattle."

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,  
Where the soldiers lie peacefully dreaming;  
Their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon,  
Or the light of the watch-fires, are gleaming.  
A tremulous sigh, as the gentle night-wind  
Through the forest-leaves softly is creeping;  
While stars up above, with their glittering eyes,  
Keep guard—for the army is sleeping.

There's only the sound of the lone sentry's tread,  
As he tramps from the rock to the fountain,  
And thinks of the two in the low trundle-bed  
Far away in the cot on the mountain.  
His musket falls slack—his face dark and grim,  
Grows gentle with memories tender,  
As he mutters a prayer for the children asleep—  
For their mother—may Heaven defend her!

The moon seems to shine just as brightly as then,  
That night, when the love yet unspoken  
Leaped up to his lips—when low-murmured vows  
Were pledged to be ever unbroken.  
Then drawing his sleeve roughly over his eyes,  
He dashes off tears that are welling,  
And gathers his gun closer up to its place  
As if to keep down the heart-swelling.

He passes the fountain, the blasted pine tree—  
The footstep is lagging and weary;  
Yet onward he goes, through the broad belt of light,  
Toward the shades of the forest so dreary.  
Hark! was it the night-wind that rustled the leaves?  
Was it moonlight so wondrously flashing?  
It looked like a rifle—"Ah! Mary, good-bye!"  
And the life-blood is ebbing and plashing.

All quiet along the Potomac to-night,  
No sound save the rush of the river;  
While soft falls the dew on the face of the dead—  
The picket's off duty forever.





# "OILING" THE JORDAN ROAD TO KNOWLEDGE

BY CLARENCE E. CARR

"THE character of our highways is important."

"The character of the people who travel them is infinitely more important."

Character building starts in the home. It is supplemented by work in the schools. Sometimes the school has to do the work of both. It is therefore important that the schools should be the best we can make them.

When I came to Andover sixty years ago the average length of schools in town was less than sixteen weeks per year. And yet there came through them and out of them men and women trained in mind, disciplined in character, and well equipped physically. I do not mean to say they got their entire education in such schools, but I mean such training as they got there, plus their own initiative, developed them into well rounded citizens.

Of course the equipment, training of the teachers, methods, and practically all else are much better now than then. It is probable that then the students were a bit more earnest, and worked harder than now because they had to do so. I sometimes wonder if they did not get more living facts, rather than facts of life, mixed with their knowledge derived from books, than now.

It seems as though that were the case; but this view may be due to the fact that the standard of acquired common and technical knowledge is so much higher now than then.

I am not much in favor of "harking back" to old times. "It is not necessary for a youngster to be a chip of the old block if his father is a blockhead." The movement is forward. Let us watch our step however and see that we do not discard that which is good for something that is simply "new."

There is one wide open path leading

forward in which we are retrograding, that is, in the support of, and attendance on, our churches,—in a sense the finest, freest and greatest of our schools. Their teachers, the preachers, are learned among the most devout, unselfish and patriotic citizens we have, in spite of the hamper of creeds. There they teach the fundamentals of right living and right thinking. The foundation of their thought is the Bible, of course,—old, mythical, strange, much of it traditional it is argued. But therein is the sum and substance of human experience and human wisdom from the earliest dawn of human history. There is likewise its hope, its inspiration, its spiritual truths and realities. There is nothing so real and practical after all as idealism and things of the spirit.

The dictionary, the Bible, and William Shakespeare's book are the foundations of a liberal education and were used more in the old days than now.

I have thought we tried to cover too much ground in our schools, and thereby our pupils have failed to learn as well as they ought some of the homely things essential to the every day life of the every day boy and girl.

I wish our boys and girls could read more clearly, write more legibly, spell better, and express themselves in a more simple, clear, and clean-cut fashion than I am accustomed to hear them. It may be I expect too much and my point of view is wrong. As I look back I think I would have to admit that in most particulars they do better than I did.

From Mr. Milton Fairchild, Chairman of the Character Education Institution of Washington, there has just come to my hand a "Children's Code of Morals for Elementary Schools." prepared I think by Professor Hutchins. Its object is to make good Americans. In the Code there are set forth ten laws,



—the law of health (well placed first), self-control, self-reliance, reliability, clean play, duty, good workmanship, team-work, kindness and loyalty. These are elaborated and stated in a most commendable way, and the scheme for inculcating them will doubtless be a good one.

I think I should add to the code the "Preamble to the Federal Constitution," as the safe and chief guide for all political action. I guess I would then have the teachers learn it as well as the kindergarten class and may be as many of the adults as were not hopeless. I am something of a crank on our Federal Constitution.

I have written to Mr. Fairchild commending the Code. I have to confess that commendation or criticism seemed very like a joke to me, considering my lack of technical knowledge; but for the following paragraph which I put into my letter I make no such plea. I said:

\*\*\*\*"the only function of our Government in education should be an experimental and advisory one to the states. It may establish model schools or engage in experiments for the purpose of making the advice to be given good and useful. As bearing upon this point may I call attention to the 'Majority Report of the Committee on Education,' to the Chamber of Commerce of the United States, issued Nov. 20, 1922. This report was made by Messrs. Loesch, Lonsdale, Pritchett, Sharpe and Storow. Copies of the report may be had of James J. Storow, Chairman, Boston, Massachusetts."

This report is worth the consideration of every one interested in the education of youth, the making of American citizens and the restriction of the Federal Government to its proper functions.

Our republican form of government is not fitted, and is without authority, to conduct business outside the constitutional limitations, either as a "wet nurse," an old-maid bureaucracy school-ma'am, or the "hand-car" manager of railroads. This idea should be grafted on the

"code" in some way, though it may not get clearly into our heads till driven there with the sledge hammer of wrecked railroads, and top-heavy, useless governmental departments.

For years Proctor Academy has been carrying on through its students a friendly correspondence with boys and girls of similar grades and ages in Japan, France, Germany, Armenia, Italy, Cuba, Mexico, Argentina and other countries. This has been under the general direction of Miss Mary N. Chase at Proctor. The same thing has been undertaken in other schools under her direction or otherwise. The object of course has been to cultivate good feeling among the children of the world and thereby promote international friendship. It is a fine movement and should be extended.

Proctor is investigating another scheme in education.

I have before me, just received, a pamphlet on the subject of "The Progressive Movement in Education." It is from an address delivered by Eugene R. Smith, formerly of the Park School, Baltimore, but now in the Beaver Country Day School, I believe, in Brookline, Mass.

It is an attempt to "make full use of the tremendous fund of interest in the children, and must work with instead of against the inherited impulses and instincts of the race."

Again the school is recognized no longer as "a place for mental training alone, or for mental training and what might be called 'negative' moral training. The physical care and preparation of its pupils must be included, of course, but to that there must be added constructive handwork, and training to meet and help solve the great social and moral problems that confront this generation."

Mr. Smith further says,—\*\*\*\*\*"the great danger in the use of the child's interests and in broadening the scope of the school was that it might get away from solid ground. We might not have our eyes on the stars and our feet still upon solid earth. Knowing the need of

keeping this solid foundation,"\*\*\*\*\*  
 \*\*\*\*\*"we should keep in close touch with scientific procedure and the advance in educational knowledge and should test our methods and results whenever possible."

"None of this is new, and I wish to disclaim any feeling on our part that what we are doing is our own discovery. You can go back to Plato and find him speaking of a child's environment in words that might have been written yesterday."

Here are one or two examples:

"The geography classes are very unlikely to study a text book except as they center their work around it, or go to it for reference. Instead they are studying some country or some movement. One of our classes this year is in imagination in South America—living in South America. They are not studying *about* South America, they are *in* South America. Every one of them is there for a definite purpose. One is there as consul, another one is traveling for the National Geographic Society, a third is an agent for a shipping firm and a fourth one is a representative of a rubber tire company. Each one is studying the whole country from the standpoint of his own purpose, and is sending reports back to the class. One boy wrote 32 letters to different firms and agencies trying to get material. He has gone directly to the source to find out about it, and has obtained a remarkable collection of printed material, as well as samples from the raw rubber to the manufactured products."

A certain class were reading the "Lays of Ancient Rome," and each child was supposed to be living at some place in Italy. The pupils were carrying on correspondence among themselves in competition to see which one could write a letter containing the greatest amount of information about the habits and customs of the day in a perfectly natural kind of a letter. Those children not only read the "Lays of Ancient Rome" but read all sorts of other books which

could give them ideas of the people. They got inside of the situation, instead of looking at it from a distance. It seems to me that, perhaps, we talk too much about methods and systems. Doesn't it all come down to this,—just the moment the thing becomes actual life to the child, just that moment the situation or fact becomes alive; just the moment he puts himself in it as a participant in reality or imagination, just that moment it has meaning. If you attempt simply to tell about what happened in a country two thousand years ago, and there are no connections with the life of to-day, you are not going to get the real driving force of the child.

"Are you inside or outside?"

"A teacher thus becomes a specialist, not in geography or arithmetic, but in children."

I hear the comment,—*"This sounds well, but is almost impossible of application in our public schools."* *"New fads are easy to elucidate on paper and most difficult to fit to existing conditions."*

And yet there is something here. We do have to consider our "cases." I am not in favor of exchanging methods for the simple purpose of getting something "new." Is our "model-method for all boys and girls," a too rigid mould? Are we fashioning our work after that of a western horse doctor called to a typhoid fever patient? He frankly told the sick man's friends that he knew nothing about typhoid fever but he could administer some medicine that would give the patient "the bots," and, he said, "I'm all-hell on bots!"

It is affirmed that children under the training indicated are tested and give results. "They do not make great trouble of college examinations," it is alleged. "They are successful in college." "They rank high."

Such results would indicate "that a school can be a free happy place, with little or no undue pressure or repression, and yet can have sound scholarship and

comprehensive preparation for both college, and, far more important, for the responsibilities of life."

This method of training is, I presume, well known and may be followed as far as possible by the various state educational departments. I do not know. It seems sane. Results reported are good. Any information wanted as to this particular experiment can be readily had. Its value can be determined. Very likely all these questions have received due consideration at the hands of our state Board of Education, the members of

which I believe to be as good as any state affords. I know there cannot be found a more faithful, devoted, patriotic body of workers.

The "newer experiment," outlined has, I understand, support and approval of ex-President Eliot of Harvard. He knows.

Dr. Eliot's greatest educational admonition to us all is—"THE BEST INVESTMENT YOU CAN MAKE IS IN BOYS AND GIRLS!"

Therefore I repeat, "Our schools should be the best we can make them."

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## ECHO LAKE

BY HARRY ELMORE HURD—1923

Frowning, weathered cliff so high  
 Against the tree-supported sky,  
 You have seen trouble: your rocks  
 Have felt the dagger lightning shocks,  
 You have survived the drunken revels  
 Of the reeling earthquake devils.  
 Man cannot read your hieroglyphic signs,  
 Enough to trace the White Horse's graceful lines,  
 Or from Point Surprise one may trace  
 A flat head Indian's grinning face.  
 Beneath your inverted spoon is seen  
 A soup-plate filled with crystal green,  
 At evening mixed with shadows and a thick  
 Black fluid stirred by a Witches' stick.  
 The old crone whispers like a breeze  
 Soughing spooky-like among the trees.  
 Calling dancing sprights to do her wish,  
 Whirling and curling like vapours on the dish,  
 Until the western signal fires glow  
 And wave flame banners, burning low,  
 Until the shadows blot the day  
 And the moon silvers all the birchen way.  
 At last the stars hang out their lights  
 As they have done a trillion trillion nights.



# MAJOR GENERAL TAYLOR,

## CHIEF OF ENGINEERS

AT this precise moment there are probably no less than a thousand boys in New Hampshire between the ages of six and sixteen who are looking forward to the day when they will be Major Generals. Seated at their school room desks, apparently earnestly perusing their geography lessons, or roving through some favorite woodland haunt, or half heartily engaged in some little chore about the home, their eyes have a faraway expression and they are dreamily tracing step by step their future military career, seeing in rapid succession the black and and gold and gray of West Point, the khaki of the young subaltern, and the shoulder straps of high command. The romance of a military career has never failed to stir the blood and wake the ambition of a real boy. Longfellow felt the lure of it and recalled his boyhood longings in later life.

"There are things of which I cannot speak,  
There are dreams that never die,  
There are thoughts that make the strong heart  
weak,  
And bring a pallor into the cheek  
And a mist before the eye."

Maturer years, however, bring to these youthful dreamers the calls of professional, business, or literary pursuits, and their martial dreams become merely treasured memories. There are, however, a few exceptions to this rule—a few men who actually achieve the careers of which they have dreamed. For such an example the youth of New Hampshire can turn to Major-General Harry Taylor, formerly a Tilton boy, but since June 19th, last, Chief of Engineers of the United States Army.

The Engineer Corps is the flower of the army. Only those young men who stand at the head of their classes

at West Point are admitted to that branch of the service. Once a member of it, every promotion must be earned, and the man who has forced his way forward step by step to its head reflects credit to his native state, New Hampshire, and his native town, Tilton.

On June 19, Maj. Gen. Harry Taylor became Chief of Engineers. This is a matter which concerns all members of the Society of Military Engineers, especially those who still maintain active connection with the army. General Taylor is eminently qualified for the high position, to which he has risen, step by step, through the varied duties of an officer of the Corps. To each task he has given something in constructive thought; always giving more than was required by the wording of his orders.

General Taylor was born in Tilton, N. H., June 26, 1862. He received his early education in the public schools, and in Tilton Seminary. His appointment to West Point was the result of a competitive examination. He graduated from the United States Military Academy in 1884.

In his younger days he was fond of athletics, hunting and fishing and is still a firm believer in the benefits of a reasonable amount of outdoor exercise. As a young officer, he took part in rifle competitions and, in 1904, won a bronze medal in the Department Competition in the Philippines.

Upon leaving the Military Academy he went to Willets Point and was graduated from the school there in 1887.

He had his first experience on river and harbor work as assistant to the district engineer at Wilmington, N. C. This was followed by a period of duty as an instructor in mathematics at West Point,

In June, 1889, he went to Sandy Hook, where he had charge of the construction of one 12-inch, gun-lift battery and a sixteen-gun, 12-inch mortar battery, which were the first important batteries to be built since the Civil War. He became interested in the work at the Ordnance Proving Grounds, and since he has followed ordnance developments closely.

In 1891 he went to Portland, Oregon, where he completed the construction of the locks and canal at the Cascades. One set of the gates installed in this improvement were at the time the largest lock gates in the world, and they still rank among the very large gates.

He was promoted to Captain in January, 1896, and shortly thereafter was sent to Seattle, where his principal work was fortification construction. At one time he had under construction 21 emplacements for heavy guns, five 8-gun mortar batteries, and a considerable number of emplacements for rapid-fire guns. This was the greatest fortification construction program which has ever been undertaken at one time in any district in the country. In 1900 he was sent to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, where again his principal work was fortification construction.

He was ordered to the Philippines in 1903, and the next year he was promoted to major. After some service with troops at Fort McKinley, he was placed in charge of all fortification work in the Philippine Islands and immediately began the construction of the first defensive works in those islands. It was desired to push the work as rapidly as possible. In the letter of instructions sent by the Chief of Engineers, Major Taylor was authorized to use his own judgment in carrying out the plans, even to the extent of changing battery sites; and some of the usual contract restrictions were waived.

Upon returning to the United

States, Major Taylor was stationed in New London, Conn., where his principal work was fortification construction. He also had charge of developing the 25-kilowatt gasoline electric generating sets, which became standard for all fortifications in this country, and a large number of which were used in France during the late war. At the same time, he developed a type of construction for fire-control structures which is still standard.

In 1911, as a lieutenant colonel, he was ordered to duty as Assistant to the Chief of Engineers in Washington, where he remained until July, 1916. During this time he developed the Standard Dredging Specifications, which are now used by the Engineering Department. He also made a great improvement in the form of the Annual Report of the Chief of Engineers, which had never before been systematized.

Promoted to colonel in 1915, the next year he took charge of the First New York District, which has always been one of the most important River and Harbor Districts in the country.

In the spring of 1917, Colonel Taylor's professional record and attainments were recognized when he received the high honor of being designated as the Engineer Officer of General Pershing's Staff. He was the outstanding figure of the Engineer Service. Accompanying General Pershing to France, Colonel Taylor became the Chief Engineer of the A. E. F., with rank of a general officer. Under him was built up the enormous engineer organization of the A. E. F. His was not the final glory for he was called back to Washington by request of the Chief Engineers for duty in his office with a mission as stated by General Pershing "with the information you have acquired regarding our needs here, your services, upon your return to Washington, will be invaluable in promoting the great task before us,"

General Taylor took up his work immediately in Washington, completing his World War service there. His distinguished service medal citation reads: "For exceptionally meritorious and distinguished services. Arriving in France, June 11, 1917, as Chief Engineer, American Expeditionary Forces, he organized and administered the Engineer Department, which included the construction of wharves, depots, railways, barracks and shelters throughout the theater of operations. He continued these duties with most marked and conspicuous ability, building a complete and

efficiently functioning institution."

Since his return to this country, he has been in charge of the River and Harbor Division of the Office of the Chief of Engineers. He was promoted to Brigadier General and Assistant Chief of Engineers on July 16, 1920.

In a professional way, General Taylor has long been an outstanding officer in the Corps of Engineers. There has seldom been a Chief Engineer whose appointment received more general approval of the officers of the Corps.

## PSALM 151

BY E. W. BUTTERFIELD

**E**TERNAL GOD, Creator throughout the ages! Thou hast brought a new morning to New Hampshire. All Thy creatures and the works of Thy hands praise Thee.

Monadnock crieth unto Chocorua and Sunapee unto Washington. The little hills also, Bible and Bridgewater, Blue Job and Garrison are clothed in the robes of Thy majesty and promise Thy mighty power.

The waves of the great sea beat the Boar Head Cliffs and the ripples of Squam trace Thy name upon the sandy shore. Glen Ellis sings the song that Thou taught him when Thou madest all things new. Merrimack and the great rivers rush to the sea; the wilderness brooks, too, Branch, Mohawk, Israel, Walton, sing Thy name as they course down the hillsides and make more smooth their bed in the enduring ledges.

Ordination Rock, the Pawtuckaway Boulders and those which Thy glacier left on the Antrim hills, White Horse Ledge and the great sign in Franconia, Thou madest them and they rejoice.

The Amoskeag Mills, the Enfield factories, the Bow Sawmill, the country

stores, and the city shops are glad in the light of Thy morning,

The fields of grain bow their heads as there rises the morning incense from the farm hearths of the Clarksville hills, the power plants of Berlin and from the wandering trains of the Pemigewasset valley.

Thy holy temples of to-day sound forth Thy praise; the tall pines of Richmond, the apple groves of Londonderry, the shaggy birches of Carroll, St. John's church at Portsmouth, the Advent Chapel in Washington and Thy ancient white spired meeting houses in Acworth, Fitzwilliam and Hancock.

Thy holy temples of to-morrow Mary Lyon Hall, the Laboratories at Durham, the Nashua High School and Thy hidden schools of Bungay, Hemlock and Dundee, teachers and pupils, with clean hands and pure hearts praise Thee.

Joy comes to Thy creatures. The fleet deer of Ossipee, the Guernseys of Walpole, the Hampton gulls, the red hens of Epsom, the low flying crows and the clear calling birds of the morning praise Thy holy name.

Thy children also in diverse ways and



in many tongues praise Thee, Saxon,  
 Russian, Italian, Polander, with Puritan  
 family devotion, with ikon or with beads,  
 with Quaker meditation or Methodist  
 hymns these Thy children turn their sun-  
 rise thoughts to Thee.

Eternal God, Creator throughout the  
 Ages! Thou hast brought a new morn-  
 ing to New Hampshire. All Thy crea-  
 tures and the works of Thy hands praise  
 Thee.

## BACK IN THE OLD HOME TO-NIGHT

BY FRANCIS W. CROOKER

"Old Home Week" the Governor called it  
 And he urged us all to come  
 To the streams and hills of granite,  
 To the place we once called home.  
 On the hilltops the fires are burning,  
 Our welcome we read by their light;  
 Look! See the thousands returning  
 Back to the Old Home To-night.

Back on the bank of the river,  
 Back midst the chestnut and pines;  
 Where never a thought of the giver  
 Ever entered our ungrateful minds.  
 How gladly again would we be there,  
 Where the shy little fish used to bite,  
 If only it were for a moment  
 Back in the Old Home To-night.

Back at the foot of the mountain,  
 Back where we once loved to roam;  
 Our hearts well up like a fountain,  
 When we think of the dear old home.  
 How thoughts of dear father and mother,  
 Who taught to fear God and do right,  
 Come rushing down fast on each other,  
 Back in the Old Home To-night.

Back by the big open fire,  
 The Old Oaken bucket and churn;  
 Our hearts never seem to tire  
 Of wishing those days would return.  
 How well we remember the school house,  
 The examples, that seldom were right;  
 How warmly our teacher would greet us,  
 Back in the Old Home To-night.

Many have crossed the river,  
The church yard has larger grown;  
We cannot call them hither  
From that great unknown—  
But we remember their faces,  
And all our hearts unite  
In many a thought of old times,  
Back in the Old Home To-night.

Like the prodigal now we're returning,  
With mixed grief and joy are we filled;  
All the fires are burning—  
The fatted calf has been killed.  
How blessed it is to be here—  
How gladly we all unite  
In giving three cheers for the old folks  
Back in the Old Home To-night.

Refrain: Back to the home of our fathers,  
Back where they taught us the right;  
Oh, the joy that sweet memory gives us,  
Back in the Old Home To-night.

## THE EDITOR STOPS TO TALK

NOW that the New Hampshire Survey has nearly finished its activities, investigated the industrial possibilities and business prospects of the state, and is about to make its report, we feel that it is in order to outline the most effective way to "rejuvenate New Hampshire." The real life of the state is in its rural communities and small towns. Manchester may bustle, Portsmouth boil, and Concord dream, but the heart of New Hampshire is in her little hill villages. These villages are fast assuming the sombre aspect of dissolution and decay, and the problem of rehabilitating New Hampshire is really a problem of bringing back the fine old community spirit of her little townships. The GRANITE MONTHLY with its usual acumen, having selected the five leading citizens of New Hampshire, moulded its political destiny, and garnered its choicest treasures of poetry and prose, now solves this problem and with characteristic modesty presents the solution to its readers. We advocate the formation of a Society for the Founding and Promulgating of Country Bands in New Hampshire.

There is nothing more invigorating to a community than a brass band. The smaller the community the better the result. In the first place, it brings the country boys down from the farms, in from the fields with a common purpose other than to visit the pool room or lounge about the village store. Thus the band has a good influence from the very start. Then comes the question of clothing the band. A band without a uniform would be ineffective as well as

immodest. This problem necessitates the holding of numerous country fairs, picnics, and concerts, which provides a healthy and wholesome round of social activity in an otherwise defunct community. The first time that the band marches down the street in its new uniforms, replete with gold braid and brass buttons, the town has its local pride aroused.

It may be noted that we have not yet mentioned music in connection with the band proposition. Alas, in many cases it would be scarcely appropriate or reverent to do so. But we still add that should the band reach the point where it actually produces harmony, which is by no means impossible, its value to the community is almost unlimited. How many great men of America followed country bands with their eyes wide and their hearts beating rapidly in boyhood days. Phillips Brooks said that what commerce needed was more inspiration. The same could be said of many of our rural townships.

In all seriousness we have called this matter to the attention of those public men of New Hampshire who, in their public spiritedness, are striving to provide means of speeding up the life of the state. If they will join our society and take the matter thoroughly in hand, we are sure they can bring it to a successful conclusion. They might even form a band of their own to exhibit as an incentive. They certainly appear to have wind enough to do so. What town of the old Granite State would fail to be thrilled at such a band?



# CURRENT OPINION IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

## Clippings from the State Press

### The Size of the Legislature

Elias H. Cheney's Last Editorial

It is four and a half years since the last census was taken; and congress has failed in its duty to make a new apportionment of the house, as the constitution requires. Maine is still sending four representatives, and the same is doubtless true of two or three other states—sending one more than they can be entitled to under any apportionment proposed. That job should be done by this congress at its coming session. We hope the number will be so increased that Vermont will retain two. We believe in a large representative body, because it keeps government so much nearer the people. The English house of commons has over 600 members, and the French assembly nearly as many, although the population of both together is much less than ours. Both seem to be able to legislate without difficulty; you never hear of any move to reduce the number. We hope that the size of our congress will increase a bit with every census till it reaches 1000. One of the best features of our state government is, as we think, her system of town representation; but we would reduce the number, just enough to avoid the necessity of making over representatives hall; wholly at the expense of the cities and big towns. Simply increase the population requisite for additional representatives. We would give every town of 400 a representative, and require 2000 for each additional member. Only those under 400 pro-rated. There is as much brain in a town of 400 inhabitants now as there was in a town of 800 when hand power did the work instead of machinery. And it is from small towns that her cities get their best citizens. Urban New Hampshire should be generous towards rural New Hampshire. Vermont carries the principle that a town is a town, entitled to one rep-

resentative and no more, too far. Something about half way between the Vermont system and ours we think would be greatly better. We think that three representatives are enough for Lebanon, and thirty a plenty for Manchester. And that reminds us: Sixty or more years ago Lyme, Hanover, Plainfield, Lebanon, Enfield and Canaan each had two representatives. Now Lebanon has five, Hanover two, and the other four one each. The principal product of all was wool. Lebanon only had much manufacturing. My, what loads of wool we used to see going to the depot. Lebanon alone had over 10,000 sheep; now less than 300.

—*Granite State Free Press*

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### The Outcome of the Primary

The reaction of the state press to the results of last Tuesday's primary is good. Harmony and the will to win are everywhere in evidence.

For instance, the Exeter News-Letter, which gave the most vigorous and effective support to the Knox campaign of any weekly paper in the state, says editorially: "It need not be said that in certain results of last Tuesday's primary the News-Letter is disappointed. But personal feelings now count for naught. The primary was fairly contested, and it is now the duty of every Republican to give effective support to its nominees. Two months will bring the election. Into this brief period must be put the utmost of endeavor to secure Republican victory. The election of Coolidge and Dawes is of vital importance. Hardly less so is the restoration of Republican control in New Hampshire. John G. Winant should be an inspiring leader. From governor down the entire Republican ticket must be elected."

The North Conway Reporter thinks that "Captain Winant will make an ideal candidate. He will conduct a clean campaign for election and will be a worthy opponent of our good Governor Brown."

The Keene Sentinel makes this call upon party loyalty: "Let every Republican man and woman of voting age in New Hampshire make a vow to-day to support the state and national ticket and next November convince our Democratic friends that they mistake the spirit of Granite State Republicanism if they believe the disappointments of a primary campaign can create a schism."

This is the verdict of Judge Omar A. Towne of the Franklin Journal-Transcript: "With John G. Winant of New Hampshire we will have a man who is not only honest and sincere, but one who has had large experience for his years, one who is capable in every way to give the state a good administration, and one who will live up to his promises. He should receive every Republican vote, and some who do not claim to belong to that party."

The Hanover Gazette believes "Mr. Winant will prove a good vote getter in November. A candidate of the type of Mr. Winant, whose record is an open book and who does not decline to state his beliefs will prove a strong asset to the ticket."

"Captain Winant will make a splendid governor when elected," declared the Milford Cabinet, "and we have not a particle of doubt that he will be elected in November."

This is the opinion of the Woodsville Times: "After a spirited contest Capt. John G. Winant of Concord has won the Republican nomination for governor in New Hampshire, and the Times extends to him its warmest congratulations, as it does to the Republican party upon having for a candidate to oppose Gov. Fred Brown, Democrat, a strong and able man capable of making a successful run. Capt. Winant, we believe, has won the nomination because of the people's belief in his absolute sincerity

and honesty. Behind him should be a united party. Whatever factions in Republicanism there may be should and will give him their hearty support for a big Republican victory in November."

—Concord Monitor

## Judge Parsons

It is gratifying to know that Judge Parsons, who will soon retire as chief justice of the supreme court because of the age limitation, is to be a member of the next legislature. He ought to be a great and steadying influence in that body. Ex-Governor Albert O. Brown is also a candidate for representative and should likewise hold a position of great influence among the law-makers. We cannot look upon his candidacy however, with the same enthusiasm which we should have did we not have a lurking suspicion that his object in going is to further his hobby of another constitutional Convention, for the removal of all the safeguards for the taxpayer which that document contains. Hon. James O. Lyford will again be a representative, also, and no man understands the handling of a legislature better or has sounder ideas, as a rule. It looks as if our law-abiding body might be above the average in point of ability and experience. It is an excellent thing when men of such standing are willing to accept these places where they can be of most valuable public service.

—Journal Transcript

## Elias H. Cheney

This state lost last week the oldest newspaperman within its borders and probably the oldest in continuous service in the country. Elias H. Cheney had edited the Granite State Free Press for over half a century and had been actively engaged in newspaper work in one place or another since before the Civil war. For

many years he held a consular position but each week he wrote a most interesting editorial letter, even when thousands of miles away. He died suddenly of acute indigestion and contributed his regular editorial column to the very issue before he passed away. Mr. Cheney had an original style, forceful and impressive. While naturally somewhat of the old school politically, he kept up to the times in his viewpoint in an unusual degree for one of his years. And he was tolerant, kindly, optimistic and deeply religious. His 92 years were years of devotion to principle and duty, to his country and to mankind. Few men can look back, when the summons comes, upon a life as well spent.

—*Rochester Courier*

### As Goes Maine

The Maine election, with whatever influence it has as a forerunner of the November result, was highly favorable to the Republicans. Brewster, even with the effort to overshadow national issues by local ones, was chosen by a very substantial plurality and otherwise the Republicans made a clean sweep. The superstition about Maine's indicating the outcome of the national election in November, by the size of its pluralities in September, still persists to a degree, although it must be confessed that figures show that it is not an infallible barometer. Maine is naturally strongly Republican and, with such a ticket as Coolidge and Dawes as an inspiration, it is certainly to be expected that the Republican vote will not only be up to normal but largely in excess of it. The same thing is true in New Hampshire. Unless all signs fail, the Republicans will win overwhelmingly next November here in the Granite state and they will be aided in achieving this result by not a few Democratic votes. The nomination

of Winant for governor is going to help greatly towards this outcome.

—*Rochester Courier*

### New Hampshire's Democratic Press

A man may be a Democrat or a Republican without proclaiming that fact all the time. A paper may support Republican or Democratic beliefs and candidates and yet devote considerable space to other subjects. The Argus has been Democratic in tone and liberal in policy since long before the oldest surviving citizen cast his first vote. It intends to be active in the present campaign, presenting its views with due regard to the right of counter-opinion on the part of any reader, striving to avoid unfair criticism or unsound argument. The Argus is glad to welcome into the editorial field a new paper, The New Hampshire Democrat, issued from Portsmouth by A. J. Smith, and with editorial columns prepared by the skillful and experienced hand of Hon. H. H. Metcalf of Concord. The paper is recommended to all seekers after truth. But we must respectfully request that the Democrat modify its heading which says "The Only Democratic Paper in New Hampshire." Even with two, brother, the field could not be called overcrowded.

—*Argus & Spectator*

### A Good Example for New Hampshire

"One thing we noticed while riding through Vermont was the absence of road-side shops and road-side signs. It is a great relief and the landscape is much better enjoyed. The "red gasoline soldiers" are frequent enough but are not found in front of every farm house, and wayside inns are not found upon every curve in the road. This adds to the enjoyment of motoring in the Green Mountain state."

—*Peterborough Transcript*



# NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

## ELIAS HUTCHINS CHENEY

Elias Hutchins Cheney, dean of newspaper men, passed away in Lebanon, August 26th.

At the age of 92 and after years of full service this much beloved gentleman passed away just as would be his desire, suddenly with only a few hours illness, late Tuesday night, August 26th. He ate his supper as usual with his family and while at the table was taken suddenly ill of acute indigestion, passing away at midnight.

Mr. Cheney was born in Ashland this state, June 28, 1832, son of Moses and Abigail (Morrison) Cheney, and received his education in the public schools of that town and at Phillips Exeter Academy and after graduating from the academy entered the office of the Peterborough Transcript as an apprentice and at the age of 21 became the editor and proprietor of this paper. In 1855 Mr. Cheney moved to Concord where he published the New Hampshire Phenix and was later employed by the Sentinel at Keene and by the Sullivan Republican at Newport. An opportunity came to buy the Free Press at Lebanon and he continued as proprietor and editor until a few years ago when his son-in-law, Mr. George H. Kelley, took it over, as owner and managing editor, Mr. Cheney still continuing as senior editor, thus making 63 years of service on that paper. The evening he was taken ill he had handed to Mr. Kelley the editorials he had written for last week's paper and they were published on Friday as was the custom. His editorials have been widely read and have been an influence in the state, shaping the course of politics or policies which men have followed. He reasoned with strange swiftness and was a power in the state. Besides his work as editor Mr. Cheney was a United States Consul to Curacao, Dutch West Indies, where he carried on government affairs for 15 years. He was first appointed consul at Matanzas, Cuba, in 1892 and served three years, and too, he served in the legislature of his own state two terms. While at Curacao his experience as consul made him a student of international affairs and years before the Great War he predicted a war which should be waged with Germany. He had become familiar with the Kaiser's intrigues in South America and knew his hostility toward us. This man, although past ninety years of age, still lived in the present, wrote on current questions and contemporary men.

At the age of 20, Mr. Cheney married Susan Youngman of Peterborough who died in 1904. There were four children: Fred W., Harry M., Susan Y., and Helen. With the exception of Susan who died in infancy, the other children survive him. Fred Cheney resides at Georgetown, Ill., Harry Cheney lives in Concord, and Helen, the wife of George H. Kelley, lives in Lebanon, and it was with the latter that he was

living at the time of his death. He was married to Mrs. Clara M. Smith in 1907, who also survives him.

## REV. WILLIAM A. LOYNE

The Methodists of New Hampshire, as well as those of every faith interested in our public institutions of charity, feel very keenly the death of Rev. William A. Loyne, which occurred at the home of his daughter in Methuen, Mass.

Mr. Loyne was born in England, March 27, 1849, but came to this country in his youth. He was educated at Tilton Seminary, and was admitted to the Methodist Conference in 1884. During his forty years in the ministry he served pastorates at Haverhill, Warren, Laconia, Woodsville, and Manchester, N. H. and Lawrence, Mass.

He organized the St. James Methodist Church at Manchester, and a Children's Home in the same city. He organized and founded an Old People's Home in Portsmouth, the Grafton County Home for the Aged in Haverhill, and a hospital in Laconia. During the last year, his seventy-fifth, he was at work raising funds for a maternity hospital to be built in Berlin.

He was Grand Prelate of the Knights of Pythias of New Hampshire, an Odd Fellow, a Red Man, and a 32nd degree Mason.

## JOSHUA B. SMITH

The town of Durham mourns the loss of the Hon. Joshua Ballard Smith, its oldest resident. Mr. Smith was born in Durham in 1823, in the same house in which he died. Educated in Durham schools, Mr. Smith took an active interest in public affairs, and has served the town and state in all the higher offices with the exception of governor, for which he was honorably mentioned. He served the town as moderator ten times, town clerk for four years, selectman for nineteen years, town treasurer for eleven years, three terms in the general court, one term in the state senate, one term in the governor's council. He was the oldest living member of the Society of Colonial Wars.

## WILLIAM MORRILL

Mr. William Morrill died at his home in Exeter in his 77th year. He was educated in Kimball Union Academy, and graduated from Dartmouth in the notable class of 1874, which included among others Hon. Edwin G. Eastman of Exeter. Last Commencement Mr. Morrill participated in the 50th anniversary of his class. During his early life he was a resident of Brentwood, N. H., and represented that town in the Legislature and the Constitutional Convention. In 1892 he was elected Register of Deeds, and has since been a citizen of Exeter.

# HISTORY

## of the Town of Sullivan, New Hampshire

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The exhaustive work entitled, "History of the Town of Sullivan, New Hampshire," two volumes of over eight hundred pages each, from the settlement of the town in 1777 to 1917, by the Rev. Josiah Lafayette Seward, D. D.; and nearly completed at the time of his death, has been published by his estate and is now on sale, price \$16.00 for two volumes, post paid.

The work has been in preparation for more than thirty years. It gives comprehensive genealogies and family histories of all who have lived in Sullivan and descendants since the settlement of the town; vital statistics, educational, cemetery, church and town records, transfers of real estate and a map delineating ranges and old roads, with residents carefully numbered, taken from actual surveys made for this work, its accuracy being unusual in a history.

At the time of the author's death in 1917, there were 1388 pages already in print and much of the manuscript for its completion already carefully prepared. The finishing and indexing has been done by Mrs. Frank B. Kingsbury, a lady of much experience in genealogical work; the printing by the Sentinel Publishing Company of Keene, the binding by Robert Burlen & Son, Boston, Mass., and the work copyrighted (Sept. 22, 1921) by the estate of Dr. Seward by J. Fred Whitcomb, executor of his will.

The History is bound in dark green, full record buckram, No. 42, stamped title, in gold, on shelf back and cover with blind line on front cover. The size of the volumes are 6 by 9 inches, 2 inches thick, and they contain 6 illustrations and 40 plates.

Volume I is historical and devoted to family histories, telling in an entertaining manner from whence each settler came to Sullivan and their abodes and other facts concerning them and valuable records in minute detail.

Volume II is entirely devoted to family histories, carefully prepared and containing a vast amount of useful information for the historian, genealogist and Sullivan's sons and daughters and their descendants, now living in all parts of the country, the genealogies, in many instances, tracing the family back to the emigrant ancestor.

The index to the second volume alone comprises 110 pages of three columns each, containing over twenty thousand names. Reviewed by the New York Genealogical and Biographical Record and the Boston Transcript.

Sales to State Libraries, Genealogical Societies and individuals have brought to Mr. Whitcomb, the executor, unsolicited letters of appreciation of this great work. Send orders to

J. FRED WHITCOMB, Ex'r.  
45 Central Square, Keene, N H.



Vol. 56. No. 10

OCTOBER 1924

# THE GRANITE MONTHLY



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# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

## A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE

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### THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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No. 10



OCTOBER 1924

## THE MONTH IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

**I**N September, 1924, New Hampshire divided much of its attention between politics and horse-trotting, state conventions and agricultural fairs being the main features of the month in the Granite State. At the Rochester fair, New Hampshire's largest, a determined and successful attempt was made on the final day to instill more genuine agricultural interest into the occasion than has been the rule in the past. The gamut of fair attendance this year for Governor Fred H. Brown ranged from the great show at Rochester to the oldest fair in New Hampshire, Sanbornton's town fair and, for the past quarter century, Old Home Day combined.

Here the Governor pointed out in no uncertain terms some of the evils of the automobile, speaking, perhaps, with added ardor because his arrival at the fair had been delayed greatly, first by tire trouble, and, second, by the threatened arrest for over-speeding of his chauffeur, Adjutant General Howard.

Governor Brown attended, also, the Eastern States Exposition at Springfield, Mass., and was pleased to find his state adequately represented there and in a manner which gained for New Hampshire much favorable publicity. The state departments of highways, education, forestry and fish and game co-operated in the ex-

hibit which was under the general direction of Frederick A. Gardner of the highway department.

While at Springfield, Governor Brown took part with the other New England Governors in inaugurating New England Week with addresses broadcasted by radio. This week was observed extensively throughout New Hampshire, in common with the rest of the northeast corner of the U. S. A., and without doubt educated our own people to an unprecedented and highly desirable degree as to the variety and excellence of New England products.

Labor Day, Constitution Day and Defense Day were other occasions of special observance during the month.

The political events of the month, to which reference is made in several articles in this and the preceding issue of the GRANITE MONTHLY, included the primary election, followed by less than the usual number of recounts, tie votes, deaths, resignations and substitutions; the conventions of the Republican and Democratic parties, with their keynote speeches, adoption of platforms and election of new state committees; the organization of those committees; the securing of many more than the necessary number of signatures to petitions for placing the names of LaFollette and Wheeler electors upon the official

ballot; the endorsement of LaFollette and Wheeler by the New Hampshire State Federation of Labor; the holding of numerous rallies by the advocates of all three presidential tickets; the passing of the Coolidge caravan across a corner of our state; and the re-organization of the New Hampshire League of Women Voters, with Mrs. Edith B. Bass as the new president and with an amended constitution requiring officers of the League to pledge themselves not to use their official position for the benefit of any party.

Benjamin F. Worcester of Manchester, who was chairman of the Warrant for Governor state committee, was chosen by the Republican state committee as its new head. The Democratic state committee continued Chairman Robert Jackson in office. That New Hampshire, in spite of having but four electoral votes is not forgotten at any of the national headquarters, is shown by the fact that at this writing speeches already have been made in this state at political rallies by Governor "Al" Smith of New York, United States Senators Wheeler of Montana (vice-presidential candidate), Pepper of Pennsylvania, Fess of Ohio, Moses and Keyes of New Hampshire, Bainbridge Colby, former secretary of state, Congressmen Jefferis of Nebraska, Temple of Pennsylvania and Rogers of Massachusetts, with Presidential Candidate Davis promised for the closing days of the campaign.

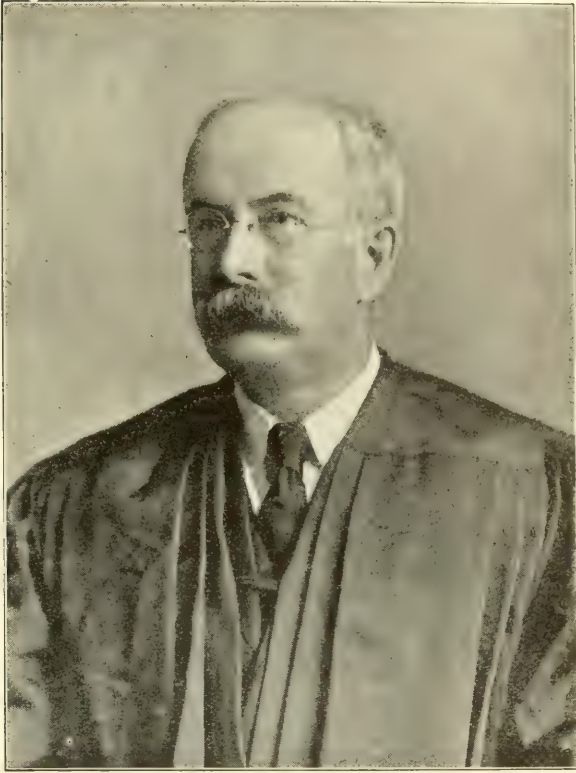
As a matter of record it may be set down that the candidates for presidential electors are as follows: Republican, Mrs. William H. Schofield of Peterborough, Mrs. Alice B. Shepard of Derry, George A. Carpenter of Wolfeborough and William R. Brown of Berlin; Democrat, Mrs. Frances Bingham of Littleton, Albert W. Noone of Peterborough, William O. Corbin and Patrick H. Sullivan of Manchester; for LaFollette and

Wheeler, Charles A. Wheeler of Nashua, brother of the vice-presidential candidate, Fred E. Sawyer of Concord, Edgar D. Mank of Nashua and Mrs. Lela B. Sanborn of Laconia.

The state tax commission and the state treasurer issued interesting statements during the month, the former showing that the total valuation of the state for 1924 is \$585,422,877, an increase of eleven million dollars over the previous year. This increase is made notwithstanding the loss of \$7,637,616 in bonds and money at interest, which was taken from the inventory and taxed on an income basis by the last legislature. The valuation of improved and unimproved real estate increased more than 17 million dollars, but every class of livestock except fowls showed a decided decrease. The increase in taxes raised was \$535,639, practically all in taxes for local purposes, and this resulted in an increase in the average tax rate of the state from \$2.44 to \$2.49.

The statement from State Treasurer George E. Farrand showed that New Hampshire on June 30, 1924, had no net debt and a surplus in the treasury of \$698,257.21, making a gain over the same date a year ago of \$880,233.86. The total receipts for the year were \$8,021,863.83. The funded debt was reduced \$785,000 during the year and the erection of a \$400,000 building at the state hospital half completed out of current funds without issuing the bonds authorized for that purpose by the legislature of 1923.

The last session of the supreme court of New Hampshire with Hon. Frank N. Parsons of Franklin as chief justice was held in September and was followed by a meeting of the state bar association in Manchester, which was in effect in honor of the retiring chief justice who spoke with the wit and wisdom of which he is master in relation to his associates and his work and theirs. Judge Parsons had



HON. FRANK N. PARSONS

but slight vacation, however, from public duties, as the same month saw him serving upon the important resolutions committee of the Republican state convention.

All the colleges and schools of the state opened their scholastic years during September and in almost every case an increased attendance was reported. The first courses inaugurated were, as usual, those in football, and early examinations on the gridiron were passed with eclat by the Dartmouth and University of New Hampshire elevens. Field trials under the auspices of a state association gave dog lovers an enjoyable two days at Hooksett. The photograph for the cover picture of this issue was taken at that time.

The official report of the State Old Home Week association, issued by

President Henry H. Metcalf and Secretary Andrew L. Felker, listed 65 observances of the festival in 1924, the largest number, with the exception of 1923, the tercentenary year, that have been recorded.

Motorists hailed with joy the announcement by the state highway department that the "death curve" in the Daniel Webster highway at the Valley of Industry, Boscawen, was to be straightened this fall. But that all the danger of the highways cannot be done away with by straightening the roads was shown in the same town when its veteran police and fire chief, Joseph Stoneham, was struck at night by a speeding car and killed, the motor murderer fleeing away into the night, without disclosing his identity.

H. C. P.



# THE REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION

Editorial Correspondence

THE last Republican State Convention throws some interesting sidelights on certain aspects of our Direct Primary Law. In the days before the Primary, when all state candidates were nominated by Conventions,

less than the direct endorsement of a majority of rank and file of the voters will secure a nomination. The function of the Party Bosses has been seriously crippled, for whenever the voters are enough interested to go to the polls and



BENJAMIN F. WORCESTER

Chairman of the Republican State Committee

those few men who habitually controlled a majority of the delegates truly dominated our political system. They not only dictated who should be nominated for important offices, but even the very policies for which Parties stood; but today with the direct primary nothing

assert themselves the party bosses lose their power. There are few people but that admit that the primary law has its weaknesses and shortcomings, but if there is any belief in democracy we should all be thankful that it has delivered us from the scandal and cor-

ruption which so often attended the caucus and convention system and put the choice of candidates and the determination of the party policies in the hands of the voters.

We still have State Conventions but they are of secondary importance. They are composed of all the candidates and an equal number of delegates. Their sole function now is to frame the Party policies in the form of a platform and to give the orators an opportunity to hold forth.

#### WHY THE PRIMARY

The theory on which our Primary Law was drafted is that candidates should contend for nominations on the ground of the issues they advocate. It was believed that campaigns waged in this manner would be of great educational value to the people and would be a real contribution toward enlightening the voters so that they could make an intelligent and discriminating choice at the elections. It was expected that the voters would nominate candidates who represented their views, and that these would become the Party policies when incorporated in the Party Platform, by the candidates at the State Convention.

One of the disappointments of this Primary System has been that comparatively few candidates for minor offices run on the issues they stand for. Every other conceivable reason is first given to induce voters to support local candidates. The fact that it is his turn, and that he is a good fellow is the most common. The right geographical location seems to be an important qualification for public service. A thoroughly competent man who does not reside in the exact region where political lightning should strike, is at a decided disadvantage in running against a less capable candidate who happens to live in a more strategic locality.

We often hear of men who are given public office because they need the job. It is sometimes urged that they can't

get any other, quite regardless of qualifications or fitness to perform the task to be entrusted to them.

But these vagaries and limitations of Democracy are not confined to the Primaries. They are rather manifestations of our own human limitations, and though in many instances the rank and file of the voters do not yet avail themselves of the opportunity offered by the primaries of controlling nominations and party policies, yet there is a growing tendency in this direction, as this last Republican primary election proves. The voter is becoming more and more attracted to, and will support, the candidate who conducts a campaign on issues and policies openly and fearlessly advocated.

#### THE PRIMARY IN THIS ELECTION

One of the candidates running this year for the Republican nomination for Governor made his campaign exclusively on the basis of issues. In this respect the position of John Winant was in striking contrast to that of his opponent. Himself comparatively unknown, this candidate appealed for support through the press, by means of circulars and orally on the ground of the measures he would advocate if elected. It is apparent that a majority of the voting Republicans preferred his position to the attitude of his more widely known opponent.

#### CHIEF CONTROVERSY IN THE REPUBLICAN STATE CONVENTION

The interesting feature of our last State Convention was the difference of opinion which developed as to the position the Party should take concerning those very issues on which its candidate for Governor, Captain Winant, had been nominated. These included the convening of a Constitutional Convention to facilitate tax equalization, the 48-hour law for women and children, ratification of the Federal Child Labor Amendment, Law enforcement and water power development.

Two opposing elements became apparent as soon as the Party machinery began to function. One favored passing over these issues and taking no definite position. The other held that they had been endorsed through Captain Winant's nomination and that there should therefore be a clear outspoken endorsement of these measures in the Party Platform.

The fact that the latter view-point prevailed without a fight on the floor of the Convention is a tribute to the moral influence and fervor of sincere courageous leadership. Throughout the negotiations in the Committee which finally drafted the Platform, John Winant was always considerate, and conciliatory, but firm and unflinching in insisting that those issues which the voters had endorsed in the Primary campaign should be supported in the Republican Platform. It is significant that although a majority of the delegates to this convention did not sympathize with all of Winant's issues, the moral effect of the endorsement given to those measures by Winant's nomination after a campaign in which they were publically discussed from one end of the state to the other, was so great, that

it ultimately determined those policies for which the Republican Party is to stand for the next two years.

#### SIMILARITY BETWEEN THE DEMOCRATIC AND REPUBLICAN PLATFORM

Shortly after the Republican convention came the Democratic. This convention wrote a platform remarkably similar to that of the Republicans. It is claimed that on one of the chief issues, that of the 48-hour week for women and children, the Republicans were less specific than the Democrats. On the other hand the Democrats are considerably less definite on prohibition and law enforcement. Perhaps the most important difference between the two platforms was the stand of the Democrats of open condemnation of the Ku Klux Klan, as compared to no mention of that organization by the Republicans. Apart from this and a few rather hackneyed Democratic issues such as home rule for cities, no poll tax for women, abolition of the governor's council and re-organization of the state senate, the two parties will go to the election with platforms having no real fundamental differences.

## THE REPUBLICAN PLATFORM

THE Republicans of New Hampshire, in common with all others of the country, deplore the untimely death of President Harding, under whose leadership the party won the most remarkable triumph in its history. But we rejoice that the leadership thus taken away fell to the capable hands of one well known to us as a neighbor and fellow Republican.

To Calvin Coolidge, the President, the President that is and the President that is to be, and to Charles G. Dawes, our next Vice-President, we pledge our unfaltering loyalty and united support.

We recognize that the task of reconstruction made necessary by the reaction following the great war, though well advanced, is by no means finished. In the policies advocated by Calvin Coolidge we recognize the means for carrying these tasks to complete fulfilment, and we pledge ourselves to redeem this state from Democratic rule, to take back to ourselves the Congressional district now held by our opponent, to retain a faithful Republican senator and congressman in office, and to give to the President a governor and legislature in New



Hampshire which will be responsive to his leadership.

We endorse the platform of the Republican party adopted by the national convention at Cleveland.

The Republican party pledges itself to the furtherance of the sound financial policies inaugurated under Republican administration, as a result of which the state debt has been reduced to a vanishing point.

We further pledge that the expenses of our government shall be placed and kept at the lowest mark consistent with a successful and efficient conduct of the business of the state.

New Hampshire supported prohibition prior to the adoption of the Federal amendment. The amendment was adopted after half a century of agitation. It undoubtedly represents the will of the majority of the people of the United States. We are opposed either to the modification or repeal of our state law or of the Volstead Act. We pledge the Republican party to a vigorous enforcement of these laws.

We favor an amendment of the law reducing the poll tax from three dollars to two dollars.

We pledge ourselves to support agriculture in all its branches to the end that the upbuilding of the rural communities of our state, may be developed to their fullest extent, and we reaffirm the position taken by the Republican party in 1922 toward the elimination of tubercular disease in the dairy herds of the state, and recommend that adequate appropriation be made for the further prosecution of the work.

We endorse the excellent work which has been accomplished by the normal schools, and the University

of our state, and we favor appropriations adequate to properly meet the natural growth of these institutions.

We are opposed to any increase in the present tax burden of the towns or the state. In case additional authority is obtained by amendment of the Constitution, we urge the adoption of laws which will more justly distribute the tax burden between different classes of property. All changes which will have this effect will have our support.

We recommend to the legislature the beginning of a policy for developing water power, and storing it, either as recommended by the Conservation Commission, or in some other comprehensive way.

Our President, Calvin Coolidge, as governor of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts in 1919 signed a 48-hour bill designed to safeguard the vital interests of women and children engaged in manufacturing industries. Our candidate for governor, John G. Winant, introduced the first 48-hour bill presented to the New Hampshire legislature in 1917. We commend the action of these men, who are the leaders of our party in nation and state, as we submit our cause to the judgement of the people and declare it to be in harmony with the spirit of the Republican national platform, which affirms its faith in the principles of the 8-hour day, and the protection of women and children employed in industry.

We commend the Republican Congress in submitting to the states for ratification the Federal Child Labor amendment, and we recommend it to the serious consideration of the legislature in 1925.

# THE DEMOCRATIC STATE CONVENTION

BY ROBERT JACKSON

Chairman of the Democratic State Committee

THE Democratic convention which met in Phenix Hall on Friday September twenty-sixth, was notable for three things, the platform adopted, the speech of Hon. Raymond B. Stevens of Landaff, former Vice-Chairman of the U. S. Shipping Board, and the keynote address of Hon. Bainbridge Colby of New York, who was Secretary of State under President Wilson.

Mr. Stevens is one of the best platform orators in the country. His independence and his fairness to opponents always make a powerful appeal even to hostile audiences. At Phenix Hall he spoke among friends by whose side he had contested many hard fought campaigns and he made what many regarded as the best speech of his career.

He took as his text quotations from the great charters of democracy, the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution. He applied the principles there enunciated to the questions of today. He showed how New Hampshire with a senate representation based on wealth rather than on population, had fallen out of step with other states in welfare legislation. He cited the list of measures passed by a Democratic House and killed by a Republican senate. He condemned intolerance. He denounced the Republican policy of reducing the taxes of the rich and increasing the taxes of the poor. He praised the administration of Governor Brown which has reduced taxes a million dollars and changed the net debt of the state into a surplus of \$700,000. He finished with an allusion to recent nauseous events in Washington without mention of which no Democratic speech would be complete.

Mr. Colby's address was a scholarly consideration of the events of the last four years at Washington. He traced the recently disclosed corruption to the basic receptiveness to such ideas of minds trained to regard government as

an instrument for securing special privilege. He linked the tariff with Tea-Pot Dome as manifestations of the same idea. He contrasted the Harding-Coolidge administration with that of Wilson, the one an orgy of baseness and corruption, the other a record of great trusts obeyed, discharged and honestly fulfilled.

Attorney General Irving A. Hinkley presented the platform. In preparing it his committee had before it a copy of the Republican platform, adopted a week before, which read at first glance like a list of the bills passed by the Democratic house and killed by the Republican Senate in the last legislature. He presented a document in happy contrast. It very definitely placed the party on record in favor of immediate passage of a state 48 hour law for women and children in manufacturing industries; for the abolition of the poll tax on women, for home-rule for cities now controlled by Concord-appointed commissions and for sufficient appropriations for the State University and for the bovine-tuberculosis work of the Department of Agriculture.

Finally it stated what Democrats regard as the real overshadowing issue of the campaign in these words:

"We present to the people of New Hampshire a record of two years' administration of the state government that speaks for itself. That alone is more than sufficient to justify the return of our party to power. For the first time in history the state of New Hampshire has no net debt, but instead a surplus of \$700,000. At the same time the state tax has been reduced a million dollars. It is inconceivable that with such a record the electorate should desire a change based only on the equivocal promises of the party that failed in its many years of administration to approach the record on which we stand."

# THE DEMOCRATIC PLATFORM

**W**E, the Democratic Party of New Hampshire, in convention assembled proclaim these principles on which we stand before the people of this state, and to the support of which we pledge our every effort, whether it be as the party entrusted with the welfare of that people by their franchise, or as a constructive minority.

We heartily endorse the platform of our party in the nation, believing it to embody those principles which are not alone conducive but essential to our national welfare. Its candidates we commend, and should they, as we believe they will, be given in trust the leadership of our country, we are assured of an honest and capable administration of that trust. We can truly say that the promises and pledges of our party in both state and nation have always been faithfully kept.

The Democratic Party points with justifiable pride to the account of its stewardship of this nation's affairs from 1912 to 1920. In common with all good Americans, we blush with shame at the record of the past four years. We deplore the fact that it was necessary for the minority party to ferret out and expose the corruption in the executive family and that these efforts were not given the fullest cooperation from our nation's head, and that today, no offender has been brought to justice and never has the party charged with responsibility recognized the fact that a wrong had been done or a trust violated.

The pledges of the Republican Party have in the past proved mere phrases to catch the votes of the public. They have never been redeemable at par. Its policies have always led to the enrichment of the few at the expense of the many.

In order to secure equal opportunity and humane standards of employ-

ment, we favor a national law fixing the hours of labor and conditions of employment of women and children in industry. Such a law can only be secured after an amendment to the federal constitution. In the meantime, we do not propose to wait for the adoption of such an amendment before giving justice to our own women and children. Therefore, we advocate immediately the enactment of a law in this state fixing a 48-hour week for women and children in manufacturing plants.

We earnestly advocate the ratification by our legislature of the amendment to the federal constitution, giving congress the power to legislate against the enslaving of little children by unscrupulous employers of labor, and call attention to the fact that under the last National Democratic administration such legislation was enacted but declared unconstitutional by our Federal Supreme Court.

We endorse and stand by the declaration of our standard bearer, John W. Davis, "if any organization, no matter whether called Ku Klux Klan or any other name, raises the standard of racial and religious prejudice or attempts to make racial origins or religious beliefs the test of fitness for public office, it does violence to the spirit of American institutions and must be condemned by all those who believe in American ideals."

We commend the progress already made toward the elimination of bovine tuberculosis in the dairy herds of the state, and urge the Legislature of 1925 to provide an adequate appropriation for the prosecution of this highly important work.

We favor sufficient appropriations for the University of New Hampshire and the Agricultural Extension Service connected therewith to enable them to carry on the excellent work they are now doing.



We recommend a new constitutional convention to submit an amendment which will permit the Legislature to equalize tax burdens.

We believe that the practice, generally adopted for partisan reasons of depriving cities of the right of selecting their own officials is contrary to sound democratic principles and in the long run destructive to good government. We pledge ourselves to re-establish for the cities of New Hampshire genuine 'home rule.

We advocate the abolition of the Governor's council and increasing the membership of the Senate, and basing the representation on population and not as now upon wealth.

We favor the strict enforcement of the 18th amendment of the Constitution of the United States.

The Democratic party favors the abolition of the poll tax on women.

The inheritance tax law of 1919 having been declared unconstitutional

and the rights of those against whom the tax was illegally assessed having been proscribed, we advocate the enactment of legislation to repay to them the sums thus illegally assessed without sending them to the courts for redress.

We present to the people of New Hampshire a record of two years' administration of the state government that speaks for itself. That alone is more than sufficient to justify the return of our party to power. For the first time in history the state of New Hampshire has no net debt, but instead a surplus of \$700,000. At the same time the state tax has been reduced a million dollars. It is inconceivable that with such a record the electorate should desire a change based only on the equivocal promises of the party that failed in its many years of administration to approach the record on which we stand.

## A VERSE FOR ELECTION DAY

"Why brag about your lofty aim

If you don't intend to shoot?

What good's the horn upon your car

When you fail to make it toot?

Or what's a pass to foreign lands

If you won't get on the boat?

And what, oh what, is suffrage

If the voters will not vote?"

# A GRANITE MONTHLY GRADUATE

IN its almost half a century of existence the GRANITE MONTHLY has printed in its modest pages contributions from what may truly be called a distinguished array of authors. Turning the pages of Volume I (1877-8) we find the names of such men and women as Professor E. D. Sanborn, Hon. George W. Nesmith, Rev. Dr. Alonzo H. Quint, Asa McFarland, Orren C. Moore, afterward Congressman, Amanda B. Harris and Laura Garland Carr, signed to articles and poems. This high standard has been maintained remarkably well through the succeeding years and the various ownerships and editorships of the state magazine.

Most of the leaders of the public and professional life of New Hampshire have been GRANITE MONTHLY contributors; and in addition to these public-spirited men and women a number of young authors have mounted the first step of the literary ladder in its pages. It is something of a coincidence that in this latter list may be included one of our United States Senators from New Hampshire, Hon. George H. Moses, and the wife of his colleague, Hon. Henry W. Keyes.

Senator Moses no longer has the time, though we doubt if he has lost the inclination, for authorship; but Mrs. Keyes, in the midst of family, social and public duties, does an astonishing amount of literary work, novels, stories, poems, historical articles and Washington correspondence. Her latest and most popular book, "Letters from a Senator's Wife," is made up of selections from her monthly articles in the Good House-keeping magazine. And it is in her contribution to the October number of that periodical, entitled "How I Learned to Write," that she makes this interesting reference to the

GRANITE MONTHLY, speaking of her decision to try for a career as a writer.

"I had very little idea how to go about it. I had no encouragement at home; I had no literary acquaintances. I had not the vaguest idea how to approach an editor. But with the help of the hired man I put together an old writing-machine which I found in the attic—a wheezing, grinding, old thing almost as big as a Ford—and began to experiment on it. The ultimate result of these first experiments was a short article about my grandmother, and with a good many palpitations I sent it off to the editor of our own little state magazine, the GRANITE MONTHLY, hoping for the best and fully expecting the worst. His prompt reply did much to obliterate the impression which I had somehow gained that an editor was a personage with a loud voice and a menacing manner, entirely surrounded by copious scrap-baskets, and safely hedged in by barbed wire through which it would be extremely difficult for a would-be author to climb.

"My dear Mrs. Keyes," he wrote:

"Yours, with the article relative to your grandmother, Frances Parkinson, is just now received. I shall be glad to use the same in the next issue of the GRANITE MONTHLY not only because of its biographical and historical interest, but because of its literary excellence, it being extremely well-written."

"From the time that letter came, not a single day passed that did not find me sometime, even if it were only for ten minutes, pounding away on the old typewriter—late at night, early in the morning, during children's naps, between Liberty Loan drives. Some writers will tell you—and their opinion is borne out by their own experience—that the only way to begin is by attempting at once to penetrate to the

large magazines. I must confess that I did nothing of the sort. I felt terribly sensitive and shy. The only way that I could seem to proceed was by writing simple little articles and verses on subjects with which I was familiar, and sending them where I thought they might have an even chance of a welcome. Most of the verses, both grave and gay, were about war; one of them, called 'The Soldier's Wife,' was reprinted last winter, on request from a number of its subscribers, by a periodical far more important than the one in which it first saw the light. Many of the articles were biographical and historical essays published in the GRANITE MONTHLY. Several years later, when George Washington University gave me my degree of Doctor of Letters,

these articles counted more than anything else I had written—so the President told me—in determining my eligibility for it. The longest way round is very often the shortest way home, and the opinion which I have always held, that it is better to take the path that opens, no matter how steep and winding it is, because it so often leads to the highway of heart's desire, was considerably strengthened by these early experiences."

And because in the days of her fame, success and prosperity, Mrs. Keyes does not forget the friends who gave her first appreciation, she retraces that early path this month and gives us for publication in the GRANITE MONTHLY the latest short story from her pen.

## AUTUMN HOME-COMING

BY ELIZABETH FITZGERALD HANLY

Brown harvest fields and grey stone walls,  
 Rose-hips and yellowing fern-frond;  
 Still pools that catch the sunset gold,  
 Velvet squares of furrowed mould,  
 Blue, gentle hills beyond.

Green waves that crash in opal foam,  
 Pine forests faithful to the sea;  
 Old pastures silvery with yew,  
 Forgotten pathways winding through  
 Green clumps of bayberry.

Oh, since God made us out of earth,  
 Glad, glad am I to come from these  
 Ashes of triumphant pyres,  
 Maple, oak, and sumach fires,  
 Autum's clean ecstasies!

Dust of the road my sons will go,  
 Dust of the ways my fathers trod;  
 Limestone and granite chipped by sea  
 Stanch in the very bone of me,  
 Stand to thy praise, O God!



# WORTH WHILE

By FRANCES PARKINSON KEYES

PETER BRUCE was the Hamstead correspondent for the *Wallacetown Bugle*. The *Bugle* was issued only once a week, and the demands which it made upon its rural reporters were not heavy (Wallacetown, having two thousand inhabitants was not rural, but Hamstead, five miles away, with only seven hundred, was of course, in a different class). Yet Peter chewed the end of the stubby pencil with which he invariably wrote his first copy, before, carefully revised, it was typed on the ancient machine—a Smith Premier with a double key-board which Prue Fielding had once told him was undoubtedly manufactured before the Civil War—which stood on the kitchen table beside the bread-board and the alarm clock, and allowed long pauses to elapse between the items of interest which he laboriously jotted down after careful thought.

“Joe Elliott is having his barn shingled and building a new hen-house. Good for Joe.”

“Sol Daniels has had a bay-window with colored glass panes added to his dining-room, which is a great improvement to his residence.”

This seemed to cover the improvements in real-estate. It was necessary to turn to other topics.

“Thomas Gray has resumed his studies at the Agricultural College in Burlington. We shall miss Tom around here.”

“Mrs. Weston entertained the Village Improvement Society in the vestry of the Congregational Church last Wednesday evening. A pleasant time was had by all.”

“Sawyers’ has a new line of cotton dress goods and bungalow aprons in his store, received from Boston last week.”

“A pretty home wedding took place at the Hunt Farm on Friday when John Merrill and Sally Hunt were united in marriage by the Reverend Mr. Jessup.

Miss Prudence Fielding of Washington, D. C., acted as bridesmaid. The bride was attired in——”

The stubby pencil stopped moving. Peter was a bachelor, and a sisterless orphan to boot. He was not versed in the lore of the materials from which wedding garments are usually made. After some pondering he decided to evade the issue.

“—Becomingly attired in white, and carried a bouquet of sweet peas. The wedding presents were handsome and numerous. Supper was served, consisting of ice cream, cake, coffee, doughnuts and pie. The happy pair left to pass their honeymoon at Niagara Falls followed by the good wishes of their many friends. They will reside in Washington, where Miss Hunt has been employed in one of the Government offices for the past two years, and where John has a fine position as Secretary to a Senator.”——

Again the stubby pencil ceased moving. Peter’s thoughts wandered to Washington, to fine positions there with Senators—to the weddings that such fine positions made possible for Hamstead boys—to John Merrill, who had been in his class both at the High School in Hamstead and at Middlebury College, and who had made no more brilliant progress there than he had—to Prue Fielding, who was Sally’s best friend, who came often to visit her, and who had come now to help with the wedding festivities. And when his thoughts reached Prue, they stopped there abruptly——

Prue Fielding was an assistant to the Society Editor on one of the big Washington papers; and when Sally Hunt, lonely and bewildered, had first gone to take up her work in the War Risk Insurance, she had stayed for a few days—until she found she could no longer afford it, to be exact—at the small and comfortable hotel where Prue lived.

Two or three chance meetings in elevator and lobby had been followed by solitary dinners at adjoining tables; and before they were half way through, the girls had joined forces. The casual acquaintance developed before long into a very real friendship; the sophisticated little reporter and the farmer's daughter from the Connecticut Valley found themselves strangely drawn to each other. And when Sally went home on her first vacation, Prue went with her. Hamstead remembered still—with something of a gasp—her first appearance at the railroad station—crinkly black hair bobbed about a rosy face, under a perky little hat; a black frock that was simple enough, but somehow wickedly “different” from anything ever worn in Hamstead, and all of twelve inches off the ground—that was the season before skirts had begun their downward trend; transparent black silk stockings, slim black patent-leather slippers, a black patent leather bag in one hand. Peter Bruce, who, finding nothing more pressing to do at the moment, was sitting on the “depot” steps watching the train come in, stared at this apparition in reluctant fascination. Sally, an old and privileged friend, intruded on his contemplation.

“Oh, hello, Peter! how are you? If you're just sitting around—”

“The same as usual,” interpolated a voice beside her, a voice as smooth as the patent-leather with which its owner was shod.

Sally laughed. “How did you know it was ‘as usual,’ Prue?” she asked.

“Haven't you ever heard that reporters have to learn to be quick observers?” the patent-leather voice continued, “Were you going to suggest that your friend—”

“Peter Bruce”—

“Peter Bruce should help the station-agent with my trunk?”

“Prue, you're a regular mind-reader—*Would you, Peter?*”

Without betraying undue energy, Peter acquiesced. The trunk was a wardrobe one, the largest trunk, the

heaviest trunk, that he had ever seen. With its contents as the days passed, Peter Bruce and the rest of Hamstead made an astonished acquaintance. Miss Fielding entered, apparently wholeheartedly, into the social life of the village, thereby causing a slight pang of disappointment to those who had been awaiting the opportunity of saying that she was “stuck-up.” She went to Thursday evening prayer-meeting and “walked home afterwards.” She went to the movies in Wallacetown, to the card-parties of the Village Improvement Societies, to the dances in the Town Hall; and at each of these functions she appeared in a different costume. She wore dainty and demure white to church; fragile and fluttering scarlet to the ball; jade green embroidered in gold to the movies; turquoise blue trimmed with tiny pink rosebuds to the card-party; and there were slippers and scarves and sweaters, hats and capes and even earrings and necklaces to match the dresses. Peter, who almost from the first, seemed frequently to be her escort pondered deeply on the economic side of all this finery, and finally hazarded an indirect question about it as they were “sitting out a number” on the Town Hall steps.

“Rich? Me?” Prue laughed outright at the humor of it. “What makes you think so?”

“Why, pretty things like yours cost a lot—that is, I suppose they do.”

“You think they're pretty?” The patent-leather voice was velvet now.

“Yes, lovely——”

“I'm glad. But they're not so awfully expensive, really. I see the new fashions, as soon as they're out, doing the kind of work I do, and I learn to copy, and to shop at the right places. And I have to be well-dressed, or I'd lose my job—it's nothing to my boss whether I eat or not, but if I go to the British Embassy to report a party looking shabby, well, that would be another story. However, I earn enough to have what I need. I do quite a little writing, special features, and interviews, and things like

that, besides my society reporting. It means long hours, of course, but——"

"You earn all the money you spend on your clothes *yourself*."

"Naturally. And all that I spend on food; and for a 'room and bath' at a decent hotel; and for movies and taxis and French scent and other necessities of life."

Peter had not hitherto considered the exotic and exquisite apparition which had so startled Hamstead in the light of an industrious and successful wage-earner.

"I shouldn't think, to look at you, that you could earn a dollar to save your life," he said in some bewilderment.

"That's meant as a compliment, isn't it? Thanks—a lot. But I can. In fact——" the velvety voice grew, if possible, even more velvety—"what would you like to bet that I don't earn more in a month than you do in a year?"

"Nothing," said Peter, gulping a little, "you probably do."

"I hope," said Prue without apparent connection, "that Sally isn't going to be such an awful fool as to marry John Merrill."

John Merrill was considered the greatest "catch" in Hamstead. Peter was honestly surprised.

"Why, she'd be an awful fool if she didn't," he exclaimed, "what do you mean?"

"She'd have to give up her freedom—going out when she pleased and coming in when she pleased, and all that. Perhaps she hasn't got as used to being her own mistress as I have, but anything that tied *me* up, kept me from running around and meeting clever stimulating people—would drive me stark, raving crazy. I don't see how the girls around here live. They don't live—they just exist.——And she'd stop earning money of her own if she got married, wouldn't she? She's just beginning to make good at her job and she'd lose it. Then she couldn't have pretty dresses and French scent."

One of Peter's hands slid silently out,

and touched a frill of the pretty dress beside him. How sheer it was, how soft and fragile. He drew a deep breath, and his nostrils seemed full of French scent—or something sweeter still. He was not sure which. Yes, Prue was right—no Hamstead man could give a girl things like these. No Hamstead man had brains enough to earn them. Prue's hand, in the dark, suddenly touched his. He drew his own away.

She left for Washington soon afterwards; but in midwinter she returned for a few days, because she had been ill, and had been ordered to the country to recuperate. Strangely enough, she selected Hamstead for the scene of her convalescence, and stranger still—since it had never occurred to him to venture to write to her—she sent Peter a little note, telling him of her impending arrival. Sally was not at home, so Prue went to the village inn, which was not a very sheltered spot in which to foster a friendship. However, Peter took her sleighing two or three times, and in the course of these rides learned that the job which meant fortune and freedom was not a bed of roses after all.

"I'm up until three in the morning most of the time," she admitted, "going to parties, and then rushing back to the office and hammering out a description on the typewriter of what everybody wore and how 'beautifully appointed' everything was. 'Among those present were Senator and Mrs. Brown, Mrs. Brown looking unusually charming in a beautiful Paris creation of red *pailletted* in green; the minister from Dulmania and Madame Spavoski, the latter very *recherche* in orange and pink. A fountain which unfortunately was out of order was the piece de resistance of the table decorations, and the refreshments consisted of bombe glace into which a little salt had leaked and——"

"You're making fun of something," said Peter patiently, "I'm not sure whether its me or your job."

"Of myself, stupid. Well, that goes



on night after night. And while Mrs. Brown and the Minister from Dulmania and the florist and the caterer are all peacefully sleeping, I sit up and write about them. Then I have to be back at the office by nine the next morning gleaning wheat on a reaped field in the way of who is going to be at home that day."

"At home?"

"Receiving—serving tea, chocolate, coffee, sherbet, sandwiches, cakes, candy and salted nuts for anyone who wants to come and eat it. The official women do that once a week, from four to six—or four to seven—you know."

"I didn't."

"Well, you ought to. But all that isn't so bad. I don't mind doing it for the ones who 'belong' though some of them are pretty nasty to us—they seem to forget that a society reporter is a human being, that her bread and butter depends upon finding out what they're doing, that as soon as their husbands take official positions, the public feels that it has a right to read about them. They seem to forget too that in order to *be* a society reporter, a girl has got to have some social background herself, or she wouldn't know how to go about it. I had a grandfather who was one of the Justices of the Supreme Court, and my father was an assistant secretary of State—but now that they're dead, and didn't leave any money, people have forgotten that. But some of the official women are so nice it makes up for the others—and you better believe that we're ready to do all we can for *them*. Its the 'climbers' I mind most of all—the ones who want to 'belong' and don't, who offer us all kind of 'inducements' if we'll mention them in the social column."

"What do you mean, 'inducements'?"

"Oh—pretty trifles—vanity cases and flowers and candy and seats to the theatre; invitations to parties to which we'd naturally go as reporters—even money sometimes—"

"Are you cold, Prue?"

"No—what makes you think so?"

"I thought you were sort of shivering a little. I guess I was mistaken."

"I guess so. And, well, I don't have time for many special articles in the season, so I don't make so much money, and I need more. Besides I want to gradually begin to do something else."

"I thought you loved to write."

"I do. That's just it. I want to write something worthwhile. We mostly all do, we society reporters. We get to know human nature pretty well, you see, and we're not free to write about it the way we'd like to. 'The School for Scandal' couldn't teach me anything, but I mustn't ever say a word that hints at criticism of anyone prominent—freedom of the press stops short of the social column. And when I've got that 'copy' ready, I'm too dog-tired to do anything else. Now magazine work—"

"Yes?" encouraged Peter.

"It pays much better, but it has to be much more finished. Not slapped out in a hurry, with one ear at the telephone, and one eye on the clock. And novels—those take years, sometimes—"

"You'd like to write a novel?"

"There was a woman novelist came to one of Press Club luncheons once," said Prue abruptly, "who made a little speech afterwards, talked darn well, too, about her work; how she'd made a solemn pledge with herself never to let anything leave her hands unless it was just as good as she could make it—not as good as she'd like to make it, not as good as she hoped to make it sometime, but the very best she could do then. She 'got' me, that woman did. She loved her work, same as I do—and the work she turns out is worthwhile. But she doesn't have to do hers in a dirty clattering office whether she's sick or well or alive or dead. She has a nice husband and a lovely baby, and she writes when she feels like it, in a lovely quiet house on top of a hill. A fat chance I have of ever writing a novel."

"But you said when you were here last summer—"

"I do hate people with memories—— If I could have a newspaper of my own, I'd like that best of all—but I'd write the novel, too. Sally has gone and got engaged to John after all, hasn't she? I knew she would. He kept after her until she couldn't help herself."

There seemed, Peter reflected after he had left her at the inn and was putting up his horse, very little connection to a good many of the things Prue said.

And now Sally, radiantly happy for a girl who was making a fool of herself, had been getting married, and Prue was in Hamstead again, staying on at the Hunt Farm, looking after old Ephraim as capably—Hamstead admitted it grudgingly—as his niece had ever done, and paying her board besides. She was going to stay indefinitely. Her paper considered her so 'invaluable' that as she had never really pulled up after that winter illness they were giving her a vacation with pay until she could. There was nothing unhealthy, or even "pindling" about her appearance, to be sure, though she was very slight, almost elfin; and there was something elusive, something incomprehensible, which made Peter uneasy, which tantalized him——

His reflections were interrupted by the sudden and unexpected appearance of the young lady about whom they were centered. She banged on the kitchen door, opened it without waiting for an answer to her knock, and confronted her startled host before he had fairly risen from his chair.

"Hello," she said cordially, swinging herself up on the table beside the typewriter, "it's such a lovely afternoon, I thought I'd go for a tramp. I've been almost to Wallacetown and back. And then it occurred to me to come in here and ask for a cup of tea on the way home."

Peter could never quite decide whether Prue tortured him intentionally, or whether she really took certain things so much as a matter of course that it did not occur to her that anyone could be tortured by them. The pang of delight

which her presence in his house had given him was succeeded, almost immediately, by a pang of wretchedness.

"I'm afraid my fire is out."

"Well, we could light a new one, couldn't we?"

"Ye-es—but you see I'm all alone here."

"What's that got to do with the fire?"

"Why nothing, exactly. Nothing at all. But you see——"

Light suddenly dawned upon Prue. Or else—horrible thought—the light had been there all the time, and the dawn was an imitation one.

"You mean you think it isn't *proper* for me to have tea with you?"

"Of course I don't think that. But you see——"

"Do stop saying 'but you see.' I suppose you mean that Mrs. Elliott, or Mrs. Weston, or one of your other neighbors might see, and——"

"Yes," replied Peter almost eagerly, "I shouldn't want you should get talked about. Folks do talk, you know."

"Yes, I know," she said casually, "that's what I've come here for—to talk to *you*." She had lifted the stove-cover, and was poking at the coals that glowed beneath it. "There's quite a little fire there, after all," she went on, pushing in a fresh stick, and pulling the kettle forward, "There—that'll boil in a minute. Get some cups and, and sugar—and lemon——"

"Lemon?" queried Peter blankly.

"To put in the tea, I forgot; you'd have cream in yours, of course. Exactly as you'd say 'pleased to meet you' when you were introduced to anyone, and refer to your wife—if you had one—as 'my little girl' even if she weighed three hundred pounds."

"I don't see——" began Peter.

"Of course you don't. It's all true to type, that's all.——Are there any cookies in the house?"

"No."

"Any crackers?"

"No."

"Goodness, Peter, how lavishly you

keep house. Have you any bread?"

"I guess there's half a loaf. Being Sunday, I'm kind of short."

"I'll make it into sandwiches. We're going to be ever so cozy, aren't we?"

The coziness of the situation did not seem to loom as large in Peter's eyes as it did in Prue's. With visible reluctance, but with no further protest, he set out some nicked and battered china, silver spoons from which the plate had partly gone, tea in a broken paper package, granulated sugar, a single shrivelled lemon, bread that was dry and hard, highly colored butter oozing over a cracked plate. Then he drew back with a slight start, as Prue took a cigarette out of a slim silver case, put it in her mouth, and extended the case towards him.

"I don't smoke much—a pipe, once in a while, after supper. That's all."

"Well, light mine for me, will you?"

He struck a match and bent over her. Her rosy face, still cool from her walk in the wind, with the dark, crinkly hair about it, was as freshly fragrant as a flower. His hand shook a little, and the tiny flame scorched it. He dropped the match suddenly, and straightened up.

"So you didn't dare do that either?" Peter had not known that so sweet a voice could be so taunting.

"Do what?"

"Kiss me."

"You don't mean to say that you asked me to light your cigarette for you *on purpose* so that—"

The taunting voice broke with exasperation. "Honestly, Peter, I don't know why I bother with you at all."

"I don't either," said Peter simply, "It's terribly good of you. You were sweet to me the day of the wedding. I've been thinking about it ever since. Say—" he interrupted himself suddenly, "you don't happen to know what Sally's dress was made out of, do you?"

"Of course. Crepe Meteor. Why?"

Peter produced his copy. Prue took it, read through almost at a glance, and

dropped it to the floor shaking with laughter.

"Peter—why don't you do something worth-while?"

"What do you mean, worth-while?"

"Are you planning to spend all the rest of your life in Hamstead? Living all alone on this fourth-rate farm? Writing items—" she choked a little—"for the *Wallacetown Bugle*?"

"What else can I do?"

"Why don't you come to Washington? John Merrill did."

"I know. I was thinking about that when you came in. But John's smarter than I am, I guess. He passed a Civil Service Examination. I don't know what I could do there."

"You might enter the field of Journalism." Prue's glance strayed towards the sheet of pencilled paper on the floor. "I'm sure after what I've seen of you—ah—work—that you'd make an awfully snappy reporter. I'll say a good word to my boss about you, if you like."

"Are you just making fun of me, or do you mean that?"

Prue hesitated. And, in that moment of hesitation, Peter plunged headlong, with a discernment, and a courage which neither of them had known that he possessed into topics which he had not meant to touch.

"Because," he said, "if you meant it, I'm coming. I'll sell the farm—there isn't a person or a thing to tie me to it—and if you think I don't know it's a fourth rate-one, or that I want to live here all alone all my life, like you said a few minutes ago, you're mistaken a lot. It wasn't so bad when Mother was alive. Since she died it's been pretty dreary. I could leave it to-morrow. And I'd have enough money to keep me going for awhile. I'm not poor. I guess you thought I was, because I told you once I knew I couldn't earn as much as you could. But father and mother were both well to do for the country, and of course they left me all they had. I'd just as lieve go to Washington as anywhere else, if that's what you'd like



to have me do. The thing that really matters is you. You know how I've felt about you ever since I first set eyes on you. I'd never seen a girl like you before. I never expect to again. You think I'm silly and countrified because I don't want you talked about. I don't want you talked about because I love you. If I didn't, it wouldn't matter to me whether you were or not. I guess customs are different in big cities and little villages. I've heard that country folks who go to the city try awfully hard to act like the people who've always lived there, so they won't get laughed at. But I notice that when city folks come to the country they seem to think its kind of smart *not* to do like country people. Its a poor rule that don't work two ways. The country people don't always think they're so smart. Mrs. Elliott can be real mean—If you *needed* to come here, if it was part of your job to get news out of me, of course you ought to do it, and not care a hang what she said. But you know perfectly well that wasn't the reason you came. You thought I was stupid not to kiss you. Don't you suppose I thought of it? Don't you suppose I *wanted* to? But I think a fellow who kisses a girl when she isn't willing is a pretty poor kind of a skunk. And I didn't know you were willing. I didn't suppose a girl was ever willing—a nice girl—unless she cared for a fellow. And I didn't think you cared about me. I didn't see how you could. *Do you?"*

Prue, for the first time since he had known her, had no answer to give him. Instead, the panic which he had felt in his heart earlier in the afternoon seemed now to be all transferred to her face.

"If you don't," he said sternly, "it's—its cheap for you to be here at all, for you to try to tempt me into kissing you."

"Well, it isn't cheap for that reason, anyway," flamed Prue suddenly, "I've cared about you, from the first, too."

Something inside of Peter flamed also. But he went steadily on. "Well, if you do," he said, "I shouldn't think you'd

mock me by telling me you'd get me a job on your newspaper. You know that I can't write. That I couldn't if I lived a thousand years. I could sell the farm, and go to Washington, same as you say, but that doesn't mean for a minute that it would be worthwhile for me to do. It would be damned no-count, and you know it. The thing that *would* be worthwhile would be for me to stay right here, and make this fourth-class farm into a first-class one. I could do that if I weren't shiftless and lazy. I know *how* to do it. And I wouldn't be shiftless and lazy, if I didn't have to live all alone, and feel that it didn't matter a hang to anyone whether I was or not. I wasn't when Mother was alive. Maybe you don't believe me, but——"

"I do believe you," said Prue quietly.

"I'd work hard—if *that* were worthwhile. But I haven't felt that it *was*. I haven't had anyone to work *for*. But if I have, if you do care for me—— The thing for you to do," he went on, gulping a little, "that would be worthwhile for you would be to stay here with me. There are dozens of other girls who could do what you're doing in Washington exactly as well as you can. It's all very well for your paper to call you 'indispensable' but you know very well that you're not, that they could find some one else to take your place. And you know you haven't been happy, that you don't think what you're doing is worth while. You as good as told me so yourself last winter. And yet you have the face to pretend to me now——"

"I haven't meant to pretend anything."

"All right. Then stay here. I don't mean that I think you ought to settle back and vegetate like some of the women in Hamstead do. But you talked to me once about that woman writer who first made you feel that what you were doing wasn't worth-while—or who made you *admit* it. If you stayed here you could write your novel."

"And have it refused by every publisher in the country."

"It wouldn't be—it couldn't be. If

you put yourself into it, the way you talked that day, it would be *good*. But even if it wasn't—

"I'd have my happy home, I suppose you were going to say."

"I wasn't. I wasn't going to say anything of the sort."

Prue slid off the table upon which, for a long time, she had sat motionless, and put her hands on his shoulders.

"Peter," she cried, softly, "I am a perfect beast. What *were* you going to say?"

She half expected him to raise his own hands, and take hers down, Instead, he put them over hers, and held them there.

"You ought not to be sarcastic about a 'happy home,'" he said, "even though I wasn't going to say that. I might have, perfectly well. A 'happy home' is a pretty good thing to have. There'd be plenty to eat in this one, whether there were any pretty dresses and French scent or not; there'd be no slights and no insults, even if there wasn't much excitement; there might not be many prominent people—who didn't care a rap about you—coming there, but there'd be one person, not at all prominent, to whom you meant the world and all. And all that being so, I might perfectly well have asked you if it wouldn't be worthwhile to write your novel, whether anyone else in the world believed in it except you and me, if that's what you really want to write? But what I meant to tell you was that I heard to-day that the *Wallacetown Bugle* was for sale, and I was sort of wondering when you came in—remembering that you'd said you'd rather have a newspaper of your own than anything else in the world—whether you'd let me buy it and give it to you for a present?"

Prue would have dropped her hands herself, in her amazement, if Peter had not, by this time, been clutching them much too tightly for her to do anything of the sort.

"You meant to buy a newspaper and give it to me for my own?" she gasped, "a whole newspaper to do just what I wanted with—for a wedding present?"

"No, I didn't. I didn't mean to tie any strings to it at all. I thought you never wanted—any wedding presents. But I thought it would be good for you to stay in the country for a while, anyway, till you get strong and well again. I thought you could go on living at Ephraim's and go back and forth in the Ford. Of course you could go back and forth from here just as well. And it seems to me it would be just as worthwhile for you to take a little no-count country weekly and make it over into a real newspaper—to handle the tools you know how to use, and be your own boss while you're at it—as it would be for me to take a little no-count farm and pull it up to scratch—"

Suddenly Peter knew that Prue had wrenched herself free, that she had laid her head down on the battered bread-board beside the ancient monumental typewriter, and was crying as if her heart would break, but crying, as he knew very well, with joy, with that starved and lonely and valiant little heart full of gratitude towards him and love for him. He picked up the alarm-clock, and set it down upon the cooling stove, where it would not tick in her ear, and swept the soiled tea dishes into the sink with one reckless movement; then he picked up the sheet of paper with the Hampstead "items" scribbled on it, and tore it into pieces.

"This doesn't seem to suit the new editor," he said whimsically, "I guess I'll have to try again" and, as no answering laugh came back to him, he knelt beside the girl and put both his arms around her.

"Prue," he said, "Prue, darling do you think its worth while to cry like that—when everything's going to be so wonderful for both of us?"

# INDUSTRIAL NEW HAMPSHIRE

By GEORGE C. CARTER

State Manager of The Mercantile Agency, R. G. Dun & Co., Manchester, N. H.  
Being a message delivered over the radio from the Amrad station at Medford Hillside, Mass., early in the year, to a Saturday night audience estimated by the Amrad people at 200,000.

TO those outside who have never visited the state, New Hampshire is frequently visualized as a rock ribbed realm held securely for nine months of the year in the firm grip of ice and snow and open to summer visitors from all over the country for the remaining three months only. During the latter period the denizens of forest clearing and intervale expanse raise the few crops necessary for the sustenance of themselves and their animals during the succeeding nine months of hibernation.

The above may seem exaggerated for emphasis, and yet it is identical with an opinion expressed to the writer in a recent interview with one of the prominent residents of a well known southern city, and is known to be the mental attitude of many who are unacquainted with the real situation. As a matter of fact, not only is New Hampshire one of the most highly developed states of the Union from an agricultural standpoint, but it is also a veritable hive of industry. It was very early in the history of industrial New England that the first textile pioneer established mills at the Falls of Amoskeag, and declared to those who thought his effort would not succeed, that he would some day make the spot "The Manchester of America," a prophecy which has had its fulfillment in the present Amoskeag Manufacturing Co., by far the largest cotton mill in the world.

New Hampshire is extremely important in manufacturing lines, because it first manufactured men. The stalwart oaks and stately pines, with their rugged environment of altitude, seemed especially well fitted to pro-

duce their like in human beings. Let us make brief mention of a very few from among the thousand or more New Hampshire born men who became famous throughout the nation.

New Hampshire furnished one President in the person of Franklin Pierce of Hillsboro. Amherst gave to the nation Horace Greeley, editor of the New York Tribune, undoubtedly the greatest single political influence America has ever known, while Hinsdale produced Charles A. Dana, editor of the New York Sun. Winchester, adjacent to Hinsdale, was the birthplace of General Leonard Wood.

Daniel Webster of Salisbury has been recognized as one of the world's greatest minds, while General John A. Dix of Boscawen, later Governor of New York, was the author of the historic utterance—"If anyone attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot." Speaking of Governors, New Hampshire has furnished Massachusetts three in the persons of General Benjamin F. Butler of Deerfield, John Q. A. Brackett of Bradford, and the present well beloved Governor, Channing H. Cox of Manchester.

Sherman L. Whipple, the well known Boston attorney, was born in New London, and J. Reed Whipple of the Parker House, Young's Hotel and the Touraine, was born in New Boston. Christopher Columbus Langdell, Dean of the Harvard Law School, who did more than any other one man in the country toward clarifying jurisprudence, was also born in New Boston. Benjamin Holt, the originator of the caterpillar tractor idea in its entirety, was a native of



Concord. Orrison Swett Marden of the Success Magazine, came from Thornton. Jonas Chickering of the Chickering Piano Co., was born at New Ipswich. Denman Thompson of Old Homestead fame, at Swanzey, while Salmon P. Chase of Cornish, Secretary of the Treasury under Lincoln, was the financial giant who almost unaided and alone successfully financed the Civil War. Secretary of the Interior John W. Weeks, of Lancaster, still has his residence on the summit of Mount Prospect in that town. Harlan Fiske Stone, appointed Attorney General of the United States by President Coolidge, was born at Chesterfield.

The first signature to the Declaration of Independence following John Hancock, was that of Josiah Bartlett, the delegate from New Hampshire, and in 1787 at the first Continental Congress the signature of George Washington, President and Deputy from Virginia, was immediately followed by those of John Langdon and Nicholas Gilman, Deputies from New Hampshire. In the business world it is of interest to know that John S. Runnells of Effingham was many years president of the Pullman Company. John G. Shedd of Alstead was the head of Marshall Field & Co., and Sherburne S. Merrill of Alexandria became President of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul R. R., which, under his leadership, was made the greatest railroad of its time. John S. Pillsbury of Sutton founded the flour mills at Minneapolis which bear his name. Every user of Pillsbury's Flour pays his cordial tribute to the business genius of a New Hampshire man.

Since this message is being broadcasted from Medford Hillside, it is interesting to know that the President of Tufts College for many years was Alonzo A. Miner of Lempster, N. H. This list shows the soil and environment of New Hampshire such

as to produce men—real men, of the finest type. We are to speak particularly, however, of the industrial side of the state. The people of New Hampshire always were, are now and always will be intensely industrious. As early as [November, 1631, there were established at Portsmouth some salt works and mills for the manufacture of clapboards and salt pans. This immediate use of the natural resources of the state in timber, starting at this early date, has been rapidly developed until lumber and wood products of every variety are now one of the principal industries of the commonwealth. Let us right now take a little journey into industrial New Hampshire, stopping here and there only to make the briefest mention of some of the outstanding industries.

Let us start from Lowell, up the boulevard, cross the bridge at Tyngsboro, over the Merrimack, which turns more spindles than any other river in the world, and presently between two magnificent bronze tablets set in New Hampshire granite, we enter the Daniel Webster Highway, which traverses the state from north to south, and in a few minutes we are in Nashua, the Gate City of New Hampshire. Here are the Indian Head and Jackson mills, now consolidated with the Nashua Mfg. Co., sending Indian Head cloth to all the world. Nashua is prosperous because of its diversity of industries. It is the home of the White Mountain Refrigerator—"The Chest with the chill in it," and the old reliable, yet up to the minute, White Mountain Ice Cream Freezer.

Nashua also manufactures shoes in large quantities, machinery of every description, glazed paper of the finest quality, machines for turning out small paste board boxes in incredible quantities per hour, bread-wrapping machines and machines for printing on "Sunkist" fruit with edible ink. Railroad facilities at Nashua are first class for distribution in every

direction, and the name of the city industrially is known the world over.

Going up the river we pass through Reed's Ferry, the home of Walter Kittredge, who wrote "Tenting Tonight on the Old Camp Ground." There are excelsior, table manufacturing, tanning and other industries on the way to New Hampshire's largest city, the "Manchester of America." Here we find one corporation making a great variety of textiles, employing 16,000 people, the largest textile cor-

shoe manufacturing state, and with the increasing difficulties with labor and other problems in congested centers, is destined to become more important, each year. Here in the "Queen City" is the great Central Plant of the W. H. McElwain Co., one of the largest individual shoe manufacturing plants in the country. Manchester also manufactures needles, knitting machines, brushes and many other things in great variety. It is very nearly a 100% manufacturing



Kimball Studio

LAKE WINNEPESAUKEE

poration anywhere, carrying the name of "Amoskeag," the original Indian name of the Falls at this point, to the furthestmost corners of the earth.

Years ago the value of cotton textiles in New Hampshire was at the top of the list, but is now exceeded in good times by the value of shoe production. Here also is manufactured the paper on which is printed the Christian Endeavor World, which has a circulation among the members of that organization in every part of the globe.

New Hampshire is essentially a

community, and is the home of the 7-20-4 cigar, in its class the largest selling cigar in the world. Manchester is the home of the New Hampshire Fire Insurance Co., which owns outright two other companies, and is known throughout the United States under its slogan "Sound, Solid and Successful."

Eighteen miles up the river is Concord, the Capital City. Here was made the original "Deadwood" coach by a concern still in existence. Concord for years made the coaches used in Yellowstone Park, and before the

days of the automobile furnished all harnesses on both freight and passenger equipment used in the Park. Barnum and other large circus organizations gave exclusive contracts for harness manufacturing to Concord. Concord also produces leather belting, silverware, furniture, insulated wire, electrical instruments, textiles, wheels, a great variety of specialized products, and is the center of the granite industries of the state. From the granite quarries at Concord have been put up many public buildings in Washington and elsewhere. Here also are printed in a great printing establishment, many of the well known magazines and organization publications of the country. Concord is the home of the Capital Fire Insurance Co., and United Life & Accident Insurance Co., both doing business throughout the country.

Going north through historic Boscawen over the old military road used by the Colonials, British, French and Indians at various times, the City of Franklin is reached, specializing in needles, knitting machinery, hosiery, piston rings, jig saws and paper. Three miles to the east is Tilton, famous for hosiery, optical lenses, "Ideal" house wrappers for women's wear, and canvas belts.

Following the river to its beautiful location on Lake Winnisquam, we reach Laconia, noted for the manufacture of lumber, hosiery, knitting machines and needles, fire sprinklers, and also the home of the Laconia Car Company works, whose product has for many years carried people everywhere in Laconian comfort and bliss. Lakeport, a part of Laconia, manufactures machinery, lumber, hosiery and needles. It is the starting point for the camps, islands, and ports of Winnepesaukee, one of the most beautiful lakes of America. The Lake region is a real "industry" in summer, giving pleasure, joy and employment to thousands. The regular

twice a day trip of the large Lake steamer is sixty miles, and the automobile trip around the Lake a total of one hundred and nineteen miles of ever-changing beauty.

Plymouth is the gateway to the White Mountains, manufacturing heavy gloves in great variety, and is the home of the famous "Lucky Dog" brand of sporting goods which are sold all over the world. Large quantities of wooden shoe pegs have for many years have been exported from Plymouth. Pike makes a whetstone or a grinding wheel for every known abrasive.

Woodsville has two large lumber mills, one specializing on dimension lumber and the other on hard wood flooring. Lisbon manufactures piano sounding boards, electrical instruments and supplies and canvas gloves, and was for years the center of the wooden peg industry in New Hampshire, most of the product being shipped abroad.

Littleton has for years sent "Saranac" gloves all over the country, and is still very active in this connection. It also manufactures shoes, underwear, silverware, etc. Whitefield makes bobbins, shoes and has a tannery. Lancaster makes machinery and belt hooks, while Groveton has one of the largest paper manufacturing plants in the country.

The building of good roads is progressing rapidly throughout the state under a system which maintains three distinct boulevard lines from the Massachusetts to the Canadian lines, with cross state roads at strategic points. We have followed the central boulevard industrially. Let us now take the east side road.

The vicinity of Portsmouth has the honor of the first settlement and also the first manufacturing in the state. After the first saw mills were erected, shipbuilding came into vogue, and the ship yards near Portsmouth, both in wood and steel, did their full duty dur-



ing the late war. It was here that the original "Kearsarge" was built from solid oak brought from the mountains at Warner, and here also was built the "Ranger" commanded by Captain Paul Jones. It was from this ship that the stars and stripes were first unfurled as the representative flag of America.

Portsmouth now manufactures shoes and although still an important fishing port, has a variety of industries for which the city is admirably located. A new state owned pier is in contemplation to take care of the increasing importance of Portsmouth as a shipping center. Here also is a very large button manufacturing establishment, and an immense cold storage plant. A wholesale coal concern having customers throughout the state receives its product direct from the mines. Here also are manufactured carriage bodies, dyes and chemicals, and a concern making special tools having a wide distribution both at home and abroad. It is the home of the Granite State Fire Insurance Co.

Going north again, Dover has large cotton textile mills, makes substantial quantities of shoes and allied products, and produces some highly specialized machinery. They also turn out immense printing presses, many of which are sent abroad; also leather belting.

Somersworth is a textile center which also manufactures shoes. The same is true of Rochester, which is also a very important section for wooden box manufacturing; in fact this point may be considered the center of this line of industry in New England.

One hundred and fifty miles northward, although less than one hundred miles from Portland, is Berlin, having one of the largest water powers in the state, with extensive paper and sulphite mills. Berlin is a live, hustling, rapidly growing city, looking for more

diversified industries.

Let us start again from that mysterious spot where one can stand with both feet in Massachusetts, lean over and put the left hand in Vermont while the right may rest upon the sacred soil of New Hampshire. The whole Ashuelot Valley from this point to Keene is one of intense beauty, a constant succession of valuable water powers utilized by factories making tissue and other varieties of paper, lawn mowers, boxes, candy pails and other things in great variety.

Keene is famous for having one of the most aggressive Chambers of Commerce in the state, and the city manufactures everything under the sun. When a resident of Keene hears that somebody anywhere in the world wants something new he immediately proceeds to make it. The industries are so numerous and varied that they cannot all be mentioned, but include textiles, chairs, shoes, glue, overalls, machinery, toys, celluloid, silver polish, mica products and many wood products. Keene is certainly destined to become an industrial center of special importance. It has the widest main street of any municipality in the country and the city has ample room for growth.

Lebanon sends its textile products, overalls and woolen shirts all over the world, together with watch tools, surgical instruments, bobbins and special machinery. Here is a large brick manufacturing establishment doing a large business. The New Hampshire Manufacturers' Association looked to Lebanon for its president, in the person of Rowland B. Jacobs of this town.

Claremont manufactures heavy machinery and diamond drills for the South African mines, makes paper, bed spreads and woolen goods. The ladies will be interested to know that here is made the special tissue paper for "Butterick" and "McCall" patterns.

Newport manufactures women's garments, woolens and shoes. Nearby is the famous Blue Mountain Forest Reservation which Austin Corbin stocked with various kinds of animals. Newport was the first town in the state to inaugurate a winter carnival, which brings people from all over the country in the winter season. The vicinity of Corbin Park is also the scene of many of the animal stories of Ernest Harold Baynes, the well known naturalist.

Bristol manufactures woolens, paper and crutches. Peterboro having the first free public library in America, is the home of the McDowell Musical Association, but is also a textile center, manufacturing baskets, and is the home of the American Guernsey Cattle Club, which registers the Guernsey cattle of America.

Henniker manufactures wood rims for bicycle wheels, paper and leather-board. Hillsboro manufactures textiles. Antrim sends cutlery to the four corners of the globe. Bennington manufactures paper. Milford manufactures granite, makes postoffice boxes, women's garments, has a textile mill, a furniture factory, and is now putting out a radio service table on which your next radio set will undoubtedly be established. North Weare manufactures toys, knife handles, fire works handles and other wood turnings.

"The Little Republics" is a name affectionately given to the numerous small towns of the state who hold their town meetings annually in the month of March. Our little journeys up and down and across the state have been pleasantly punctuated by brief stops at many of these neat, trim little villages, of which mention cannot be made on account of time limitations, in this radio message, but each has one or more flourishing industries, and be they large or small, New Hampshire is proud of their product and each tries to outdo the other in quality which will warrant the manufacturing slogan of the state, which is "If it is New Hampshire made, it is well made." These industries are myriad in number, covering a wide range of wood, metal and other products for national and foreign trade.

New Hampshire is rich in natural resources and environment, its water power is being increasingly developed, and the reserve supply large. It is a good place in which to live and do business. We invite you all to come to New Hampshire; bring the children, make this your permanent home, set up your factory and business here, and you will be very grateful to the "Amrad" folks at Medford Hillside for arranging this program tonight and for the hour you "listened in" on New Hampshire!

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## NOCTURNE

BY PHILIP GRAY

There would be silver shaken in each note  
 And petal-silk in each adoring word:  
 Hot ecstasy would fill his taut young throat  
 With sweeter song than she had ever heard.

But night sent starry singers high above  
 The trees; and in the trees' blue fringes lay  
 Soft silver words the moon made for their love  
 Of what then was there left for him to say?

# THE HUNTING SEASON OPENS

By WILLIAM C. CLARKE

**M**OTOR vehicles have accomplished more to change hunting conditions in New Hampshire in the past ten years than all other agencies combined. Their use has brought remote hunting grounds within easy reach of the city sportsman, who out-numbers all others. Hunting territory, which was formerly inaccessible, is now near at hand.

And the employment of the motor vehicles by sportsmen has not only eliminated distances, but has been largely instrumental in the reduction of cer-

all of the easy covers near the roadside are cleaned out.

If some kind of game is to be perpetuated in this state, it must be afforded more protection, not less. There must be a larger conservation of game in New Hampshire, if the state is to keep pace with its sister state of Maine.

New Hampshire is the peer of Maine as a hunting state, as it is as a fishing state. That is, New Hampshire possesses as many natural advantages for the sportsmen, if fully developed, as Maine. But Maine is the best advertised state



The Three Bears.—Last Chapter

tain species of wild game. Hunting parties no longer consist of two men and a dog. Automobiles are crowded to capacity with both hunters and dogs every good day of the hunting season in New Hampshire. They swoop down upon the game covers and riddle them, just as they pillage trout streams in the open brook trout season.

Every open hunting season sportsmen are confronted by the necessity of getting further back from the settlements. New hunting ground must be discovered to replace old, exhausted game territory, for the automobile takes good notice that

in the Union to the sportsmen. Years ago a group of far-seeing business men of the Pine Tree state realized that the state's greatest natural assets were the things pertaining to hunting and fishing, and the attractions which are lure for the tourist and summer visitor.

The future ought to remedy New Hampshire's indisposition to go to the front in publicity development, for we of the Granite State know absolutely that within our borders exists every possible advantage for making New Hampshire a leader in the activities of hunting and fishing, and at much less expense to



the sportsman, than can be discovered anywhere else in the New England states.

Neither Maine nor any other state in the East affords better deer hunting than can be found in the vast territory about the Connecticut Lakes, in the town of Pittsburg. There is no town in New England that is a better deer town than that embraced in the uppermost reaches of Coos county. Every open hunting season, scores of deer are taken out of Pittsburg. Its toll of deer will be heavy the coming open season, which begins October 15 and continues until December 1. Guides and game wardens report deer signs in this northern region the most abundant in years.

No such opposition to deer exists in northern New Hampshire as is found among the farmers and orchardists of the southern part of the state, where damages by deer are registered every year, to deplete the treasury of the fish and game fund of the state. Northern New Hampshire is natural big game country, while southern New Hampshire has been converted into the home of many deer by their habits of wandering and curiosity to enter the haunts and settlements of man, and what man represents. There is as good deer hunting in some towns of southern New Hampshire, within short distances of populous cities, as is to be found in the wilds of Maine.

For an eight-cent car fare a hunter may take a trolley car and go out from the city of Manchester and in thirty minutes be on territory where he has a chance to kill a deer, in the coming four weeks of December next. He can do even more. He can walk out a few miles from the heart of the city and get a chance to bag a buck. This has been done in the past, and will be done again eight weeks hence. Deer hover near settlements and domesticity, for the valid reason that they are about the most curious of all living wild animals.

If the farmers of many deer towns in the southern section of the state could

frame a law to satisfy them, they would have no closed season on deer. It would be lawful to kill them all the year around. To many of this large and important class of citizens, particularly those owning valuable and productive young apple orchards, deer are an unmitigated nuisance. On the other hand, there are countless numbers of people in New Hampshire who welcome the presence of deer. They enjoy seeing them about during their tame periods of summer, as they formerly enjoyed the companionship of merry Bob White, now practically extinct in New Hampshire.

New Hampshire has a deer law designed to suit all tastes. The deer hunter may strike the trail of deer in Coos county, October 15; then on November 1, he may track deer in Grafton county for forty-five days, and on November 15, deer become legal game in Carroll county until December 16. In the other seven counties of the state, the open deer season comprises the entire month of December.

Snows come later in southern New Hampshire than in the North Country, and December has proven a more acceptable open month for the sportsman here resident, than the month of November, with its likelihood of noisy tracking of ice and crust. There are sections of New Hampshire where deer have been thinned out, but there still abound within the borders of New Hampshire, an abundance of deer. Two deer in the counties of Coos and Carroll are allowed, but no person shall take more than one deer from the territory consisting of all other counties of the state, and not more than two deer shall be taken within the confines of the state in any one season.

Raccoon hunting has come back into prominence within a few years. One year ago, William H. Moses, of Tilton, a wild game hunter of vast experience, captured 101 coons with his dogs. This is, perhaps, a world's record. Mr. Moses owns several high class coon dogs, and both he and Mrs. Moses are persistent

coon hunters. Under the leadership of the Tilton racoon trailer, the century mark in racoons was reached in 1923 by a New Hampshire hunter.

Other hunting parties bagged more than 70 coons during the open season one year ago. Coon dogs have attained a high value. One top notch coon dog was sold in this state last fall for more than \$300. Probably \$1000 would not tempt Mr. Moses of Tilton to part with his champion, Towser.

Coons change their feeding grounds from time to time. They are pretty well wiped out in certain New Hampshire territory which they once inhabited in large numbers. The hunter who follows coons, must change his beat as often as the wily ring-tail changes his, if he hopes to be successful in securing coon pelts. Racoon skins have advanced materially in price in the past decade. Few furs are more popular and sought after than dark racoon pelts, which make handsome and serviceable coats for both men and women. Coons are plentiful in New Hampshire this fall and the end of the season will register many creditable strings of one of New Hampshire's favorite game animals.

In nothing else has the state department of fisheries and game pleased so many hunters as in its policy of the past few years of stocking the rabbit swamps of the state. Rabbits are prolific breeders and the efforts of the department, supplemented by the enthusiastic support of the fish and game clubs of the state, has restored rabbit hunting to a plane that no old hunter ever supposed it would reach again.

"Jacks" are thick in the southern part of the state and on the first fall of snow to establish tracking, rabbit sport will come into its own. Hundreds of hunters who cannot stop a November partridge in full flight, or a fox running for dear life ahead of the hounds, can knock over a jack-rabbit now and then, and are happy in the act of doing so. Stocking

rabbit swamps is a means of keeping up a winter sport which appeals to more of the every-day hunting class than any other form of hunting in New Hampshire.

Feathered game in New Hampshire is holding its own, due in no small measure to the action of the legislature in restricting the bag limit on woodcock and ruffed grouse. While the law prescribes that not more than five grouse, or partridges, and six woodcock, may be taken in one day by one person, and a total of not more than 25 ruffed grouse and 25 woodcock in an open season, the law is tremendously violated. However, it serves to check the greed of many hunters who do not appreciate the fact that if the partridge disappears, as have the wild pigeon and quail, the king-pin game bird of the North will be lost forever. Bird hunters cannot be too kind to the splendid partridge, which now has added burdens to face from orchardists who would exterminate the grouse on account of his budding habits in such severe winters as that of 1922-23.

Native woodcock are scarce in numerous parts of New Hampshire this fall, especially the southern tier of counties, where the long, severe drought of summer destroyed the natural food of this migrant game bird, forcing it to seek new covers, where moisture yielded the succulent worm, of which they are most fond. Later in October, they will come the annual woodcock flight, and then bird hunters will look for sport with one of the smartest species of game birds seen in the North. Nearer the sea coast, woodcock shooting is better than inland.

Pheasants abound in some parts of southern New Hampshire. There is a short open season of six days, dating from November 1 to November 6, inclusive, on male pheasants, with a bag limit of not more than two male pheasants in any one day, and a total of not more than five male pheasants in any one open season. Just how many male pheasants will be found in pheasants

covers on November 1, is a matter of considerable doubt.

Out of the city of Manchester pheasants have been potted in one way and another, ever since last summer. The temptation to kill a pheasant out of season, when the law permits the shooting of partridges and woodcock, is very great, too strong, in fact, for a certain class of lawbreakers to resist. Pheasants have bred well in many places below the middle of the state, and favored last winter by conditions free from deep snows and prolonged cold, many birds came through to hatch last spring.

Pheasant hunting is a game of its own, quite apart from the sport of either woodcock or grouse shooting. There is no open season on quail in this state. This game bird, once such a prime favorite, no longer fills the air with his cheery note of "bob white," and unless native covers are again stocked with quail, there seems to be no probability of the bird's returning in substantial

numbers. Like the quail, gray squirrels are under protection. The law covering them does not expire until Oct. 1, 1929.

Radical advances have been made in the prices of hunting dogs in New Hampshire within ten years. High class bird and coon dogs have doubled in prices. It takes \$300 or more to purchase either, nowadays. A first class young setter or pointer, whose only qualification is that he will "point" game, without having had a single bird shot over him, is priced at \$125, and in many instances, the price is paid.

It is not so long ago that \$100 was regarded as large money for the best bird or coon dog obtainable, and some of the finest hunting dogs of either class which ever came into New Hampshire, brought no more money. But those days are gone forever. The sportsman who can afford to buy the best in the market today must expect to pay the price, and this is no longer moderate.

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## BUTTERNUTS

BY GERTRUDE DARLING

Pale green as jade from the orient,  
Soft-furred as a panther's coat,  
Aromatic as airs from Spice Islands  
On tropical oceans that float.

From gold-tipped boughs they are dropping;  
Odorous unguent they spread on the palm;  
In Ludia's forests, was it,  
They gathered this eastern balm?

Or here under northern sunlight,  
Where cold runs the blood of a man;  
But true the heart as sweet the core  
Under the butternut tan.



# THE WORSTED CHURCH AND ITS DECORATOR

BY ALICE M. PRAY

**I**F you are driving from the south with the worsted church as your objective you will turn to the right at Bridge Street in Concord, New Hampshire, proceed straight through the village of Loudon, thence across a bridge and, turning right, over a hill toward Canterbury. When you have reached the Shaker settlement with its clean, well kept buildings you will doubtless inquire as to the further direction. Perchance it will be your good fortune to meet a genial, friendly soul who will give you much detailed information as to how to reach the second white house on the right, "where the wheel tracks turn to the right of the mail box," for you must stop at this house in order to obtain the key to the church. When you have driven to the white house, and have procured the key, you will pause for a moment to gaze upon the blue form of Mt.

Kearsarge, standing on guard over the green valley below, so peaceful in the afternoon sunlight that it seems not to require the protection of this watchful sentinel above it. Then you will drive ahead a short distance to Hillville, which is in East Canterbury, and there, at your left, six miles from Canterbury Centre and ten miles from the nearest railroad, you will see a white, square, boxlike edi-

fice, of the old, plain, country meeting-house church variety,—the worsted church.

It is small, being about thirty-six feet wide by forty long, with two front doors opening into its vestibule. Before entering its portals you should endeavor to recall something of the history of the building itself. The village of Hillville a hundred years

ago was without religious services. Freewill Baptists and Congregationalists predominated in the village. The former started to erect the building when their funds became exhausted and the latter proposed joining with them in making it a union church. This proposition being accepted the Congregationalists contributed to the completion of the structure and it was first occupied in 1839. It appears that the Congregationalists held services here at least once a month and



Lizzie Monmouth

the Freewill Baptists somewhat more often for many years, but like many of the meeting-houses in our state it has of late years fallen into comparative disuse except during the summer months.

The exterior, with only its tall steeple to break the monotony of its lines, is not extraordinary enough in appearance to hold your attention for



Exterior of Worsted Church

any great length of time, and certainly it does not prepare you for the unusual spectacle that greets you when you go through the vestibule under the gallery (formerly the singers' gallery) into the main body of the church. If you are wise you drop into the chair conveniently placed at the left of the door through which you enter the main room, and from its supporting shelter voice your startled exclamations while you struggle to encompass in one prolonged stare the decorations that have given the church its name.

In the front and rear are immense floral arches, probably twelve feet from the floor and having a span of twenty feet. The decorations are made of cotton, paper or worsted. Mottoes and emblems in colored papers adorn the walls. The inscription beginning "Ye are come into Mt. Zion and to the city of the living God," over the pulpit, is made in different colors of tissue, and is probably nine feet high and six feet broad. All of the eight long windows are curtained in black gauze on which are pasted flowers cut from wall paper in different colors. Tables are covered with the same kind of material. Tall vases and jars are made of several thicknesses of colored wall paper fastened to-

gether. Blue is the predominating color, and the mottoes on opposite sides of the room are made mostly of brown and blue tissue paper. On either side of the pulpit platform are baskets of artificial white daisies made of knitting cotton. Most of the raised white lettering on the mottoes and inscriptions is made of cotton wadding, but some of the backgrounds for lettering is put in with vari-colored tissue paper cut and "crimped" by hand. Large calla lilies on the left wall are made of sheet wadding that once was white, but now is of a dusky hue. Wreaths of flowers hang from the pulpit platform. Wherever space allows, wreaths or mottoes or flowers or paper ornaments are hung.

Your powers of observation having been keen enough to impress you with a kind of mental picture of this flower bedecked, festooned and draperied room, you will undoubtedly at this point pour out some eager questionings—"Whose were the hands behind all of this decoration? Where did SHE live? (for only a woman's patience could have wrought this) Why did she thus decorate a church? When did it take place? How long must it have taken to accomplish?"

Standing, and looking toward the back of the room you will see a large anchor of flowers and leaves on each side of the wall-clock. Above these anchors the Biblical words "Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord," and "Let everything that hath breath praise the Lord." Around the clock is hung a wreath of flowers, and above the clock is a window, also draped in flowers, opening into the gallery. This leads you to hunt for the stairway, which you ascend; after passing through the vestibule among whose mottoes is one lettered with "Sabbath Home" in cotton wadding. In the gallery you find many more inscriptions, a large vase, and a chair. Here lived for five years the woman who fashioned all of the decorations

of the church—Mrs. Sarah Elizabeth (Harper) Monmouth, better known as Mrs. Lizzie Monmouth.

She was born in Canterbury, October 9, 1829, the only daughter of Dr. Joseph M. Harper who was a notable figure in New Hampshire politics. He was president of the New Hampshire senate in 1830-1, and for a short time was acting chief magistrate of New Hampshire upon the resignation of Governor Harvey. He also was a member of the twenty-second Congress.

Mrs. Monmouth was educated in the schools of Canterbury, at Tilton Seminary, and at North Scituate, Rhode Island. When she was very young she began to show literary talent, and she contributed poems and short stories to the "Boston Cultivator" and the "Waverly Magazine" under the *nom de plume* of Lil Lindon and Effie Afton. In 1854 she published under the latter pseudonym a book entitled "Eventide," whose title page explains that it is a series of tales and poems. She wrote a small series of Sunday School books which she called "The Homespun Library." In 1880 she published a book of 32 pages entitled "Living on half a dime a day. An actual experience. With 'Abundant entrance', a poem." Her next publication was "Rest Valley," which contains a description of her home in Canterbury, and her last work bears the full title of "A brief history of seven years' work at the so-called 'Worsted Church,' Hillville, E. Canterbury, N. H., as Reader of Sabbath Services, Helper toward Repairs of Church Building, and Decorator of its Interior Portions, by the worker, L. H. M."

When spending a winter with her brother, Colonel Charles A. Harper, in Texas, Mrs. Monmouth met and married Jacques Eugene Monmouth. He was killed while serving as colonel of a Louisiana regiment of Zouaves in the Civil War. When Mrs. Mon-



Interior of Worsted Church

mouth returned to her home she undertook the care of her father until he died in 1865, leaving her the Harper homestead and a well-invested personal estate. Unfortunately she placed her confidence and her money in the hands of an unscrupulous clergyman. In her history of the worsted church Mrs. Monmouth said: "He assured me it would with him bring 12 or 20 per cent., and be very safely invested, thus affording funds to aid in the converting of my house into a private orphan asylum, a project I had long entertained, and much desired to carry into execution yet liked not to venture all on the work. But at no time did the money thus invested yield the interest promised. A portion of it yielded 12 per cent. for awhile, and it was this which enabled me to make more repairs than otherwise I could on the church. As my plans for an orphan's home vanished away, the forlorn church in the remote community seemed to come in its place."

In 1871, shortly after the Chicago fire, Mrs. Monmouth asked permission of the Hillville church to read a sermon by Mr. Beecher on the great fire. The response was cordial, and the listeners were impressed with the reader's charm and her earnest appeal



for contributions for the sufferers in Chicago. When she offered to come to the church each Sunday for meetings as a reader of sermons, through the winter then approaching, her assistance was accepted, and in the spring, the Society voted the interest of their church fund amounting to about \$125.00 a year to her support. This she expended in repairs to the building, consisting of shingling the roof, painting, building new chimneys, furnishing the audience room with carpets, stoves, lamps, organ, etc., and in additions to the Sunday School library. As the money was not sufficient to enable her to make all necessary interior repairs, she conceived the idea of covering the defacements of stains and cracks in the walls with the decorations that now are there.

Having permanently disabled her right arm in a fall while white-washing in the gallery of the church, and being the victim of a cough, she could not endure the seven miles walk to her home in Canterbury which she had hitherto undertaken in her weekly trips, therefore in 1873 she moved into the gallery at the church and there lived for five years.

The audiences did not average more than forty persons, and at length this number dwindled to less than a dozen, and the Sunday School expired. In her account of the closing of her service as reader at the church Mrs. Monmouth said: "At length there was some clash, a disagreement in the annual meeting of the Church Society, which resulted in loss of place to me. But had the money been as unanimously voted as usual, I doubt if I should have accepted. The community did not appear to care for regular Sabbath meetings."

Obviously the name of worsted church is a misnomer as worsted is far from being the chief material used in decorating. There is more cotton wadding than worsted, and more tissue paper than either. More than a

hundred yards of wall paper were used. It was estimated that the work of decorating the curtains in the audience room occupied about two weeks, and that the "Mt. Zion" motto was the work of about ten days. Mrs. Monmouth was indebted to several guests for their gifts of wall papers, window shades, etc., for the furtherance of her work, and she expressed thanks in her books to the firm of Rolins & Company, Franklin St., Boston, and to Mr. A. R. Ayres of Concord, New Hampshire.

In regard to the appearance of so much decoration in a church, Mrs. Monmouth asserted "It is said the attention of an audience is distracted from the preaching by so much ornamentation. At all events, they can hardly look in any direction without meeting Bible words, and it is but a small part of the year that Sabbath services are held at the Hillville church. Meantime, it has become a resort for multitudes of intelligent people, and not a few of them have expressed their thanks for a spot so unique and attractive to visit.\*\*\*\*\* The worsted church has more repute than my own house, and far more visitors. I usually have but about two hundred and fifty in a season: have never had four hundred. The house contains three times the work that the church has, as in it are ten rooms, their walls almost literally 'lined' with the decorative paper work and flowers. Then the old barn, despite its perforated roof, has five large apartments fully as interesting to visitors as the house proper."

To this house in Canterbury came many visitors during the summer months. In 1883, Mrs. Monmouth issued the following circular:

"Until further notice, 'Rest Valley' will be open to visitors all days save Saturdays and Sundays. Terms: children, 7 cents; ladies, 10 cents; gentlemen, 15 cents. Photographic

views and descriptive pamphlets for sale.

"This is an effort of a woman with broken health and broken fortunes to keep her home and support herself. Persons confer a genuine kindness by their patronage. The house shows what can be done by industry and painstaking with very simple materials. Those most interested will be mature housekeepers who like to make home lovely on small means.

"Strangers are expected to bring some introduction. Gentlemen unaccompanied by ladies not admitted.

N. B.—The show of pictures and flowers will be greater this year than heretofore.

L. H. M."

Her notice written in the succeeding year is thoroughly worth reading if only to learn that even her reputed gentleness could reveal a sharp rebuke to careless strangers:

"Mrs. Monmouth's home, at 'Rest Valley,' has been got in readiness to open to the public; but she went through severe illness last winter, rheumatic fever, and is subject to relapses. In this weak state, so affrighted by the firing of guns about the premises as to scarce dare to have door or window open a moment. It is necessary to say this, for if things thus continue, she will not be able to attend to guests, and the house must be closed. The sums received are too small to admit of her having any assistance, although visitors are the chief means of support.

"The majority of guests last season said her prices were too low, and advised the charging of 25 cents, as only a fair sum. They will however be as usual, with one exception. She will not 'go the rounds' for less than 25 cents, if it be with but one lady, or child.

"The fatigue of trying to hear and speak is great to her, and all guests are requested to make exact change in

payment, to come at seasonable hours, and on bright days, if possible.

"When the house was first opened, some persons of rude manners and conduct came to it, and she then stated in Circulars that—'entire strangers, etc., would not be admitted.' But nice people, of refinement and taste, always gain admittance.

L. H. M."

In the latter part of the year 1886 Mrs. Monmouth went to reside with her niece, Mrs. John H. Huckins, of Loudon. She died there on January 16, 1887, and was buried at the Centre cemetery.

Appreciation of the hardships of the pioneers in the days of '49 is always freely expressed, but to Mrs. Monmouth is due an equal amount of respect for her pioneering in New Hampshire. It is so easy to dismiss her work and her self with the careless phrase "She was eccentric." This is not fair to her unflagging energy and to her indomitable will. It is conceded that many people could have lived on half a dime a day, as did she, but how many actually would have? When her financial difficulties came she would not sell her home in order to provide a means of income. She preferred to keep it, and to use the receipts therefrom of \$20.00 for grass, \$12.00 for pasturing, \$3.00 for apples, toward her living expenses. Besides this she could earn approximately \$15.00 a year with her knitting and the making of artificial flowers. Of this total amount of \$50.00 she assigned \$10.00 to taxes, \$17.00 to food, \$13.00 to fuel, and \$10.00 for reading. She claimed that to pamper the body and famish the mind would be most ruinous and wicked extravagance.

She was the New England type of women whose heart was generous enough to thus labor for an ideal, who valued magazines and books above material things, and so made a dress from overalls left by a workman and wore

shoes made of the soles of worn-out rubbers, lined with flannel, in order to gratify her taste for reading.

Of her trials as a reader at the church she said in part: "I had a proverbially faint voice from youth. It therefore seemed to me that I achieved a physical miracle every Sabbath in making the audience hear my voice. At length there was a distressing cough, so aggravated by riding that I ceased to ride, and walked the distance to and fro for the last two years. My eyes suffered also in coming home Sabbath nights after service with the sun shining full in my face in summer or keen, cutting winds at other seasons.\*\*\*\*\* Owing to the accident to my arm, and fatigue of the Sunday services a room in the church building for rest and retirement became necessary. It was doubtless a spot where I rested much, but a place for earnest, engrossing work it also proved in the years that followed."

That she did not always personify "Patience on a monument, smiling at grief" is evidenced by the lines: "I was often told in these years that I must not look on the dark side, but pray and trust and all would be well. I noticed the persons who were so ready with this advice were such as had ample means to meet all their necessary expenses and provide for contingencies. With well-filled stomachs, well-stored pantries, well-roofed dwellings, they came where all these things were wanting, and complacently, reprovably, bade poverty and pain 'Look on the bright side, be resigned, trust and pray.'\*\* I do not say my tastes and aspirations are gratified in this stern, severe life. My eye hungers—the world of art is and must be an unknown world to me. I shall never see grand old England, beautiful France, wild Switzerland, classic Greece, sacred Palestine. It had been the dearest hope of my life to some time know them by the seeing of the eye—from the printed page alone must I draw my knowledge of them. I have not escaped poverty;

I have only disarmed it, in a measure, and that by letting go of lower things and reaching up to higher. I never loved shams, or was good at feigning what I did not feel. Genteel wordlings complained of my bluntness. Mine is a sincere and real life, sitting loose to time, and looking serenely towards eternity. Dark things, mysterious things, as touching the conduct of others towards me in days of sorest need and trouble have perplexed and pained my mind. When the secrets of all hearts are revealed these things shall be made plain."

When you visit the worsted church for the second time you will envisage Mrs. Monmouth, sitting at the gallery window named "Gate Beautiful," watching the people come in to the service, then you will see her majestic figure attired in a black silk clerical gown sweeping up the aisle to the pulpit platform, and you will find that the array of inscriptions and mottoes on the walls are glorified by the self-denial, the fortitude and the nobility of the woman who designed them.

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## A CATHEDRAL

BY K. D. ANDLER

I know a cathedral not made by man.  
On high it rears itself, and its span  
Shelters a woody lane, its floor.  
It's lived for years and will for more.

The Gothic arches of noble elms  
Soar toward heaven to reach the realms  
Of infinite beauty, lasting peace.  
The choirs of orioles seem never to cease.

'Tis fall. The leaves are pendants of gold  
That hang in the nave, and catching hold  
The sun's low rays of burnished light  
That in passing seek to show their might.

Now the hush of reverent awe  
Pervades the temple. Holy law  
Forbids the singing of the choir.  
The sun sets in a blaze of fire.

The low hung leaves of many tints  
Are stained windows. The sun glints  
Through the mellow haze of fall  
With a spear of light upon the mall.

*Compiled by* ARTHUR JOHNSON  
*Illustrated by* Elizabeth Shurtleff

# THE MAN WITH THE HOE

By EDWIN MARKHAM

Contemporary

(Written after seeing Millet's world-famous painting)

Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans  
 Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,  
 The emptiness of ages in his face,  
 And on his back the burden of the world.  
 Who made him dead to rapture and despair,  
 A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,  
 Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?  
 Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?  
 Whose was the land that slanted back this brow?  
 Whose breadth blew out the light within this brain?  
 Is this the Thing the Lord God made and gave  
 To have dominion over sea and land;  
 To trace the stars and search the heavens for power;  
 To feel the passion of Eternity?  
 Is this the Dream He dreamed who shaped the suns  
 And marked their ways upon the ancient deep?  
 Down all the stretch of Hell to its last gulf  
 There is no shape more terrible than this—  
 More tongued with censure of the world's blind greed—  
 More filled with signs and portents for the soul—  
 More fraught with menace to the universe.

What gulfs between him and the seraphim!  
 Slave of the wheel of labor, what to him  
 Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades?  
 What the long reaches of the peaks of song,  
 The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose?  
 Through this dread shape humanity betrayed,  
 Plundered, profaned and disinherited,  
 Cries protest to the Judges of the World,  
 A protest that is also prophecy.

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,  
 Is this the handiwork you give to God,  
 This monstrous thing distorted and soul-quenched?



How will you ever straighten up this shape;  
Touch it again with immortality;  
Give back the upward looking and the light;  
Rebuild in it the music and the dream;  
Make right the immemorial infamies,  
Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes?

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,  
How will the Future reckon with this Man?  
How answer his brute question in that hour  
When whirlwinds of rebellion shake the world?  
How will it be with kingdoms and with kings—  
With those who shaped him to the thing he is—  
When this dumb Terror shall reply to God,  
After the silence of the centuries?



# LEGENDS OF NEW HAMPSHIRE

## THE SECOND

### The Haunted House at Runnells Bridge

BY EARL NEWTON

**F**OR the residents of the territory to the west of Nashua Runnells Bridge has been a land mark since the earliest recorded history of that section. The old farm house and the old wooden bridge date back to the early days of last century. The beautiful farm on the banks of the Nashua river has now passed from the family which built it up and is not occupied except in the Summer season.

It was about 1897 or 1898 that the incident of this account took place: The old farm house which still stands near the bridge was the Summer home of two Nashuans, Will Heton and Ned Rodgeman, who installed their families for the season at the farm and drove up from the city each evening, themselves. It was the early days of Summering in this fashion and they were considered as pioneers in such a scheme.

I remember that during the school vacation the families invited their friends to a lawn party. At that time evening lawn parties were novel and those receiving an invitation were glad to accept. Lack of previous experience was probably responsible for the hosts not providing an adequate program and soon after the refreshments had been served there came an embarrassing lull which made several express themselves as ready to go home. At this particular point Rodgeman came around to where a few of the high school boys had grouped themselves and asked if they would not like to go down through a short stretch of woods and visited a haunted house. Excitement thereupon rose to a fever point and Ned was asked a dozen questions at once. "Where is it?" "Is there a real ghost?" "How does he appear?" etc.

To all of these queries Rodgeman calmly replied, "Well, he has been seen

a number of times this year. We have heard wails and moans as far as here at the house. When you get down close by they are quite distinct. The ghost has not been seen in the shape of a human being but sends out a ghastly light." It took but a short time then to organize the expedition to the haunted house which stood on the bank of the river at the end of an old road about half a mile east of the Runnells Farm. "We must take Heton along" some one suggested. He was sought out and found hitching up his horse. Everyone, including Rodgeman, urged him to come along but much as he regretted it he must go back to the city to keep an appointment with a mill superintendent. He soon drove away and led by Rodgeman a party of about twenty started out to lay the phantom.

Passing through a long lane which had once been a road where the moonlight filtered through only now and then, Rodgeman told us the creepy story. The road we were now on once led to the home of a prosperous farmer. In fact it was one of the "star" farms of Hillsborough County. Back in the forties a sailor had applied for work on the farm for the summer season. He had been hired and during his stay he had told of his travels about the world and the money and jewels he had accumulated. He had proven his word by exhibiting pieces of gold, many unset gems along with a good supply of specie of the realm which he kept under his pillow at night. Beside the pillow also lay a treacherous knife which he had taken from a Chinese brigand. No one knew just how much money he had so the surmises ran high. One dark night when the rest of the family were away the two other hired men slew him, using his own knife, in cold blood. The val-

ables were carefully packed away until fall when the perpetrators took leave for their homes in Canada. The body was carefully sunk in the river. When the family returned the hired men were as much surprised as anyone at the sudden departure of the sailor but his calling seemed to offer sufficient explanation. Perhaps an east wind had brought him a whiff of the brine.

As Ned concluded his narrative we emerged into an opening and there stood the house. Just beyond, and bordered by bushes was the river. The moon shone brightly now and we were asked to halt some three hundred feet from

man had difficulty in holding us from storming the old house. What we saw was three flashes of light repeated three times. It had a pallor in keeping with the halo of a wraith. Afterward it seemed as if the moonlight had been flashed from a rear window by means of a large mirror held flatwise. The moon was over the house yet somewhat behind which would make this operation possible.

Rodgeman could hold us no longer. We rushed headlong for the door which easily giving way led us into a colonial hallway. Fortunately Ned had brought a candle or two and we



The Haunted House

the house and be patient but to keep our eyes on the house. Of course we could not be sure of an apparition. We might hear no moans of the dying sailor. We waited patiently, expectantly. Our low voices now aroused the male guardian of a herd of cattle and as the great animal advanced into the opening it seemed as if he were coming into an arena as he pawed the dirt and bellowed. A well-aimed missile sent him back into the woods and just as some of us began to think that the ghost was taking a night off his regular rounds we all gasped "Did you see that?" "Yes." "Did you?" "Up in that window." We were all now talking at once and Rodge-

proceeded to search the rooms. Just as we were about to start a gust of wind seemed to come from nowhere in particular, extinguishing the candles and dislodging a brick from the old chimney and which bumped down the back roof and fell in the bushes. The house was as bare as an unused tomb. There was no evidence of its having been occupied for years. But what a house!

While some of us rushed from one room to another until we had peeked into every closet from cellar to attic and even peered into an old well in the cellar others had quite forgotten the ghost. What panels these! Look

at that board, fully thirty inches wide! As solid as the day it was placed. This stairway! The very pattern of colonial days. The beams supporting the upper story! What workmanship!

Those who did not care to admire the old house contented themselves with having frightened even the ghost of a murdered sailor off to his watery lair and picking up a few souvenirs of the exciting expedition we slowly marched back to the lawn party. The girls were getting ready to go and wondering where the boys had been. They laughed merrily at the haunted house excuse for having 'deserted' them. Shortly after the party were on their way back to the city in carriages and on bicycles.

The next day the story spread. We all told it about the same. I have no doubt that within three days five thousand people had heard of the haunted house up at Runnells Bridge. An enterprising livery man began taking

up barge loads of people. The two daily papers contained long accounts. The owners of the property brought suit for trespass which never came to anything.

A wealthy banker by the name of Spaulding and a lover of antiques was among those who made the pilgrimage. He could appreciate better than most others the architectural qualifications. He purchased the house, had it carefully taken down and re-erected in rear of the house he then occupied on Concord Street, just north of Abbott Square. He converted it into a clubhouse and library where he would invite his friends to gather round the old fireplace as in by-gone days.

Mr. Spaulding moved from Concord Street a few years afterward, but the house still stands and is occupied by a family. When the good housewife wants to direct the grocer's boy to deliver a purchase she says "I live in the haunted house, you know."

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## ANNOUNCEMENT

Mr. Norris H. Cotton, for the past year editor of the *GRANITE MONTHLY*, has retired from that position to become secretary of the Republican State Committee. Readers of this magazine can testify that under his direction it has added to its constant qualities of permanent value and informative content a remarkable degree of readable interest shown in his own

contributions as well as in those which he secured from other writers.

For the present Mr. H. Styles Bridges, former Secretary of the New Hampshire State Farm Bureau Federation, who has been contributing editor for the past year, will assume charge of the *GRANITE MONTHLY*, with an increased degree of co-operation from some of the board of associate editors.



Norris H. Cotton

# NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

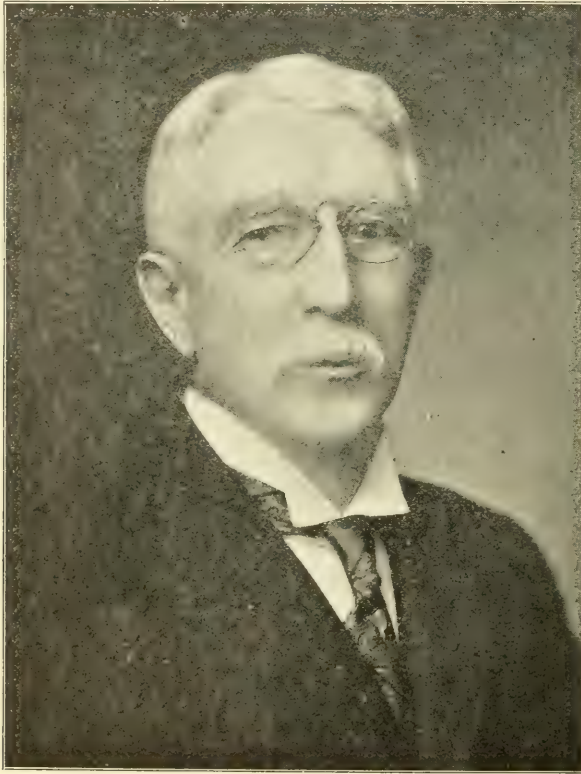
JAMES O. LYFORD

James Otis Lyford, chairman of the New Hampshire state bank commission and a prominent figure in public life for half a century, died at his home in Concord on the night of September 19. He had been in failing health for some months and on that account had been obliged to decline the renomination as representative in the legislature tendered him by the Republicans of Ward Four.

Born in Boston, Mass., June 28, 1853, the son of James and Mary (McLane) Lyford, his ancestry was of New Hampshire

1882 to 1887 he was personal clerk to Gen. R. N. Batchelder, depot quartermaster at Washington, D. C., and at the same time did editorial work on the National Republican, published in that city.

In 1887 he was made chairman of the New Hampshire state bank commission and served in that capacity until 1895. In 1915 he returned to that post at the request of Governor Rolland H. Spaulding and held it until his death. From 1896 to 1898 he was auditor of the city of Concord and from 1898 to 1913 he was naval officer of customs of the district of Boston and Charlestown, Mass. In 1914 and



James O. Lyford

lineage from Revolutionary times. He was educated in the public schools of Boston and at Tilton Seminary, now Tilton School, of which he was for many years a trustee. Studying law, he was admitted to the New Hampshire bar and practised for a few years, but journalism and politics had greater attraction for him.

Entering public life as a delegate to the constitutional convention of 1876, he served subsequently in those of 1902, 1912 and 1918. From 1877 to 1879 he was editor of the People newspaper at Concord. From

1915 he was editorial writer for the Nashua Telegraph and secretary of the Concord Board of Trade. At the legislative sessions of 1893, 1895, 1897, 1915 and 1923 he was a leader of the House of Representatives, equally active on the floor and in committee work. In 1896 he was secretary of the Republican state committee.

While thus constantly occupied with public affairs, making a useful and creditable record in every office to which he was called, Mr. Lyford found time for much writing. In addition to the papers pre-

viously mentioned he was editor of the New Hampshire Republican at Nashua, during its brief existence, and was a frequent contributor of editorial and other matter to the Monitor and Statesman and Patriot at Concord. He edited the official History of Concord; wrote the Life of Edward H. Rollins, a vivid picture of a political period in New Hampshire; and was the author of a History of the town of Canterbury in two volumes, which was a model for such works.

Wide acquaintance and much reading gave Mr. Lyford a great store of information which he combined with a delightful style in writing and with great charm as a conversationalist. He was a member of the Wonalancet Club at Concord; the Derryfield at Manchester; and the City and Algonquin at Boston. He was a member of the Unitarian church and gave occasionally lay sermons from the pulpits of that denomination which were much appreciated.

Mr. Lyford married Susan Ayer Hill of Concord, daughter of the late William P. and Clara (West) Hill, and granddaughter of Governor Isaac Hill. She died a few years since and their one surviving child is Richard Taylor Lyford of Concord, Har-

vard graduate, who was to have been ordained a deacon of the Protestant Episcopal church on the day following his father's death.

#### HENRY A. CUTTER

Henry A. Cutter was born in Peterborough, October 27, 1857, the son of Edward Stearns and Janette (Swan) Cutter, and died at Nashua September 27. He was a descendant of Richard Cutter who emigrated from England to Cambridge, Mass., in 1640. Mr. Cutter was educated in the schools of Boston and at the Boston University Law School, from which he graduated in 1879. He was admitted to the New Hampshire bar in 1880 and had since practised his profession in Nashua. He was prominent in Masonry and wrote a history of Rising Sun Lodge, at Nashua, of which he was a past master. He had served in the legislature and for many years up to the time of his death as public library trustee. He helped to organize the first board of trade in Nashua and was a director and president of the Peterborough railroad. He had travelled widely and was well known as a writer.

#### STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912 OF THE GRANITE MONTHLY

published monthly, at Concord, New Hampshire,  
for October 1, 1924.

State of New Hampshire.

County of Mtrimack, ss.

Before me, a notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared H. Styles Bridges, who having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the managing editor of the GRANITE MONTHLY, and that the following is to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation) etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:

Publisher, THE GRANITE MONTHLY Co., Inc., Concord, N. H.

Editor, H. Styles Bridges, Concord, N. H.

Business Managers, None.

2. That the owners are:

Edith Bird Bass, Peterborough, N. H.  
Charles Sumner Bird, East Walpole, Mass.  
John G. Winant, Concord, N. H.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

H. STYLES BRIDGES.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 4th day of October, 1924.

SHERRIE F. PETTINGILL,  
Notary Public.

My commission expires November 17, 1927.



# HISTORY

## of the Town of Sullivan, New Hampshire

---

The exhaustive work entitled, "History of the Town of Sullivan, New Hampshire," two volumes of over eight hundred pages each, from the settlement of the town in 1777 to 1917, by the Rev. Josiah Lafayette Seward, D. D.; and nearly completed at the time of his death, has been published by his estate and is now on sale, price \$16.00 for two volumes, post paid.

The work has been in preparation for more than thirty years. It gives comprehensive genealogies and family histories of all who have lived in Sullivan and descendants since the settlement of the town; vital statistics, educational, cemetery, church and town records, transfers of real estate and a map delineating ranges and old roads, with residents carefully numbered, taken from actual surveys made for this work, its accuracy being unusual in a history.

At the time of the author's death in 1917, there were 1388 pages already in print and much of the manuscript for its completion already carefully prepared. The finishing and indexing has been done by Mrs. Frank B. Kingsbury, a lady of much experience in genealogical work; the printing by the Sentinel Publishing Company of Keene, the binding by Robert Burlen & Son, Boston, Mass., and the work copyrighted (Sept. 22, 1921) by the estate of Dr. Seward by J. Fred Whitcomb, executor of his will.

The History is bound in dark green, full record buckram, No. 42, stamped title, in gold, on shelf back and cover with blind line on front cover. The size of the volumes are 6 by 9 inches, 2 inches thick, and they contain 6 illustrations and 40 plates.

Volume I is historical and devoted to family histories, telling in an entertaining manner from whence each settler came to Sullivan and their abodes and other facts concerning them and valuable records in minute detail.

Volume II is entirely devoted to family histories, carefully prepared and containing a vast amount of useful information for the historian, genealogist and Sullivan's sons and daughters and their descendants, now living in all parts of the country, the genealogies, in many instances, tracing the family back to the emigrant ancestor.

The index to the second volume alone comprises 110 pages of three columns each, containing over twenty thousand names. Reviewed by the New York Genealogical and Biographical Record and the Boston Transcript.

Sales to State Libraries, Genealogical Societies and individuals have brought to Mr. Whitcomb, the executor, unsolicited letters of appreciation of this great work. Send orders to

J. FRED WHITCOMB, Ex'r.  
45 Central Square, Keene, N H.

Vol. 56. No. 11

NOVEMBER 1924

# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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Governor Elect John G. Winant

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# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

## A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE

Published Monthly at Concord, N. H.

By THE GRANITE MONTHLY COMPANY

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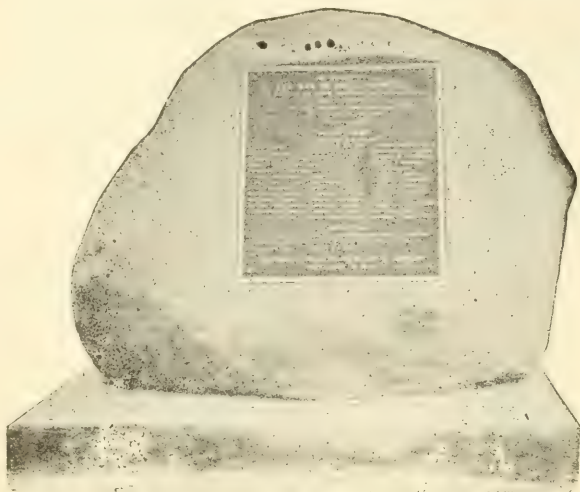
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# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

Vol. 56



No. 11

NOVEMBER 1924

## THE MONTH IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

ONLY political storms raged in New Hampshire in the month of October, 1924. Official records of more than 50 years show that the beautiful weather of the month was without precedent in half a century. In Concord rain fell on only one day in the month, with a total October rainfall of one-twentieth of an inch. In the North Country, however, a few inches of snow fell towards the end of the month. One result of this premature Indian Summer was that automobile traffic continued with almost its summer density and Motor Vehicle Commissioner Griffin issued new 1924 licenses on every business day of the month.

Another result of the drought was to renew serious conditions in regard to forest fires, so that Governor Fred H. Brown once more proclaimed the woodlands of the state closed to all except their owners. After a time this ban was raised on Coos county, but continued in force at the end of the month elsewhere in the state. In spite of all precautions the number of forest fires reported was large, although none caused very great damage.

The hunting season, of course, was completely suspended by this closing of the woodlands, so that the game have enjoyed in 1924 an additional period of protection.

Politicians were pleased with the weather conditions which gave every assistance possible in the success of the several hundred rallies held in all parts of the state by the three political parties whose candidates for presidential electors appeared on the official ballot. The revival, after a score of years, of the old-time torchlight parade as a campaign adjunct also was promoted by the good weather. Former Vice President Thomas R. Marshall was the most prominent speaker brought into the state by the Democrats for their closing rallies, and Secretary of the Navy Curtis D. Wilbur had a like distinction for the Republicans. Much less newspaper advertising and other printed matter was used in the pre-election campaign than in that before the primary.

The LaFollette and Wheeler campaign, in this state, as elsewhere in the country, slumped during the last month before election. Some one made the mistake of sending into New Hampshire as a stump speaker an unfrocked clergyman whose street corner addresses were so indecent and blasphemous that Mayor Flint of Concord ordered him from the state house plaza. He was disowned after this by the third party state committee, but the damage to his own cause had been done.

Another visitor to New Hampshire



during the month was the Prince of Wales, whose splendid special train passed through the Granite State from White River Junction, Vt., to Lowell, Mass., two days before H. R. H. sailed for home. Very few of our people saw the Prince, however, as he was sleeping and eating most of the time while his train was speeding through this state.

Both Governor Fred H. Brown and his successor in office, Captain John G. Winant, took time off from their political campaigning to attend the football game played at Manchester for charity during the month, in which New Hampshire University won from Tufts. On the same day in the Stadium at Cambridge, Dartmouth was beating Harvard.

Another of Captain Winant's engagements was at the dedication of the library building presented to Kimball Union Academy, Meriden, by Hon. George W. Barnes of Lyme, one of its trustees; while Governor Brown, his council and staff were guests of honor at the dedication of the magnificent new town hall recently completed at Lebanon. The program for this latter occasion extended from morning to midnight and made up a worthy celebration of the town's taking the lead in the state so far as municipal buildings are concerned. Other dedications of the month were of model school houses, of different types, at Newmarket and Greenland.

An interesting event of the month which received, and desired, very little publicity, was an educational conference held at Lake Sunapee, after the close of the "season" there, at which vexed problems of schools and scholars were discussed with utmost frankness by delegates from the various New England States.

During the month announcement was made by the directors of the First Church of Christ, Scientist, that a home for aged members of the church would be established at Concord upon the site where once stood Pleasant View, the home for 15 years of Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy, the discoverer and founder of Christian Science.

The last agricultural fairs of the year were held during October and with their close came a statement from Andrew L. Felker, state's commissioner of agriculture, in which he roundly denounced the "Midway" feature of some of the fairs as suggestive of scenes from Dante's "Inferno."

Whether or no the dangers Commissioner Felker saw from this source are in part imaginary there was no doubt of the serious extent to which the state was afflicted during the month with infantile paralysis, several deaths being the result. An unusual feature of this approach to an epidemic was the fact that many adults were among its victims.

The new supreme court headed by Chief Justice Robert J. Peaslee held its first session in October with Associate Justice John E. Allen making his debut as end man. In superior court for Merrimack county a "friendly suit" was entered by the executor of the will of the late Henry A. Emerson, wealthy paper manufacturer of Henniker, to test the constitutionality of the 1923 inheritance tax law, that of 1921 having previously been declared invalid. The state tax commission gave out figures showing that the highest tax rate among the towns of the state was Bristol's \$4.02 and the lowest, Hart's Location's 71 cents. Among the cities the range was from \$2.11 for Keene to \$3.20 for Berlin.

—H. C. P.

# THE NEW HAMPSHIRE STATE PRISON

BY L. E. RICHWAGEN

THE prison of to-day and the first prison that the state of New Hampshire ever had are two such different things that they can scarcely be compared. A picture of the old prison makes that institution look more like a college dormitory than like a prison. A five foot white picket fence surrounding it, gives the finishing touch to the apparent campus atmosphere. But there can hardly be any doubt as

82, and they had to be housed in the corridors and the hall, and in the rooms designed for the sick. An addition to the building being imperative, the legislature appropriated sufficient money to build a wing on the north side. But again, the prison became too small and it was obvious that the state had to have a new institution for law violators. As a result, work was started on the new prison which is situated on the Daniel

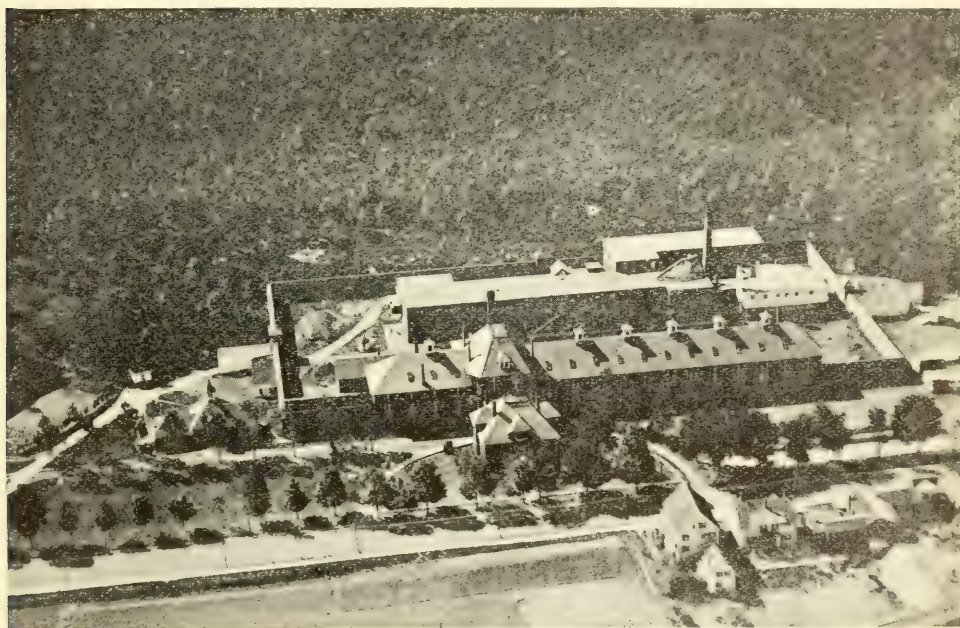


Photo by Kimball Studio

Aeroplane View—State Prison

to the confining qualities of that early building. When a man was sentenced to State Prison in those days, he had to undergo all the tortures that were thought so vital in teaching the wayward one to sin no more. The beauty of the building was but fantastical—a product of photographic art.

Constructed in 1812, but one man occupied the building for several months. In the course of time the population of the prison increased so that in 1831 the number of inmates was

Webster highway between Concord and Boscawen, about a mile and a half from the State House. Dedicatory exercises took place in 1880 and the 148 prisoners were then transferred to the new institution.

New Hampshire has always been foremost in its excellent treatment of prisoners. The housing of criminals has compared favorably with the housing in other states. The methods of treating the inmates has kept pace with the newest tested policies of prison re-



form. When the present prison was built in 1880, New Hampshire was foremost in its modern methods. Yet those ways of conducting a prison were much different than the methods in use to-day.

Henry Robinson wrote an interesting article for the *GRANITE MONTHLY* in the issue of October, 1897. At that time, he points out, it was the custom to make prisoners keep their eyes on the ground. This practice was favored by prison authorities because it kept "the minds of the prisoners from alluring

her mother who had been sentenced for some crime. For about five years, she ran innocently in and out of the buildings, playing within the gruesome confines of the structure, happy in her ignorance of the blot on her family name.

Most interesting of all episodes of prison life recounted by Mr. Robinson is the description of the last period in the life of Josiah L. Pike, whose execution the author of the article attended in his capacity of newspaper reporter.

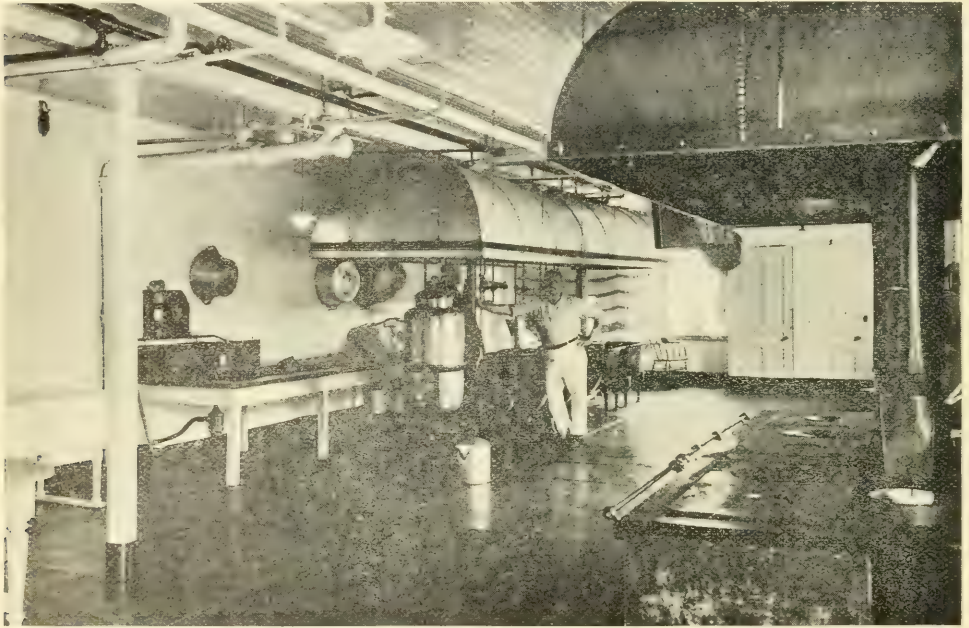


Photo by Kimball Studio

Kitchen, State Prison

objects that might lead them to be discontented, or excite their curiosity and passion."

The convicts were garbed in cloth of alternate black and red cloth, half of each garment being of one color and half of the other. The men were given work to keep their minds from worldly things, but received nothing for their labors.

Not many years before that article was published a bright little girl was housed within the jail. She was six months old when she was taken in with

"Pike's last days were redolent of roses," the author states, "and he was ushered out of life with a surge of sentimental gush that scandalized the state. Women were allowed to make a fool of Pike. They prayed and sung with him, and held his hands, and patted his cheeks, and entwined his hair with their soft fingers, and fed him on confections, jellies, and other dainties too delicate for home consumption, until Pike, although he was the fiendish butcher of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Brown, of Hampton Falls, a defense-



less old man and woman, imagined himself a saintly hero, whose death at the end of the hangman's rope was to be little less than a martyrdom. He seemed to be the especial pride and delight of some ministers' wives and daughters, and yet, one fine day he had to turn his back on their profusion of pinks and lilies and hyacinths, had to leave his cell with its wealth of bric-a-brac and ornamentation, the copious contributions of mistaken devotion, had to say a long good-bye to his charming

For many years there has been no child allowed within the prison with its mother. And since the dramatic hanging of Pike, only relatives and intimate friends have ever been allowed to visit the convicts, and no ovations of any sort have been permitted for the especial benefit of prisoners individually.

No longer is it thought to be a wise policy to oblige prisoners to keep their eyes on the ground for fear that they might be suddenly imbued with a de-



Photo by Kimball Stagg

Library, State Prison

and tearful visitors, and face alone the dreadful fact of death,—forced to jump this 'bank and shoal of time' into eternity, as a penalty, with his hands stained with the life-blood of innocent fellow creatures."

To-day, things are quite different at the New Hampshire State Prison. The old idea of making the convicts wear two-colored clothes has been superseded by the modern idea of providing each man with plain, serviceable clothes, with a new allotment whenever it becomes necessary.

sired for freedom. Rather, prison authorities encourage their inmates to see and enjoy all of nature that is possible within the close confines of the brick walls. Play during the recreation period is the best thing possible to make the men forget, at least for the time being, their sad predicament. So, they are given all the time that can be reasonably expected in order that they might play.

In the summer time, the men are given almost an hour to do as they please in the yard. Some of them turn to baseball and there is a hot session of

strike outs and home runs. Others resort to the old game of "snap the whip" and they enter into it with an abandonment which seems to proclaim the fact that they are trying to forget those sorrows heaped upon them by confinement.

Others give their attention to the little mongrel dog that runs around in the yard and enters into the play with the men just as intently as they. The little dog came to the door of the prison one day after being run over by an automobile, and he has stayed there ever since. Prison officials from a neighboring state who came to the institution in Concord to pay an inspection visit, were greatly interested in him and the beneficial effect he had on the convicts. Several weeks later, the governor of that state presented his own state prison with a thoroughbred dog. Although the puppy at the New Hampshire prison cost nothing and has no pedigree, apparently, there are those who have a love for the little mongrel and they would not part with him for ten thoroughbreds.

Prisoners now get paid for the work they do in the chair factory within the prison. Each man is placed on piece work, a system that was inaugurated last March, and can earn an amount equal to the effort that he exerts. Some of them earn as high as \$35 a month, and others earn less than \$20 a month. And there is a hustle about the factory that was not apparent before they went on a pay basis. Most of them seem to take pride in the work they do. They want it to be worthy of their skill. At the same time, they want to turn out as much as possible for it means money for them, or for their dependents.

The prison authorities are satisfied with the bonus system that is now in operation. It keeps the minds of the men occupied and enlivens their spirits—this, contrary to the old belief that prisoners should have free time in order to think over their sins and repent. The W. F. Whitney company that has charge of the operation, pays the state

\$1.20 a day for the labor of each prisoner. The company itself furnishes the raw materials. The company fares better under this system for the men are more careful of their work and turn out more than they formerly did.

The money earned by the men in the chair factory can be spent for anything within reason. If the tobacco furnished by the state does not suit their taste, they are privileged to buy at wholesale prices their favorite brands. All kinds of toilet articles, gum, candy and miscellaneous articles may be likewise procured from the warden or his deputy.

Any time they are in their cells, the prisoners may smoke. A period is given after every meal so that they might drag on the old brier pipe, or smoke a cigarette or two. In some cases, a prisoner sitting in his cell smoking a pipe and reading looks fairly comfortable. The addition of a few shelves, several pictures on the walls, small rugs on the floor and books here and there all helps to make the crude cell more like a dwelling. But, there are other cells, colder and more repulsive than though they were empty.

Among other privileges, prisoners are allowed to have radios in their cells. It is recounted that one of the men received the news of President Harding's death as soon as any one in the City of Concord, and communicated the tidings to the warden. Another man who listened in to the market reports one evening spoke to the warden in the morning and told him that he should lay in a stock of onions. "Why?" asked the warden in amazement. "Why!" ejaculated the prisoner, "because they are selling for a dollar a hundred pounds in New York. Pretty cheap, I call it!" The warden happened to have plenty of onions at the time and so the next day each man had a dish of that vegetable with his meal.

Several years ago, a sum of money was appropriated by the legislature to allow Warden Clarke to buy a radio

and loud speaker with which to entertain the imprisoned men. The plan of wiring each cell individually and providing each man with earphones so that he could listen in or not as he wished occurred to the warden at that time, but the expense of such an undertaking was too great and so he dismissed the idea. Concerts are given every once in a while and the men like it. Some of them sit and read newspapers throughout the concert, dropping their papers to listen to those parts in which they are interested. Others sit and listen to the entire concert.

Reading is an interesting occupation for some of the inmates. One man who has a long term of imprisonment, is studying law and has bought out of his own money a number of law books. A library of 5,000 books, well catalogued by one of the men who made a special study of the latest methods for that purpose, is accessible to all inmates.

Those who are musically inclined have a chance to play with the prison band which meets for rehearsal four and sometimes five times a week. The men take their work seriously and it is surprising how quickly some of them learn the intricacies of their instruments. One man who works in the supply department is so engrossed in his playing that he studies the music during his

spare time there. Herbert W. Odlin of Concord has gone to the prison four and five times a week for the past fifteen years in order to train the band. The results of his efforts were recently manifested at a concert given to outsiders in the prison chapel.

Night School is held during the week for those who are desirous of improving themselves. A number of them who had a struggle to speak English when they first entered the institution are fast becoming grammarians. This school is in the charge of Chaplain, Rev. Whitman S. Bassett.

To the warden, Charles B. Clarke, belongs the credit for the splendid spirit within the New Hampshire reformatory, for reformatory it is. He is the kindest of men, genial and sympathetic. Yet he has a system of procedure that must be observed. He knows all of the 127 prisoners by name and he likewise knows the faults and the excellencies of each. It has been through his efforts for his "boys" that the prison is now one of the most up-to-date institutions in the United States.

Warden Clarke believes that a good many of the men are now confined not so much because of their badness as their misfortune. With that philosophy for a basis, he conducts the New Hampshire State Prison.

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## WINDY SKIES

BY A. PEARLE CARTER

Windy skies, and the roving clouds,  
Like ragged beggars run  
To snatch with pilfering fingers  
The pale gold of the sun.

Windy skies, and the birches sway  
With a dancer's pliant grace,  
And wavering shadows on the lawn  
Weave patterns of lace.



# THE ELECTION

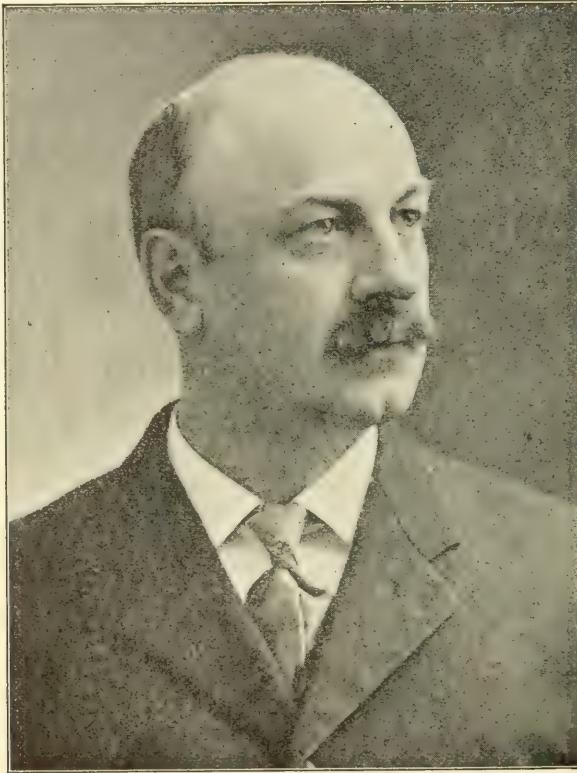
## Election Results in New Hampshire

BY A REPUBLICAN CONTRIBUTOR

THE election was no less of a Republican victory in New Hampshire than in the Nation at large. A Democratic Governor and Congressman, as well as a majority in the House of Representatives were all replaced by Republicans. But this only tells a small part of the significance of this election.

Coolidge polled 42,000 more votes than John W. Davis. While Senator Keyes was elected by a majority of about 31,000.

In 1923 Congressman Rogers carried the first district by more than 6,000. Fletcher Hale carried that district this year by a majority of over 8,000. Con-



Edward H. Wason,  
Congressman-elect, Second District

Two years ago New Hampshire gave a Democratic Governor a majority of over 8,000. This year it elected a Republican Chief Executive by about 13,000, an overturn of some 21,000 votes.

Practically 100,000 people cast their ballots for Calvin Coolidge, some 5,000 more votes than were cast for Harding in the Republican landslide of 1920.

gressman Wason was elected in the second District over William Barry by 17,000 votes.

The Republicans will take complete control of all branches of the State Government. The new Governor will be supported by a unanimously Republican Council. The Legislature will elect a Republican Secretary of State

and Treasurer. Nineteen of the twenty-four Senators are Republican and a substantial majority of the House are of the same party.

By an unusually decisive vote the people of New Hampshire have determined to entrust their Government wholly to the Republican party for the next two years. There will be no more divided responsibility. Deadlocks, based on partisan differences of opinion, will no longer occur between the Senate and the House or between the Governor and his Council. The familiar political pastime of "passing the buck" can no longer be so easily indulged at the expense of the public welfare. The electorate has centralized the responsibility for the passage of laws and the administration of the State's business. They will know beyond question to whom credit is due for constructive accomplishments, as well as where to place the blame for errors and omissions. It is clearly up to this new Republican administration to make good in all branches of the State Government.

#### SIDE LIGHTS ON THE STATE ELECTION

The state election was remarkably free from personalities. It was a clean contest between the most popular Democrat New Hampshire has known in our generation, and a young Republican who entered the contest comparatively unknown, but who steadily gained the confidence and respect of our citizens until they gave him a majority on election day which has been exceeded by only four Republican Governors. The Democrats recognized the critical nature of the situation. They were ready to concede everything in order to save the Governor. Trading votes was said to be the order of the day. It was commonly reported that many lesser candidates were freely sacrificed to secure more votes for the head of the Democratic state ticket.

Governor Fred Brown actually polled some 4,000 votes more this year than he

received during the Democratic landslide of 1922, when he was elected by a majority of 8,000. He ran 17,000 ahead of John W. Davis and received 12,000 more votes than were polled in New Hampshire by the Democratic candidate for President in 1920. Yet John G. Winant defeated this exceptionally popular man by about 13,000 votes, a truly remarkable accomplishment for a young man who only a year ago was but little known to the general public.

Governor Brown stood for re-election with all the prestige of a creditable two years' administration. That he aspired to break the one term precedent does not appear to have been an important factor in the outcome. Certainly his opponent did not use that argument in his campaign. Neither were there any striking issues at stake in this state election. It would appear that Coolidge's exceptional popularity and John Winant's frank and sincere character were the chief considerations in determining the results.

Fletcher Hale's victory in the Second Congressional District was another personal tribute to a man of high character who developed unexpected ability and eloquence as a campaigner. His opponent, Congressman Rogers, had previously carried the District against John Scammon by over 6,000. Rogers is a successful lawyer, an able speaker with an appealing personality and very popular throughout his District. To turn a 6,000 Democratic majority to a 8,000 Republican victory is an accomplishment Fletcher Hale may well be proud of.

#### LA FOLLETTE

La Follette polled about 9,000 votes in New Hampshire. Most of these were drawn from Democratic sources in the industrial centers. Fighting Bob had the support of an influential part of the State Federation of Labor and of the Railroad employees.

REFLECTIONS ON THE NATIONAL  
ELECTION

That independent vote which pays allegiance to measures and individuals rather than to parties has usually drawn

involved. Insurgent leadership in Congress has come from the Republicans ever since the revolt against the autocratic control of legislation exercised by Joe Cannon and his associates.



Henry W. Keyes, Senator-elect

its chief strength from the Republican ranks. The Republican party controls no large block of states, like the solid south, which go overwhelmingly Democratic irrespective of who the candidates may be or what issues are in-

Roosevelt led the Progressive party movement of 1912 and his followers were chiefly Republicans. This year Senator LaFollette, a man who has practically suppressed the Democratic party in his own state, and who has sat





Fletcher Hale,  
Congressman-elect, First District

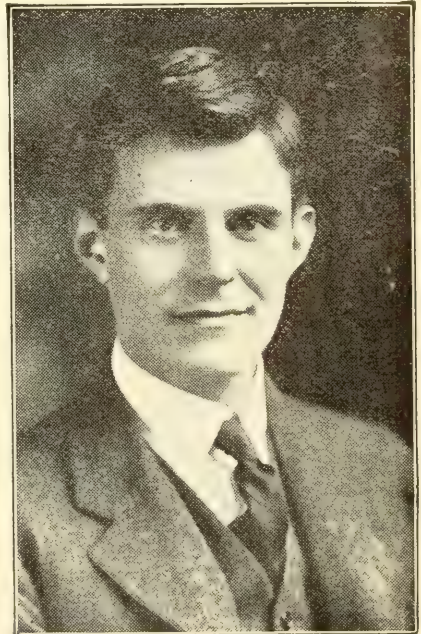
for twenty years as a Republican in the United States Senate, led a third party. But in striking contrast to previous movements of this sort, the bulk of La Follette's 4,000,000 votes in this election came from the Democrats. This is clearly shown by an analysis of the results from various angles. In the first place Coolidge polled the unequalled total of 16,000,000 votes, twice as many as his leading opponent.

The normally Republican North Central and Western States which La Follette had hoped to carry, all went for Coolidge except Wisconsin. To cap the climax, eight states which elected Democratic Governors at the same time expressed their preference for retaining a Republican President in the White House.

Never in the history of the country have we seen such an avalanche of independent votes. It is no longer confined to the Western States. There is no use in shutting our eyes to the truth. This year we find the East almost as independent as the West. Coolidge carried New York by 800,000 yet Al Smith was elected by 150,000 majority.

Coolidge ran 600,000 ahead of Davis in Ohio, but that state re-elected Dohaney, its Democratic Governor by 150,000.

Still nearer home, Coolidge carried Massachusetts by over 400,000. Yet Gillette with all the prestige of his long service in Congress and as speaker was barely elected to the United States Senate by less than 20,000. Compared to these startling examples of party irregularity New Hampshire Republicans may well consider themselves fortunate in the uniformly successful outcome of their state election. It is true that the insidious vice of cutting the ticket has even crept into the ranks of the old time, regular Republicans, who formerly so bitterly denounced that evil practice. Some of these extremely conservative old liners openly rebelled against liberal leadership of the Republican party in the Granite State; nevertheless the party as a whole fared remarkably well as compared with many other states which are normally more strongly Republican than New Hampshire.



John G. Winant, Governor-elect

### COOLIDGE STRONGER THAN THE PARTY

The outstanding feature of the National election, plain for everyone to see, is the remarkable and universal popularity of Calvin Coolidge. Not only did he receive more votes than were ever before cast for any President, but he actually had a margin of 4,000,000 over the combined strength of his two opponents.

The personality of candidates rather than party alignment or party regularity seems to have been the controlling factor in the minds of the public throughout the country. Ordinarily the unprecedented vote cast for the Republican candidate for President would indicate an overwhelming Republican majority in Congress. But here again party lines have broken down and many local candidates must have run far behind the head of the ticket. The Republicans will have a nominal majority of 59 in the National House of Representatives. But allowing for the 15 LaFollette Congressmen, it will give an actual majority of 29.

In the Senate the margin of Coolidge Republicans is even smaller. If we class La Follette and his following with the opposition, it leaves a Republican working majority in the Senate, of 4 or 5.

### DEMOCRATIC DISORGANIZATION

The Democratic Party as a National force seems for the moment to be sadly disorganized. To be sure the solid south stood loyal to its old time traditions. In many cases local candidates won out for Governor or for Congress despite the Coolidge landslide. But the extent to which dissention and independent voting have undermined their National organization is shown by the fact that in 13 states the Democratic party actually ran third. Doubtless the bitter and prolonged conflict in the Democratic National Convention, the cleavage on the League of Nations is-

sue, and religious dissentions, all contributed to that result. But there was no binding force to reunite these conflicting elements. The two dominant parties no longer present opposing fundamental political principles. In an election which hinged not on platforms representing clear cut differences of political policy, but on the personality of candidates, the Democrats were bound to lose heavily. They were seriously divided at the outset. The two men at the head of their ticket were wholly incongruous they represented widely varying forms of political belief. To couple them together was a weak and inconsistent piece of political expediency. They neutralized each other. The insincerity of the expedient was too apparent.

Above all they were opposed by strong positive personalities, in the National candidates of the Republican Party and of the Radical movement. Whatever one may think of La Follette's program there can be no question of the positive aggressive nature of the man or of the campaign which he waged. He has been consistent in his record and position throughout the long term of his public service. As a result he drew to himself most of the radical following in the Democratic ranks.

Coolidge, on the other hand made an equally strong appeal to a much larger element throughout the country. His deliberate careful habit of thought, his common sense and general stability appealed to the conservatives. His clear cut, definite position on important issues, his courage and independence appealed to the Liberals. They did not forget his open fight against some of the most powerful and reactionary forces in the last Congress. As a result the independent states of the West, this year followed Coolidge. He also had the support of most of Roosevelt's lieutenants in Progressive Party of 1912.

# THE NEW HAMPSHIRE FEDERATION OF WOMEN'S CLUBS

**T**HE New Hampshire State Federation of Women's Clubs was organized in Concord by Mrs. Lilian C. Streeter in October, 1895, with the avowed object of uniting the women of New Hampshire in non-partisan work for the benefit of the state.

At the first annual meeting of the

has grown. Twenty-five clubs responded to the call for the original meeting, while now the Federation has a membership of one hundred forty-one clubs representing over twelve thousand women.

It is financed by a per capita tax from every club woman whose club has join-



Mrs. Lilian C. Streeter,  
Founder of New Hampshire Federation of  
Women's Clubs

Federation in November, 1896, the subjects considered were first "Our Flag," New Hampshire in Educational matters, New Hampshire in Charity Work, New Hampshire in Literature and Art, and Woman's work in Forestry, and ever since that time the Federation has steadily progressed in work for the benefit of the state, its scope

ed the State Federation. Not all clubs are federated but by this affiliation with others, a better understanding of the problems of other communities is felt, a broader vision is obtained and an opportunity is presented for both giving and receiving help. Pettiness and selfishness succumb to one of the largest things in life—a helpful interest in



others. The aim is to be part of the forces that are at work to make things better. As Mrs. Winter, past president of the General Federation has said, "It would not be worth while for us to come together if we did not believe that every wrong and failure can be cured, if we did not come in faith, hope and joy."

The present president is Mrs. Clara Merriman Fellows of Tilton. The Executive Board is subdivided into departments that carry on their special work as follows:

The Art Committee plans for the coming year, to work to abolish the vulgar and impertinent bill-boards that now desecrate our New Hampshire scenery everywhere, to co-operate along civic lines in creating more interest in home gardens, and to influence school-children in the conservation of wild flowers.

The Civic Committee is broadening its scope this year in trying to bring to the consciousness of the women of the state a sense that they already share in the responsibility for conditions as they are, and that from now on they will be more responsible than ever for things as they shall be. For that reason this committee will try to point out some ways in which they can use their citizenship to improve every aspect of our local, state and national life.

The Education Committee's chief aim is to co-operate, in a helpful way, with the school administration. It is an outstanding agency, ready and willing to aid the school department of our state. It tries, through the various clubs, to carry into the schools pictures, books, playground apparatus and milk. Clubs are urged to hold meetings to create among club members a love for learning and a desire for knowledge. Under this Committee, the Literary and Library Extension Department presents, as often as funds are available, a Travelling Library to the Public Library Commission. Each year they co-operate with this commission for the ob-

servance of Book Week, providing special programs.

The policy of the Forestry Committee, a committee dating from the day of the organization of the Federation, has been to create an interest in the general subject of conservation especially in conservation of forests, looking for prompt action, with the view to increasing future results. They urge work for the protection of shade trees along the road sides and for a wide spread interest in protecting and increasing our forests.

The Department of Home Economics, having the co-operation of the Extension Service of the University, has been able to improve very materially home conditions in the state during the past few years and advises club women how to work more intelligently for the ideal home.

The Legislative Committee is to bring before the Executive Board the following bills for approval, but as yet nothing has been endorsed: Enforcement of the Prohibition Laws, Ratification of the Child Labor Amendment, Support of the Maternity and Infancy work, Necessary buildings for the University and Keene Normal School and the Recodification of the Divorce Laws.

Along the lines of Public Health, the Federation always endorses the work of the State Board of Health. Since the passage of the Maternity Bill, for which the Federation worked, the Board of Health has been able to employ seven nurses doing pre-natal and preventive work in eight counties of the state.

The Branch interested in Music is striving to educate the people to care more for really good music and to create a demand for better music in Motion Picture Houses.

Those studying Citizenship will look into our Foreign Relations following the suggestions of the General Federation.

During the past two years a Junior Department has been organized, thereby

hoping to engage the attention of the young people in club matters.

The Federation maintains three Funds which practically every club contributes to, in addition to their dues. These Funds are Scholarship, Prosperity and one to help the Children's Aid and Protective Society. The Scholarship Fund was started by the late Mrs. Mary P.

been educated since 1905. At present there are eight of these teachers in small communities and it is hoped that they may be a means of promoting community spirit and be a force for broader citizenship.

As the club work has grown the duties have increased equally. The President finds her share arduous and



Mrs. Clara Merriman Fellows,  
President of New Hampshire Federation  
of Women's Clubs

Woodworth and continued by her daughter, Mrs. Isaac Hill, for the purpose of bettering the conditions in rural schools. The Fund at present is paying the maintenance of eight girls at the Normal Schools with the understanding that these young teachers give the first two years of teaching to the rural schools, or the one room buildings in New Hampshire. Fifty-four girls have

it is with difficulty she can reach all parts of the state. The plan was formulated to divide the state into eight districts, with a chairman in each district. These chairmen have charge of a Conference in their section every year and to finance these conferences and the President's expenses there to, a Fund known as the Prosperity Fund was established, the interest of which is used

for this purpose. Mrs. Charles P. Bancroft has always had charge of the Fund.

The third Fund was established for the Children's Aid and Protective Society. The aim of the Federation was to raise sufficient money to pay the salary of an assistant for the Society but as salaries have increased, the Fund has had to grow. Mrs. George F. Morris has been chairman of this Fund.

The Federation issues a monthly Bul-

letin besides having the use of a page once a week in the Manchester Union, so with these two opportunities, the publicity is well cared for.

This brief summary of the departmental work of the New Hampshire Federation of Women's Clubs and their plans for the future explains how it functions for better citizenship, improved social conditions and for sane, constructive living.

## AN ELECTRICAL HOME

BY MARION H. RAY

A safe and sane servant, forever at hand,  
Unhampered by "time off," is yours to command.  
A touch of the finger on magical switch,—  
Each task is accomplished with never a hitch.  
Wake up in the morning to furnace warmed air,  
Heat water for shaving while wife curls her hair,  
Downstairs for the oatmeal, in "fireless" well done,  
Proceed to "perk" coffee, boil eggs—My, what fun!  
Wife washes the dishes by "current," of course,  
"Vacs" floors, does the baking with "juice" from that source.  
Guests coming for luncheon? Have waffles for three,  
Creamed chicken, smooth ice cream and clear amber tea.  
A bit of fine sewing? The power machine's there.  
Too warm here for comfort? A fan cools the air.  
A dinner from "fireless"—the dishes soon done—  
By warm glowing fireplace an evening of fun.  
Cigar quickly lighted from glow near at hand,  
Then plug in the "wireless"—hear Paul Whiteman's band.  
Upstairs with the heat pad,—no worries at all.  
Alarms, fire and burglar—a phone in the hall.  
What aim is more worthy, wherever you roam,  
Than warmly admiring,  
Than greatly desiring,  
Than quickly acquiring



# RESEARCH FOR NEW HAMPSHIRE FARMS

BY HENRY BAILEY STEVENS

"I'll give a million dollars," Andrew Carnegie is reported as having said, "to any man who will show me how to decrease the cost of a ton of steel ten cents."

Acting on a similar principle, 294 American industrial concerns now employ no less than 11,000 scientists devoting their time to research problems. One company alone maintains a yearly budget of ten million dollars wholly for investigational work. Modern business realizes that modern

of the country, research—particularly agricultural research—was soon recognized as fundamental. This great complex industry is inherently related to public interests as well as unwieldily for private development. The nation had pursued the policy of moving on to new soil instead of developing the old, much as automobile owners turn over their used cars for new models. It had never at all adequately studied its agricultural resources, nor attempted to recharge its soil



"Penka Howie" of the College Herd who has made a record of 688 pounds of butter fat.

science is its life-blood. It is the laboratory and not the counting room that actually pays the dividends.

If industry thus relies so thoroughly upon research, how much more does education. With such rapidity has our knowledge grown that text-books have worn out about as quickly as overcoats; and every few years Science, like our bodies, acquires a completely new skin.

It transpired, therefore, that in the development of the land-grant colleges

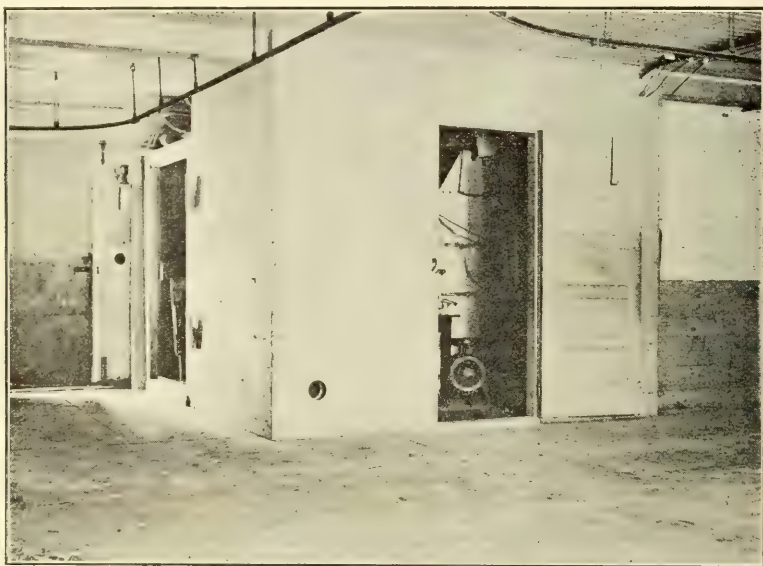
power. So in 1887 Congress passed the Hatch Act, establishing in each state an agricultural experiment station, which was usually connected with the state agricultural college. Most of the states were quick to supplement the Federal funds with legislative appropriations; and the great development in agricultural science which has come within the past generation has been largely due to the discoveries of these outposts.

In New Hampshire it is only within

the last four years that state funds have been made available, and the great bulk of the work has been necessarily concerned with Federal projects. In these the reputation earned has been enviable.

An international authority on animal genetics, Dr. C. B. Davenport, after examining the experiments in sheep breeding at Durham, called them more extensive and better devised than any others in this field in the world. So impressed with this work have been the heirs of Dr. Al-

large domestic animals in the world. Here the underlying principles of animal metabolism are being studied with an efficiency hitherto impossible; and visiting scientists from all over the world have come to study the improved apparatus. It is a matter of pride that several other states and countries are planning to duplicate the respiration chamber, which the United States Department of Agriculture says may have a "profound influence on the development of nutrition inquiry." Every stockman



The Respiration Chamber which gives the Key to Balanced Rations.

exander Graham Bell that they have turned over to the New Hampshire Station the principal animals of his famous flock, which he had developed over a long period of years with as much zeal as he spent in the production of the telephone.

The New Hampshire Station was also selected by the Carnegie Institution of Washington as its partner in its investigations in the field of animal nutrition; and with the last few years Dr. S. C. Benedict of that institution has erected at Durham the first inexpensive respiration chamber for

knows the important results which have already come from the application of scientific principles to livestock feeding, and the possibilities of further improvements are being watched with great interest.

In similar fashion word has recently been received from various parts of South Africa of appreciation of the New Hampshire experiments in the control of termites, the white ants which destroy the timbers of buildings.

These are only examples of the contributions being made by the New

Hampshire Station to the common fund of agricultural science. In many other experiments it has been possible to tackle problems of particular state interest; and there has been steadily mounting a pile of information in regard to soil, fertilizer, crop and animal conditions which has made the Station the center of the present campaign for agricultural improvement. The reader may find detailed results of work in the annual reports and in Station Bulletin 199, entitled "Digging up Facts for New Hampshire Farms." The following are only a few of the accomplishments:

Development of a definite orchard program, which it is estimated would

"New Hampshire 500" ensilage corn, which on certain types of soil has out-classed other varieties; the Granite State cucumber; and improved timothy.

Original tests of certified seed potatoes, which have meant an annual average increase of 65 bushels per acre over common stock in countless field demonstrations.

Perfection of control measures for such devastating pests and diseases as late blight on potatoes, apple scab, codling moth, apple maggot, brown-tail moth, etc., three of which it is estimated do an annual damage of \$215,000 in the state.

Institution of the campaign against



Selecting timothy to secure an improved strain.

mean an annual increase of \$350,000 in the apple crop if applied to a fourth of the bearing trees of the state.

Proof of the possibilities of alfalfa, soy beans and other legumes, and initiation of the campaign for their use in the dairy ration to cut down the farm grain bill.

Variety tests with field corn, oats, field beans, soy beans, wheat, root crops, forage crops, apples, peaches, plums, cherries, strawberries, raspberries, peas and tomatoes to determine the kinds best suited to New Hampshire conditions.

Creation of special strains such as

white diarrhea of chickens which is actually eradicating a disease that a few years ago was destroying 50 per cent of the chickens hatched within our borders.

Development of New Hampshire-grown certified seed potatoes, which this year will probably amount to about 25,000 bushels.

Maintenance of the analysis service which tests feeding stuffs, fertilizers and seeds, thus making it possible for the State Department of Agriculture to prevent the sale of materials which are fraudulently misrepresented or which have no value. This service



protects our \$12,000,000 annual purchase of feeds and \$600,000 purchase of fertilizers.

A study of these results will show the close connection between the Experiment Station and the Extension Service. The former is the testing place where projects are first tried out before broadcasting over the state as a whole. It is the factory where the goods are made which extension agents carry to the remote farms of the various counties. And herein lies one of the main problems of the Experiment Station. With the development of the extension work the demands upon the research branch for specialized information are greatly increased, and the responsibility for leadership in the development of agricultural knowledge is greatly accentuated. As a recent report by J. C. Kendall, director of the Station, puts it:

"The situation is similar to that of a manufacturing concern which formerly handled all business by correspondence, but which later sent out agents who demonstrated and sold its wares in a wholesale fashion. This policy would inevitably react and change the conditions at the home office. The immediate contact between the factory and the consumer might become less, but the total volume of business would become much greater. The factory would have to enlarge to keep the supply up to the demand. The whole business would have to be administered with more scrupulous care and watchfulness; for an error would be multiplied many times. The necessity of foreseeing the trend of business and matching the supply of a given product with the probable future demand would be ever-present."

Today there are several problems of vital importance to the agriculture of New Hampshire which demand an answer, and on which research should be started at once. One of these is the question of soils. New Hamp-

shire has greatly varied soil characteristics, which the plots at Durham can not by their nature represent. Scientific research in soils and crops on representative areas has already been delayed far too long through lack of funds. The same is true in regard to the problem of marketing; our steps in this field should be made on the basis of careful investigation of facts. Research in forestry has been requested of all the New England states, and New Hampshire, with its great forest interests and its innumerable farm woodlots should certainly do its share.

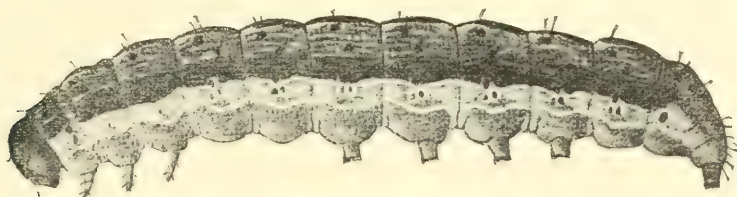
In home economics, research is greatly needed to back up the important extension activities already under way. The great field of rural engineering, with its important problems of drainage, sewage, electricity and other farm power, has as yet been scarcely approached.

It is one of the healthy signs at the University of New Hampshire that a considerable body of research is carried on by departments which have no specific appropriations for it. Announcement was recently made that workers in the department of chemistry, for example, had perfected for the first time in history, a method of producing the rare metal, uranium, in large quantities and in a high degree of purity. Scholars have come from across the continent and from foreign countries to pursue studies in this subject. Investigations in physics and mathematics have also attracted national attention. Yet, willing and anxious as are members of the staff to undertake problems of research, they cannot do so as a rule when loaded down with the necessary teaching requirements. The institution of a definite research system will perhaps be one of the future developments of the University, as a whole. In the meantime, there is the pressing necessity of completing the structure for agricultural research in the state,

which the federal government has so admirably started.

New Hampshire's agriculture is a \$40,000,000 annual business. If it were run on the basis of the large industrial concerns, it certainly would not hesitate to put one per cent of its annual output into research. Yet instead of \$400,000, the present state and federal appropriations combined amount to only \$37,000, of which only \$7,000 is paid by the state. New Hampshire ranks among the lowest of the states in its support of agricultural research.

Bad as is the tax situation for the New Hampshire farmer, it is greatly aggravated by the taxes levied by unrecognized assessors—the insect pests and plant and animal diseases, which render a yearly bill estimated at \$3,500,000. This tax is paid in full except as science, coming to our rescue, beats the tribute down. How much greater may be the tax paid to Ignorance, that greatest enemy of them all, we do not know. Our hope lies in education, and the hope of education is research.



One of the Tax Collectors.

## GOD IS RIGHT HERE

BY FRANCIS W. CROOKER

I rode across the country  
 Just at the break of day  
 When all man's world was quiet,  
 And nature had its say.  
 The road was lined with beauty,  
 A vision in every rod—  
 Every branch and flower  
 Talked to me of God.

Of all the pages written—  
 The world contains no end.  
 No pen like that of nature  
 Can such conviction send;  
 For every branch and flower  
 And every tree and bough,  
 Sings of its creator  
 They seem to know just how;  
 And always in the morning,  
 Whenever I draw near,  
 I'm sure to hear them whisper—  
 God is right here.

The little tender blossom,  
 The Lilac and the Fern  
 The Sumac and the Hemlock  
 Each will take its turn;  
 Each one has a duty  
 And a message for us all;  
 For us they have a lesson  
 If we but hear the call.  
 Each one has a greeting,  
 Whenever we draw near  
 Just listen! They are saying—  
 God is right here.

No room for scoffing doubter ,  
 Who goes along the road;  
 No matter what his pleasure,  
 No matter what his load.  
 If he will only listen  
 To the voices he can hear—  
 All doubt and contradiction,  
 I'm sure will disappear.  
 There's a song in every blossom  
 There's a message of good cheer, .  
 Everything is telling that  
 God is right here.

The flowers tell the children  
 How to fill the world with cheer;  
 The Oak tree tells us old folks  
 How to meet the trials here;  
 We must not pass too quickly  
 Lest we miss the message  
 That will help us on our way.  
 If you never hear them speaking,  
 You do not know the power  
 There is in every tree-top  
 And every little flower.  
 To me they preach a sermon  
 The voice is loud and clear,  
 For everything is saying:—  
 "God Is Right Here."

And as I went my journey,  
 Along the green clad way,  
 A voice was stirred within me,  
 A voice that seemed to say:—  
 We are all upon a highway  
 That leads us up to God.  
 I hear it in the tree tops  
 In every wave and nod;  
 And then a tiny flower  
 Just whispered in my ear:—  
 "This is the road to Heaven and  
 God Is Right Here."



## ANNACE, AN INDIAN STORY

BY GERTRUDE WEEKS MARSHALL

Deep lay the snow, in the northern winter woods  
Where great, gray, lichen-covered tree columns stood,  
Interlocked, like arms were their branches, stark and bare,  
That swayed, crackled and snapped in the frosty air;  
While the dark pine trunks, huge, stately and tall  
Seemed like the pillars of some old Egyptian hall.  
The winter woods were cozy with white, fluffy snow,  
And thick, evergreen branches, that grew low  
And sheltered the little creatures whose home was there,  
Cris-crossing the snow, were their tracks everywhere,  
And in some places, were those of larger, fiercer beasts,  
That sought the helpless, little ones upon which to feast.  
Crevasses, by immense, windfallen trees, were the lairs,  
Deep in their winter sleep, of indolent, black bears,  
Through this animal inhabited, winter wilderness,  
Swiftly and surely, on snowshoes, came Annace,  
The mysterious Indian, who brought sands of gold  
To the white settlements, and when it was sold  
Silently, unseen, disappeared, whence none could tell,  
And wisely, Annace had kept his secret well  
For these invaders, he knew, would wrest the land,  
That held his treasure, from him with ruthless hand;  
Carefully planned, were his visits, just before a snowfall  
In winter, and in summer, skilfully, he covered all  
The trail; many attempted, but could not trace  
His way, through the dense, unbroken, forest maze.  
Sometimes his precious merchandise was carried far  
Into New England, then again to some village in Canada,  
As, from the forest, he emerged into the rough roads,  
Made by the pioneers to connect their lonely, log abodes,  
Backward turned, his thoughts, to when in boyhood days,  
The Indians lived in this fair country that met his gaze,  
And nestled close beneath yon protecting mountain side,  
Were the wigwams and happy people of his Tribe,  
And down the river valley, about a mile or so beyond,  
And sacred held, by them, was the high symmetrical mound  
Where Chiefs were buried, and ceremonious Councils held,  
About affairs of War and Peace, in those days of old.  
Skilled too, was his Tribe, in primitive craft, and wrought  
Ornaments of gold which other Indians with wampum, bought;  
And he remembered that in this beautiful, fertile Land  
His people had made their last, courageous stand.  
Now, he and his son, Louis, by the Whites so named,  
Were the last of his race, in this region, that remained;

Annace had that, keen, farseeing, sagacious mind,  
Which, occasionally in the American Indian, we find.  
The Strangers were friendly with them, for they fain,  
Knowledge of where the gold was found, would gain.  
They dwelt in the forest by a stream with golden sand,  
And gathered its wealth, while Annace hopefully planned,  
That when enough was obtained of the coveted metal,  
He would send Louis to learn, among the white people,  
Their ways and wisdom, then perhaps he might restore  
Sometime the scattered remnants of his Tribe; once more  
To live in their rich, beloved, native, valley home,  
No longer a friendless and an exiled people to roam.

With such thoughts he accomplished his errand;  
Then, with a few supplies, returned to his secret Strand.

The years, with increase in the northern settlements, passed,  
And Annace had made his final, long journey at last;  
Louis came from that splendid School for Indian Youth,\*  
Established by one Eleazer Wheelock, in justice and truth.  
In appearance and manner, an educated, cultivated Christian,  
But at heart, like his ancestors, wild, savage and pagan.  
Far away now, were his people, and unwilling to return,  
And live among the Palefaces and their ways to learn;  
So, Louis purchased farms and land with the golden hoard,  
Which Annace, with such forethought, had stored,  
For awhile in civilized manner, he lived and behaved  
But the untrammelled life of his Fathers' he craved;  
So he built a wigwam, and in customs and ways,  
Lived the Indian free, as in those former, happier days;  
He tamed the fierce animals of the woods as the wolf and bear,  
A moose was taught to draw him on a sledge, afar,  
Some are living now who remember Louis and his queer team,  
As he drove o'er the trails, through forests and across stream.  
Yet among his neighbors, for his integrity, he was held in regard  
And was hospitable always, and willingly with them shared.  
Years afterwards, Annace's crude outfit for washing gold  
By the stream was discovered, and prospectors, it was told,  
Found particles of the precious ore in quantities small,  
—Not enough for mining—perhaps Annace took all  
There was; but many believe to this day that somewhere around  
That place, great treasure is hidden, yet to be found.

This is the story of the Indian Annace, and Louis his son,  
As related to me, by settlers of the days bygone.  
Though the years with most marvelous changes have flown,  
The hamlet and river as "Indian Stream" still are known.

\*Dartmouth

# THE PHANTOM REGIMENT

By M. F. S.

DAVID WATSON looked at his watch on the table beside his bed and figured that the nurse would appear in ten minutes to give him his medicine. "This is all 'tommyrot', anyway," he said over in his mind for the several hundredth time, manifesting his mental state by agitated movements of his right hand through his white beard. "All this for just a little heart-attack. What if I am seventy-eight? It's no time to be acting like this. At least, not when I've spent the last two and a half years looking forward to next week's parade. I'll just have to fool Jessica and slip out of the house when she doesn't know it if I expect to get there, and that's going to be the biggest problem I've tackled in years."

He thought of his daughter, Jessica, who, though extremely busy with many war activities, watched over him with a solicitude that allowed him but little freedom. At almost every undertaking of his, he was reminded in her warnings of his age. If he wanted to walk out in the evening he was asked if he was sure that he would be warm enough. He was not allowed to sit by an open window because a person of his age must be over-careful about draughts. He was ordered not to go into the city by himself but always to wait until Jessica's car could take him. Even his food was looked after as carefully as though he were a young child, and at the least sign of any physical trouble, a nurse was summoned. This time the care of a nurse was more justifiable he realized, and because of the special care which he was receiving he felt more antagonistic than ever before toward his daughter. Since the death of Jim in France—Jim, his youngest and favorite boy—he knew that Jessica was watching out for him more than ever before. As though he couldn't take Jim's death in just the same way that he knew Jim himself had received it.

Why he had gone through greater experiences than Jessica had ever dreamed of, beginning with his fighting at Antietam fifty-seven years ago; and he had brought up three sons and two daughters, burying two of his children and his wife, Lucretia.

In the midst of these reflections he was interrupted by the nurse, Miss Flanders, coming in with a cheery smile and a tray of medicine.

"Seems to me these aren't much more than sugar pills, Miss Flanders."

"I guess we don't give a person in your condition sugar pills, Mr. Watson, but perhaps that's all you'll need bye and bye. It depends on how you behave now. Don't you want me to take away these pillows so that you can lie down and go to sleep?"

"No thank you. I'd feel much better to sit in that chair by the window or walk around a bit, Miss Flanders."

"You are altogether too energetic, I think."

David was about to say that he would be much better if he could prescribe his own treatment when his eyes rested on the newspaper that Miss Flanders had dropped on his table. He reached for it eagerly. He wanted to read about the parade of the forty-sixth division that he was going to see in New York next week. Yes, he was going to see it. That was Jim's division. He had watched Jim march away in it and now he must see the division come marching back again. How fine Jim had looked that day. So fine that his eyes had filled right up from mingled pride and love and fear. He could remember Jim's last words to him, "We'll be marching back right soon, Dad, and you'll be waving your arms off at us." And David had said, "You can just bet I won't miss it, Jim."

And now Jim's division had come back and was going to march up Fifth Avenue the following Monday. To-



day was Saturday. He must keep his promise to Jim. As much as he hated to he would have to deceive Jessica somehow and get there.

Could he dress and leave the house secretly when Jessica was out and Miss Flanders asleep? Perhaps. And should he send a note to his friend, Ed Proctor, a block away? He had gone to the city with Ed before, and he knew that Ed was going in to see his own boy march in the parade and could take him just as well as not.

David read the newspaper details over several times. The parade was to start from Washington Arch. He would like to get as near there as possible. In his imagination he saw the soldiers swinging by and heard the stirring music. He read that gaps would be left in the columns where each of the soldiers that had died had previously marched.

The door opened and he saw Jessica coming towards him with her usual vigor. "Why father, you are hot and flushed. Where is Miss Flanders?" And she rang a bell which was quickly answered.

"Miss Flanders, what has father been doing? He has quite a temperature."

"It was perfectly normal a few minutes ago, Miss Watson."

David felt his spirits drop. At the sign of any change for the worse, they would watch him more carefully than ever. Jessica was really tremendously good to him and he should be more grateful and obedient, he thought, but he must see that parade.

He swallowed the contents of a glass the nurse brought him and allowed her to remove the pillows behind him and straighten the covers. The medicine soon worked its influence and David fell into a deep sleep.

When he awoke, objects in the room were dimmed by the spring twilight. A little breeze fluttered the white curtains. He could hear a chorus of birds sing-

ing outside in the trees around the garden. He ate with a relish the small amount of food brought to him and then fell asleep again.

The second time he awoke it was morning again, but an April rain was beating against the windows. Rain fell all day. And all day David looked out the window watching for the least letting up of the storm, his spirits and physical condition lowering with the barometer. Probably it would rain the next day too, he thought, and what a fool he had been to have thought of such a wild scheme.

The next morning, the sun, sending down glorious warm and yellow shafts into David's room, awoke him with its brilliancy and warmth. Into the at first confused state of his mind came the thought, "This is the day of the parade." And then, "It couldn't be a better day."

He sat up in bed. New vigor seemed to come to him. He must see that parade; he was going to see it and nobody was going to stop him. The parade was to be at noon. Jessica was going to be out all the morning and he could send Miss Flanders out on an errand.

"Good morning, father," as the door opened. "You're looking better this morning. Don't you think he could sit up a few minutes without being tired, Miss Flanders?"

"Yes, I think it would do him good."

"Thank you." David responded.

"I'm going to be over-seeing the packing-rooms to-day and make sure that all the refugee clothing is labeled properly," his daughter said to him. "Is there anything I can do for you in the city, father?"

"No, Jessica, I don't think of anything." And he said goodbye to her hoping that there was nothing that might bring her back before night.

In twenty minutes he knew that Jessica would have left the house in her car. He would then tell Miss Flanders

that he wanted her to take a note to Mr. Proctor.

Miss Flanders willingly brought him paper and pencil and consented to take the note for him. David realized that if Miss Flanders had the slightest inkling while she was taking the note to Ed, that he was hurriedly dressing himself and that the note told Mr. Proctor that he would meet him at Sanderson's Drug Store in just half an hour, his chances of seeing the parade and keeping his promise to Jim would be lost. And these thoughts excited him so much that he had a hard time walking up the street to the store.

David didn't have to wait long. Five minutes after arriving at the store he was climbing into Ed Proctor's car, waving his stick in boyish glee and forgetting that he had ever had heart-trouble.

"We'll find a place for you all right, Dave, in the window we've got. We're going to have a grand old view. I can't wait to see the boys." David felt Ed's hand on his, sympathetically, and the two men looked affectionately into each other's eyes.

The mere sensation of doing something had not seemed so good to David for a long time; altogether rejuvenated he reached the city. In the throng of cars and pedestrians they moved along. Excitement charged the air, and both men felt it tingle in their veins. When they reached Fifth Avenue and saw the gorgeous array of bunting, flags and streamers, and heard the shouts of the people, they stood up in the car, waved their canes and threw pennies to the darting newsboys.

The car drew up at a curb and they dropped back into their seats. David mopped his forehead. "This is great, Ed, I've had nothing like it for years."

They made their way across the crowded sidewalk, ascended in an elevator, and found their places in a window around which were already a number of people.

It was past the appointed time for the parade and David continually pulled out his watch. A faint sound of martial music was heard. Heads in the windows, in the balconies, on the sidewalks, and around the lamp-posts moved forward. The music grew louder and louder. Soon the cavalry were riding by. Applause filled the air. Paper ribbons shot out. Confetti made a snowstorm. Now the infantry appeared, their rifles gleaming. Here and there were gaps. Other boys besides Jim had not come back. Ashamed of his tears, David tried to wink them back, and leaned far forward to watch the parade with a newly feigned eagerness. What was that regiment in gray! They made no sound on the pavement yet their feet fell and rose in unison. It was Jim's regiment. And yes! There was Jim! The last one on the line just as when he had marched away!

"Jim!" David called. Yet his own voice sounded faint and far away. Still Jim must have heard for he looked up at him and waved and then beckoned to him.

At a window far behind them there was a commotion, but David knew nothing of that. He and Jim were marching together.

## PUBLIC OPINION

BY ALICE TOWNE EVELETH

Within the mind and heart of man there sleep  
Lethargic, or in fear of ban,  
The exquisites of life  
Which keep his soul from sordidness.  
Deep down they root  
Within the fastnesses of inner self, so delicate  
That hardly is there feel of tendrils taking hold.  
Betimes they creep out surfaceward and  
Tremulously peep at men and manners of the mode,  
Yet all too often crumple, withering, and die  
Within that soul who fears to stand alone.  
That one ne'er kens the pulsing joy  
Acknowledgment would give, with real  
Fulfillment of that yearn to live and do!  
In flabby fear that he may stand alone,  
This weakling fails to bear that blossom rare,  
A sublimated self!  
Flaccid, impotent, supine,  
He yields to what mere humans may opine,  
There's just a flicker of the spark divine, and it goes out.

Those exquisites!  
Must they be always rent and torn?

Public Opinion, mere  
Public Opinion,  
A fleeting arrow that,  
And yet a piercing barbed shaft  
When toward the soul of man is borne!



# CURRENT OPINION IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

## Clippings from the State Press

### The Winant Vote

From a certain quarter, whence, for the past year there has come persistent, malicious and at times illegal warfare upon Captain John G. Winant, there is now in evidence a studied attempt to belittle the victory at the polls of the Governor-elect by comparing his majority on November 4 with that of President Coolidge in New Hampshire.

The writer in question fails to say in this connection, what is the truth, that in every state of the Union the Republican candidate for President received a larger vote than the Republican candidate for Governor. He fails to say that seven states carried by Coolidge elected Democratic governors. His indictment of Captain Winant for securing fewer votes than the President is a criticism of every Republican leader in this country who sought to become the Chief Executive of a State.

Turning from the vote of the nation and of the state on November 4 to that of New Hampshire in past years, we find that since the Republican party took the field in the Granite State in 1857 there have been 46 elections of a governor. In these elections the Republicans have been successful 42 times and the Democrats, four times.

Not one of the Democrats and only four of the Republicans have been elected by majorities as large as that which Governor-elect Winant received this month.

These efforts to discredit Captain Winant will fail, just as those of previous months have failed. The Republicans of New Hampshire nominated him as their candidate for governor in a well contested primary. The people of New Hamp-

shire elected him as their Chief Executive by a majority of more than 13,000.

It has been conclusively shown that Governor-elect Winant has the confidence and the support of his party and of the people. Attempts to destroy that confidence and to weaken that support, whether made by open attack or malicious innuendo, will fail in the future as they have in the past.

—*Concord Monitor-Patriot*

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The publication of income tax returns has commenced in the daily press of this state and many other states. Some papers have announced that they would not publish the list, inasmuch as the publisher believes it was not the intention of the framers of the income tax law that the names of tax payers should be made public. In this contention we believe most people will agree. These income returns are usually filed with the understanding that it is private business. It has been so considered till quite recently. All laws are responsible fundamentally to the people and if our representatives in congress who framed the income tax law thought that the people who sent them there to make laws had in mind such an interpretation as has been put upon the law by the secretary of the treasury and made permissible the exploiting of private business, then we believe they have interpreted the intent of the people wrongly.

—*Milford Cabinet*

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It looks as if the voters of New Hampshire had provided Governor Winant with a pretty good legislature. We hope they won't try to reform the world but will make a record by the small number of new laws

passed. Would that every one of them might hear the address of Frank Dixon on "Lawlessness," and the evil results of the tremendous multiplicity of laws which we have in this country to-day.

—*Rochester Courier*

What was the matter with the Democrats on Tuesday? Why did they stay away from the polls and let Coolidge and Dawes, and in the state Winant and Keyes and the rest of the Republicans, carry off all the honors? It was pretty nearly unanimous and Rob Jackson and Mayor Small and those other speakers who came here and threw a "lot of dust in the eyes" of their hearers might just as well have gone out into the underbrush and talked all by themselves. Coolidge is elected by the largest majority ever cast for a Presidential candidate. Winant is elected by about fifteen thousand votes and Senator Keyes apparently had little opposition, while Congressman Rogers from the first district was elected to stay at home.

It is a fact. As we go to press the ballot counters have not been able to give accurate figures of the result and what they give out one hour is supplemented by new majorities the next.

What does all this mean? Well, it means that the people of the United States "had faith in Coolidge." They mistrusted LaFollette and Bryan. They also believed in the honesty of Capt. Winant and preferred him to Governor Brown. The unfair attacks upon Winant acted as a boomerang and made the Winant majority larger rather than smaller.

We are to have a "safe and sound" administration in state and nation the coming years. Everyone is glad the contest is over, and apparently about three-fourths of the people are pleased at the outcome.

—*Milford Cabinet*

The Republicans of the First New Hampshire Congressional District are to be congratulated on the election of Fletcher Hale. He won a victory by clean methods and he stands a fine example of the man who is not afraid to give the square deal in politics. In the primary and in the election campaign he was fair and considerate of those who opposed him. He has left no sore spots, but goes into office with the respect and hearty good will of both Republicans and Democrats. The News-Letter believes, as it has said before, that Fletcher Hale will bring honor to his state and great credit to his district.

—*Exeter News-Letter*

### Where Was Winant?

A modest appearing young man in business suit but no tailor's creases in his trousers called at Glenclyff sanitarium and inquired for Mrs. Coyle, a patient.

He left a large and beautiful bouquet of freshly cut flowers, which he presented to Mrs. Coyle, then spent some time in pleasant conversation with this motherly appearing lady.

Mrs. Coyle is the mother of a young man whom Mr. Winant (for this modest appearing and—the nurses said—rather bashful young man was Governor Elect John G. Winant) found back of the German lines, befriended and took in as another war time buddy.

He had kept track of this buddy, became interested in his welfare, secured a position for him in the oil fields and set him on the road to fortune.

He learned the mother had to be taken to the sanitarium, kept in touch with the case and lent of his sympathy and substance.

So, if anyone asks you where was Winant on his election day, tell them he was attending to matters which to him appeared of more importance than the election returns—an act of human kindness.

—*Woodsville Times*

If we had been asked four years ago, "Who is John Winant," the answer would have been, "A young man in Concord." Two years ago the answer might have been, "Winant? oh he was in the Senate, and has just been elected representative from his ward in Concord." Then the great majority of New Hampshire men and women would not have known him even with that answer. A year ago very few men and women in this state knew the man. But those who did know him were loud in his praise as a man, generous, able, conscientious and with high ideals. To-day he has been elected Governor of the state. That he will fill the position in a creditable manner is evidenced by all of his life.

—*Franklin Journal-Transcript*

on the people's word. But the last thought of the Nation's leader in what in some ways was the supreme moment of his life was a thought of the father, who, in childhood and in the later years, had so often uttered the words dear to every loving heart—good night!

A father's affection for his son who had honored him through all the years of duty nobly done! It was not forgotten in the night of triumph and of dedication. So long as men have such memories, so long the ones who are helpfully near and dear to us through all life's journey are remembered, there is hope for the republic. Good night to dad! That was the best campaign speech the year has known.

—*Berkshire Eagle*

## The Best Campaign Speech

"To my father who is listening in, in my old home in Vermont, and to my other invisible audience, I say 'Good-night.'"

President Coolidge was speaking. Now and then a political foe has charged that the Executive lacks originality. But there was originality in that. We should be interested to know whether any other person in the whole United States thought of that as the climax of the Republican campaign! The President himself did. The chances are that it was a studied farewell. At any rate its fitness, its fine emotional quality, cannot be denied.

Life has been described as a little way, a few short steps, from the cradle with its lullaby of love to that quiet wayside inn where all at last must sleep and where the only salutation is "Good Night." "Good night—until we meet again—good night until the morning breaks and life's vain shadows flee!"

Radio listeners thrilled to those final words filled with filial affection. Portentous events were in the making for the morrow. Grave issues hinged up-

Never has higher tribute been paid to a candidate for public office than that given to President Calvin Coolidge. It is a marked display of confidence in his past administration, a testimonial of public confidence in his "common sense" policies, and a re-affirming by the plain people in their abiding faith in the fundamentals of sound government and economics.

And, from the returns, in noting those elected for Congress, we find that the people of this county have given the president a Congress which is in harmony with his ideals, a body of men who, with a common purpose, will be able to carry out a most progressive program of legislation.

New Hampshire elected Captain Johi G. Winant as governor and, as in Congress, gave the Republican candidate a good majority of co-workers of the same political faith in the Senate, the House and on his council.

Belknap County which is, of course, normally a Republican stronghold, elected their ticket by a good majority.

There are several apparent facts in connection with the election of this

## Election



week. The first is that American men and women have placed their stamp of disapproval on radical socialistic programs by decisively defeating the La-Follette-Wheeler faction. The second is that, with a decisive victory in mind, the Republican indifference of the years past has been changed to a solid majority which, with but few exceptions, voted a straight Republican ticket.

"Middle of the Road" programs, indifferent or drastic attitudes, split legislative programs and petty partisan policies have been thrown to one side.

During the next four years the people of this country, of this state, and of this county, may rightfully expect constructive legislation and economical operation of government.

—*Laconia Democrat*

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# NEW HAMPSHIRE NECROLOGY

## JUDGE CHARLES R. CORNING

Judge Charles Robert Corning, for 40 years prominent in the public life of his city and state, died suddenly Saturday evening, October 18, at his home in Concord, where he was born December 20, 1855, the son of Robert Nesmith and Mary Lougee (Woodman) Corning. He studied in the schools of Concord, at Phillips Andover Academy and with private teachers. In 1887, Dartmouth College conferred upon him the honorary degree of Master of Arts.

Beginning the study of law with the Concord firm of Marshall & Chase (the late Anson S. Marshall and the late William M. Chase),



Judge Charles R. Corning

he continued it at the Harvard Law School and was admitted to the New Hampshire bar in March, 1882. Previously, when just past his majority, he had been elected to the state house of representatives in 1878 and was given another term in 1883. In 1889 he was chosen to represent the Concord district in the state senate. From 1892 to 1895 he was located in Washington, D. C., with the U. S. Department of Justice.

Returning to his native state he was made judge of probate for Merrimack county in 1899 and held the office until his death. From 1903 to 1909 he was mayor of Concord. In all he served 14 years upon the Concord board of education, nine of them as its chairman. He had been a trustee of both the city library and the state library and of the state normal school at Plymouth. At the time of his death he was the president of the Concord Charity Organization Society and of the New Hampshire

Historical Society having held both positions since 1919.

His choice as head of the Historical Society was particularly pleasing to its benefactor, Edward Tuck of Paris, and Judge Corning made several trips abroad to consult with him in regard to the society's affairs. An earlier and more extended journey in Europe he had made the subject of a travel volume, "Aalesund to Tetuan." His annual addresses as president of the historical society were equally valuable in matter and attractive in manner, as were his numerous other addresses, biographies and monographs, such as his historical addresses upon the occasion of the 50th anniversary of the city of Concord and the 150th anniversary of the first settlement of "Pennycook." Several of the more important chapters of the official History of Concord were from his pen.

Judge Corning was a member of the Masonic fraternity. He left no near relatives. The probate of his will showed that he had made the building fund of the Concord Public library his residuary legatee.

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## CAPTAIN THOMAS M. JACKSON

Captain Thomas Manning Jackson, Company B, 3rd Regiment, New Hampshire volunteer infantry, in the war for the preservation of the Union, was born in Portsmouth, N. H., January 27, 1840, and for some time resided in that city, also in Brooklyn, New York. He died at his home in Raymond, N. H., September 9, 1924, in his eighty-fifth year, and was buried near his father's grave in Proprietors Cemetery, Portsmouth.

Captain Jackson was a son of Col. John H. Jackson, also of the Third Regiment New Hampshire volunteer infantry.

Captain Jackson was a particular friend to local New Hampshire History and an active genealogist. He was the founder of "The Piscataqua Pioneers," a society incorporated at Concord, N. H., June 15, 1905, which is now strong and in a flourishing condition. He was a member of Storer Post, G. A. R., of Portsmouth, and a companion of the Massachusetts Commandery, Military Order of the Loyal Legion, of Boston.

His military record is as follows:

"Jackson, Thomas M.—Third Regiment New Hampshire Volunteer Infantry; born Portsmouth; age 21; residence Portsmouth; enlisted August 12, 1861; mustered in August 26, 1861, as Sergeant Major; appointed 2d lieutenant Co. I, December 16, 1861, transferred to Co. K; Co. G. May 10, 1862; appointed 1st Lieutenant Co. H, August 1, 1862; Captain Co. B, May 13, 1863; wounded July 18, 1863, Fort Wagner, South Carolina; discharged for disability August 8, 1863. Post office address (1895) New York City."

("N. H. Register, Soldiers and Sailors, War of the Rebellion," Concord, 1895, page 126.)

# HISTORY

## of the Town of Sullivan, New Hampshire

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The exhaustive work entitled, "History of the Town of Sullivan, New Hampshire," two volumes of over eight hundred pages each, from the settlement of the town in 1777 to 1917, by the Rev. Josiah Lafayette Seward, D. D.; and nearly completed at the time of his death, has been published by his estate and is now on sale, price \$16.00 for two volumes, post paid.

The work has been in preparation for more than thirty years. It gives comprehensive genealogies and family histories of all who have lived in Sullivan and descendants since the settlement of the town; vital statistics, educational, cemetery, church and town records, transfers of real estate and a map delineating ranges and old roads, with residents carefully numbered, taken from actual surveys made for this work, its accuracy being unusual in a history.

At the time of the author's death in 1917, there were 1388 pages already in print and much of the manuscript for its completion already carefully prepared. The finishing and indexing has been done by Mrs. Frank B. Kingsbury, a lady of much experience in genealogical work; the printing by the Sentinel Publishing Company of Keene, the binding by Robert Burlen & Son, Boston, Mass., and the work copyrighted (Sept. 22, 1921) by the estate of Dr. Seward by J. Fred Whitcomb, executor of his will.

The History is bound in dark green, full record buckram, No. 42, stamped title, in gold, on shelf back and cover with blind line on front cover. The size of the volumes are 6 by 9 inches, 2 inches thick, and they contain 6 illustrations and 40 plates.

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Volume II is entirely devoted to family histories, carefully prepared and containing a vast amount of useful information for the historian, genealogist and Sullivan's sons and daughters and their descendants, now living in all parts of the country, the genealogies, in many instances, tracing the family back to the emigrant ancestor.

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Sales to State Libraries, Genealogical Societies and individuals have brought to Mr. Whitcomb, the executor, unsolicited letters of appreciation of this great work. Send orders to

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Vol. 56. No. 12

THE

DECEMBER 1924

# GRANITE MONTHLY

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# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

## A NEW HAMPSHIRE MAGAZINE

Published Monthly at Concord, N. H.

By THE GRANITE MONTHLY COMPANY

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### THE GRANITE MONTHLY

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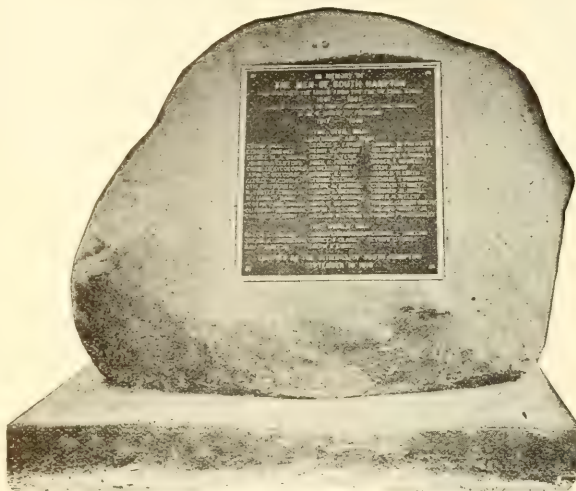
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# THE GRANITE MONTHLY

Vol. 56



No. 12

DECEMBER 1924

## THE MONTH IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

THE principal event of the month of November, 1924, in New Hampshire, as in the other states of the Union, that is, the presidential election has been commented upon at length in the Granite Monthly. Suffice it, at this time and in this place, to insert, as a matter of historical record, the official count of the votes in this commonwealth on November 4, the summary being: For Coolidge and Dawes electors, 100,078; for Davis and Bryan, 57,576; for LaFollette and Wheeler, 9,200. For United States Senator, Henry W. Keyes, Republican, 94,432; George E. Farrand, Democrat, 63,596; for Member of Congress, First District, Fletcher Hale, Republican, 44,758, William N. Rogers, Democrat, 36,306; for Member of Congress, Second District, Edward H. Wason, Republican, 47,588, William H. Barry, Democrat, 29,880; for Governor, John G. Winant, Republican, 88,650, Fred H. Brown, Democrat, 75,691.

Coolidge carried every county in New Hampshire and Winant all but Coos and Hillsborough. The only Democratic county officers elected were Sheriff John T. O'Dowd of Hillsborough and Register of Deeds W. D. Thompson of Coos. The next executive council will be made up of five Republicans and there will be 19 Republicans and 5 Democrats in the State Senate. To

the house of representatives 252 members were elected as Republicans, 138 as Democrats and one as an Independent. Thirty candidates were given both Republican and Democratic nominations of whom it is figured that 20 are of Republican affiliations.

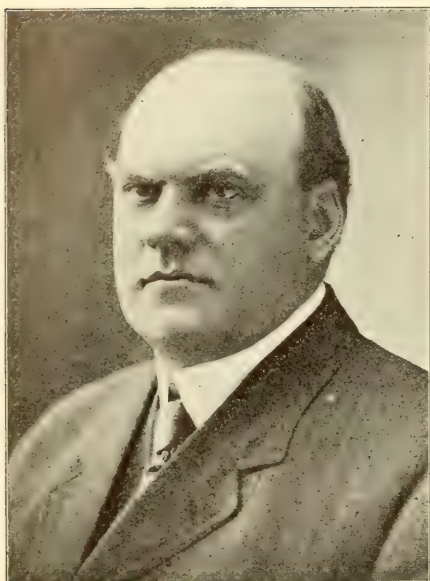
The vote as to calling a constitutional convention was 42,616, no; 22,520 yes.

Following the election, political interest was far from slumping entirely, although Governor-elect Winant got away as soon as he could for a brief vacation in Bermuda.

There was a rapid development of candidacies for places to be filled by the incoming legislature or the next state administration and a commendable amount of discussion in the press and at various gatherings of subjects likely to receive consideration at the hands of the next General Court.

Possibly, though not probably, moved by a desire to lessen the burdens of the new Governor, the present Governor and his council got together on November 25 and filled some places which it had been thought would continue vacant until the next administration.

This was made possible by the action of Attorney General Irving A. Hinkley in placing his resignation in the hands of Governor Fred H. Brown for swap-



Oscar Young

ping purposes. This proved a potent enough inducement for a trade with the Republican majority in the council and before the afternoon was over arrangements had been completed for returning Oscar L. Young of Laconia, Republican, to his former place as attorney general, while State Treasurer George E. Farrand, recently Democratic candidate for United States Senator, was taken care of as bank commissioner in place of the late James O. Lyford. Eugene W. Leach was nominated as judge of probate for Merrimack county, succeeding the late Charles R. Corning; and William L. Stevens as judge of the Concord municipal court, succeeding the late Harry J. Brown.

Other appointments and re-appointments of the day were James F. Brennan of Peterborough on the board of state library trustees; Dwight Hall of Dover, Richard W. Sulloway of Franklin and Eugene T. Sherburne of Manchester on the board of trustees of the University of New Hampshire; Hiram A. Nash and Ralph L. Temple, police commissioners of the city of Somersworth. Frederic S. Nutting of Man-

chester was promoted to the chairmanship of the bank commission, of which he has been the senior member since Mr. Lyford's death.

During the month Edward C. Niles of Concord was appointed by the state supreme court as the reporter of its decisions, in place of Crawford D. Henning, resigned; and Robert M. Macurdy became state librarian, succeeding Miss Alice M. Pray, resigned. J. C. Reynolds came from Washington to direct the taking of an agricultural census of the state.

The final filing of election expenses had as its most interesting feature the disclosing of the fact that the Republican women of New Hampshire raised almost \$13,000 for the purposes of the campaign. The number of recounts of votes asked for by defeated candidates after the election was smaller than usual, the only one of magnitude being that of the ballots cast for commissioners of Hillsborough county.

During the month opponents of the ratification by New Hampshire of the child labor amendment to the federal constitution continued their vigorous campaign of publicity. Citizens of Concord, headed by U. S. Senator George



Edward C. Niles



H. Moses, issued a manifesto against ratification; called a public meeting, addressed by Mrs. B. L. Robinson of Jaffrey and Cambridge; and later formed a working organization with Dr. Carleton R. Metcalf as president. Those supporting the amendment have been by no means silent, though not so well organized as those working against ratification.

There was much discussion of taxation during the month, partly caused and stimulated by the meetings of the Association of New England Tax Officials in Concord and of the New Hampshire Associations of Assessors and Tax Collectors in Manchester. In one of the principal observances of Thanksgiving Day in the state, that at Concord, President Lemuel H. Murlin of Boston University spoke strongly for the participation of our country in the World Court and the League of Nations.

Armistice Day, Educational Week, Golden Rule Sunday, Red Cross Roll Call were observed during the month. The city of Nashua raised by a drive more than \$100,000 for its Memorial Hospital. The new Henry Building at the New Hampshire Orphans' Home, Franklin, was dedicated, but this gain was offset a little later when the main building of the Golden Rule Home, also at Franklin, was destroyed by fire. Woodsville and The Weirs also were visited by destructive fires.

The first New Hampshire jury verdict in some years of murder

in the first degree with punishment by hanging was brought in at Concord in the case of George L. Hause, a young negro of that city, who was accused of killing Moses Goldberg, a clothing merchant, in the latter's store on North Main street near the state house. The defense tried to show mental irresponsibility.

A sample of the weather of almost all the other eleven months of the year was shown by November, 1924. Some of its days were as warm as midsummer. On others the mercury in the thermometer sank almost to zero. It was the driest November in half a century, yet floods in Coos county did great damage. It had one real snow storm in which only a few inches fell, but of such a nature that it broke down hundreds of telephone and telegraph poles and wires and put important lines out of commission for days.

The football season ended with New Hampshire well satisfied with its share in it. Dartmouth College, playing the hardest schedule an eleven from Hanover ever tackled, meeting Yale, Harvard, Brown and Cornell, went through the season without a defeat, and is ranked by many experts as the strongest team in the East. New Hampshire University lost but two games and its captain, Wentworth, was next to the highest scoring individual player in the country. The classic game between the two Phillips academies was won by Exeter.

—H. C. P.

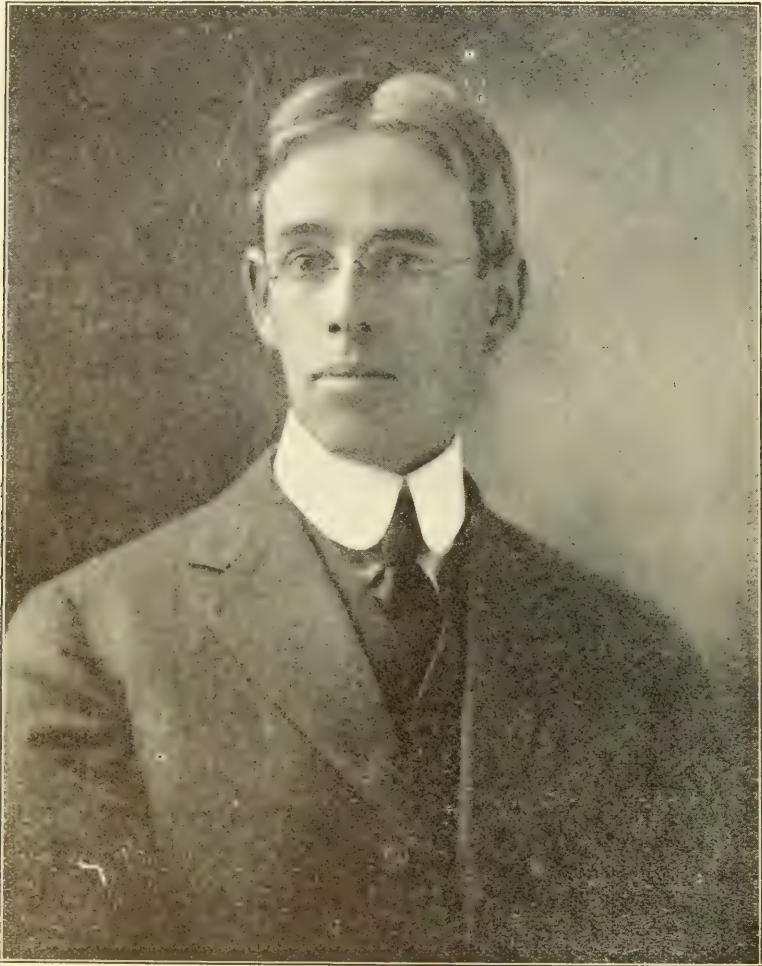
## POLITICAL REFLECTIONS

Interest is now centered on the contests for the various elective offices which the incoming legislature will fill. A great deal of speculation is rampant throughout the state and the friends of the various candidates for these offices are making vigorous campaigns.

### Presidency of the State Senate

There are two leading candidates in the field for the presidency of the state Senate, Charles W. Tobey of Temple

ber of Republican Senators pledged to his candidacy at the present time. Mr. Tobey was born in Roxbury, Mass., and secured his early education in the schools of that city. For a few years'



Charles W. Tobey,  
Candidate for President of the Senate

and Manchester and Judge Frank Tilton of Laconia. Indications are that Mr. Tobey will be elected President as he has considerable lead in the num-

time he was connected with one of the leading banking firms of Boston. He came to New Hampshire twenty-one years ago, purchasing a farm in Tem-

ple, in Hillsborough County and became a resident of that town. Mr. Tobey conducted for a number of years a modern, up-to-date farm in Temple, specializing in poultry, having one of the largest farms of its kind in the state. Several years ago he returned to his early profession, re-establishing himself in the banking business in this state, setting up headquarters in Manchester.

In Temple, Mr. Tobey served his town as Chairman of the Board of Selectmen and a member of the School Board.

Mr. Tobey is especially well qualified to serve as President of the Senate, for he has been a member of the House of Representatives for three terms, 1915, 1919 and 1923, being elected Speaker of the House of Representatives in the session of 1919. He won the reputation of being one of the most able presiding officers the New Hampshire House of Representatives ever had. His experience as Speaker will stand him in good stead if he is elected President of the Senate.

During the war Mr. Tobey did valuable work for the state and nation, serving as Chairman of the New Hampshire Liberty Loan Committee. He is married, marrying Francella M. Lovett of Roxbury in 1902. They have four children.

Judge Tilton was born in Littleton, but received his early training in the public schools of Spokane, Washington, returning to the East when he entered college. He is a graduate of Boston University Law School and was admitted to the bar in 1902. He was for a time a member of the law firm of Shannon and Tilton. Since the death of his partner in 1918, he has conducted his business alone. Judge Tilton served as County Solicitor in Belknap County, was Judge of Probate, and has also served on the Laconia School Board.

He was married in 1906 to Lenora B. Gould; they have five children.

Judge Tilton is the only Republican Senator-elect who is a lawyer. Owing to this fact, many of the party leaders of the state believe that Judge Tilton could render the state a service for which no other senator is so well qualified, by accepting the chairmanship of the Judiciary Committee of the Senate. No doubt if Mr. Tobey is elected President of the Senate, Judge Tilton will be called upon to act in this capacity.

The state Senate is made up of nineteen Republicans and five Democrats, which makes it necessary for the Republican candidate for President to poll at least ten votes in the caucus.

### Speakership of the House of Representatives

George A. Wood of Portsmouth and Arthur W. McDaniel of Nottingham are the two outstanding candidates for Speaker of the House of Representatives in the next Legislature. In addition to these there are several other men mentioned, but who are not active candidates. Among them are Harry Cheney of Concord, John Childs of Hillsborough and Frank Challis of Manchester.

Both the active candidates for the speakership, Mr. Wood and Mr. McDaniel, hail from Rockingham County. Both are making an active and vigorous campaign.

Mr. Wood is a resident and business man of Portsmouth and has served in the House of Representatives for three terms, the coming session will make his fourth. He was born in the town of Acworth, a small agricultural town in Sullivan County. His father was an outstanding Republican, being known far and wide in his section as one of the party leaders. Mr. Wood was for a number of years in the Railway Mail service, and while in this service was elected Secretary of the National Association of Railway Postal Clerks and also served as editor of



their official magazine, this being a great honor to himself and the state. For several years prior to the Wilson administration he was in the revenue service of the United States government as Deputy Collector. He is now serving as Treasurer of the New Hampshire State Civic Association and is a member of its Executive Board. Mr. Wood is well qualified from service and experience, to occupy the Speaker's chair.

farms are in separate towns and separate counties. The father represented the town of Barrington in Strafford County and Mr. McDaniel, the present candidate for Speaker, represented the town of Nottingham in Rockingham County.

Mr. Cheney, whose name is also mentioned in connection with the speakership by his many friends throughout the state in spite of the fact that he is openly supporting Mr.



George A. Wood,  
Candidate for Speaker of the House of  
Representatives

Mr. McDaniel is a farmer, owning and operating a large farm in Nottingham. He is very prominent in the Grange and is at the present time serving as steward of the New Hampshire State Grange. He has in the past been master of his local Grange. He was a member of the House of Representatives eight years ago, having the unusual distinction of being a colleague of his own father. These two men own adjoining farms but the

Wood, is a veteran member of the House. He has served for several terms and one session served as speaker and was considered a very able and efficient presiding officer. He is a former Senator and member of the Governor's Council. He is a resident of Concord and at the present time Secretary of several of the Masonic bodies.

John Childs of Hillsborough, who is also mentioned as a possible candidate

for speaker, is a veteran of the House of Representatives and served for several terms, being considered one of the strongest members of the various sessions in which he has served. He is a resident of Hillsborough and cashier of the bank in that town.

Frank Challis has previously served in the House and has recently achieved note in New Hampshire, being one of the successful pledged candidates to Coolidge in the last Republican national convention.

### Secretary of State

There is an extremely lively contest for Secretary of State. The candidates are Hobart Pillsbury of Manchester and Olin H. Chase of Newport and Concord. It is understood that Mr. Pillsbury has a solid delegation from Manchester behind him and also a great majority of the Republican legislators from Hillsborough County, while Mr. Chase is getting considerable support from the central and northern sections of the state.

Hobart Pillsbury of Manchester



Hobart Pillsbury,  
Candidate for Secretary of State



Olin H. Chase,  
Candidate for Secretary of State

was proposed for Secretary of State at a meeting of Senators-elect and representatives-elect from Manchester, the largest delegation in the Legislature, which was held at the Manchester City Hall the week after election. A motion asking Mr. Pillsbury to become a candidate and pledging him support was offered by Albert O. Brown, former governor, and unanimously adopted.

Mr. Pillsbury is well known to the readers of *THE GRANITE MONTHLY* as a frequent contributor to its columns. He has also written for other magazines and for *The Manchester Union*, *Christian Science Monitor*, *Boston Herald* and various news associations. He was born in Derry, graduated from Harvard College and became deputy secretary of state when Edwin C. Bean was elected secretary in 1915.

While deputy secretary of state he devoted much time to the preparation and editing of state publications. He edited the *Red Book or State Manual* of 1917, which among others won special recognition by its use as a text book on New Hampshire history and government by the state department of education. He also wrote the

Manual for the Constitutional Convention, for which he was commended in a resolution adopted by the convention. Governor Spaulding appointed him public printing commissioner. Another department of the work of secretary of state in which he was highly regarded was the conduct of the election machinery. His fairness and judgment in contested election cases was recognized by the courts, who appointed him master to find the facts in all the contested election recounts which have arisen since 1915. In the famous Stearns-O'Dowd case and in other cases, his selection to conduct the recounts was asked by Republicans and Democrats alike.

Mr. Pillsbury has served in the Legislature, has twice been chairman of the Manchester Delegation, was a delegate to the Constitutional Convention and in 1913 was secretary to the Republican Legislative Caucus. He has been chairman of his city Republican organization and is now president of his ward Republican club in Manchester and moderator in Ward 2, Manchester, which cast the largest Republican vote at the recent election of any ward in the state.

He is married and has three sons and a daughter. Mrs. Pillsbury has been a member of the Board of Selectmen for four years and is a representative-elect from Manchester. She has been secretary of the Trustees of the New Hampshire Industrial School since the board was established in 1917.

Olin Hosea Chase was born in Springfield, N. H., on the farm that was hewn out of the primeval forest by his grandfather, Elihu H. Chase, and later cultivated by his father, Hosea B. Chase. The date of his birth was August 24, 1875. His mother was before her marriage, Evelyn H. Kidder, a native of Sunapee.

While a boy, Mr. Chase removed with his parents from Springfield to Newport, where he attended the Newport High school, graduating there-

from in 1892.

In April, 1893, he entered the office of *The Republican Champion* to learn the printer's trade. He remained in that establishment as printer's devil, foreman, and proprietor, respectively, until May, 1917, when he sold out the business and shortly after took up his residence in Concord.

Mr. Chase is a Republican, as he states it himself, by inheritance, and before he had attained his majority he was actively interested in the affairs of the Republican party in Newport. He served for many years as secretary of the Republican club, and held the office of town clerk for 12 years. He served in the Legislature of 1913-14 and again in 1915-16, being the first member of the legislature from Newport to succeed himself in more than a generation. During the latter session, upon the resignation of Col. Edwin C. Bean to take the office of Secretary of State, Mr. Chase was elected speaker of the House. In September, 1916, Gov. Rolland H. Spaulding appointed him commissioner of motor vehicles to succeed the late Arthur L. Willis, which position he occupied until June, 1922, when he resigned. He was executive secretary of the New Hampshire Republican League during the existence of that organization. During the Spanish-American war Mr. Chase served as first sergeant and second lieutenant, respectively, of Company M. First N. H. Vols., from Newport, and following the war he was captain of the same company in the National Guard for five years.

Fraternally Mr. Chase is a Free Mason, being a Knight Templar in the York rite and 32nd degree in the Scottish rite, also a Shriner. He has passed the chairs in the Blue Lodge and Royal Arch Chapter, and has served as a district deputy grand master. He has also been worthy patron in the Eastern Star.



In December, 1917, Mr. Chase married Miss Hattie A. Reed of Newport.

### State Treasurer

There is a great uncertainty up to the present time as to just who will be the next State Treasurer. There are several men mentioned for this office, but really no active candidates, with the possible exception of Henry Short, former deputy treasurer. Oscar Cole, present member of the Governor's Council from Berlin, is mentioned for this office as well as Olin H. Chase, who is an active candidate for Secretary of State, but some of whose friends are urging him to be a candidate for State Treasurer.

Harry C. Brunel, assistant paymaster of the Boston and Maine Railroad in Concord is also mentioned for this office. He has a long and wide experience in municipal affairs in the city of Concord and was prominent both in the primary and election campaigns during the past year.

Wesley Plummer, former treasurer, under the last Republican administration, has not stated definitely whether or not he will be a candidate, so at the time this magazine goes to print it is indefinite as to the outcome of the race for treasurer.

### Clerk of the Senate

Bernard Chase of Plymouth is the only candidate for clerk of the Senate. Mr. Chase was clerk during the last session of the Senate and made a very able record. He was born in Orford, educated in the Plymouth High school and the Holderness school. He studied law for a time, giving it up at the entrance of the United States into the World War. He served overseas during the early part of the war with the New England saw mill unit, later serving with the north sea mine force of the United States Navy situated at base 17. Mr. Chase is popular and well known in his



Bernard Chase,  
Candidate for Clerk of the Senate

home town, serving on the Republican committee in Plymouth since reaching maturity. He represented the town in the Republican state convention in 1921 and served for three years as selectman. During the campaign this fall he was assistant director of the Speakers' Bureau. His service in the New Hampshire Senate is a continuous one of advancement, messenger in the sessions of 1915 and 1917, assistant clerk in 1921 and clerk in 1923. He is a member of the various Masonic Lodges, Blue Lodge, Chapter, Council, Commandery and Shrine.

The only candidate for assistant clerk of the Senate is Benjamin Greer, Junior, of Goffstown. Mr. Greer was assistant clerk in the 1923 session, making a very able record for himself. Mr. Greer is a resident of Goffstown, being associated with his father there in the lumber business.

He represented his town in the House of Representatives in the 1921 session. It is expected that neither Mr. Chase nor Mr. Greer will have opposition in seeking their respective positions.



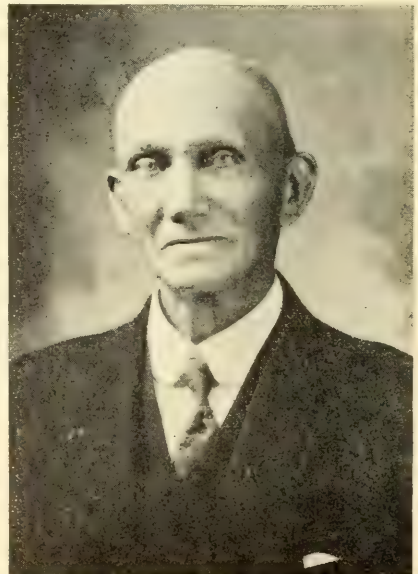
Harrie M. Young,  
Candidate for Clerk of the House

### Clerk of the House of Representatives

.. There are two candidates for clerk of the House of Representatives, Harrie M. Young of Manchester and Bernard Carey of Newport. Mr. Young has served as clerk of the House of Representatives since 1907, every session up to and including the session of 1921. He was not a candidate in 1923, owing to the fact that the Democrats controlled the House in the last session. Due to the fact that Mr. Young has a long and valuable experience in this important position, it is expected that he will be elected to serve in this capacity in the incoming session.

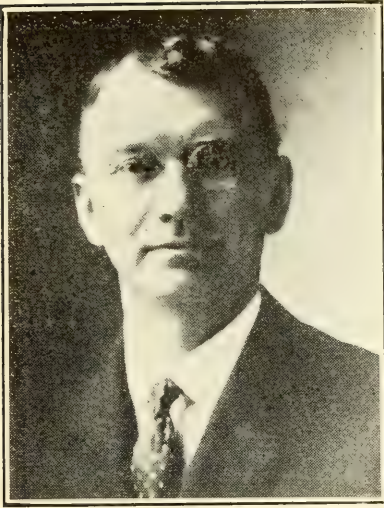
Mr. Young is a resident of Manchester and has represented his ward in the House of Representatives several sessions, the sessions of 1895, 1897 and 1899 and at the latter session was chairman of the important committee on appropriations. He holds various positions of trust and honor in private life, being clerk of the Manchester Institute of Arts and Sciences since its

organization twenty-six years ago. He has been clerk and treasurer of the Amoskeag veterans for twenty years. He is serving as Chief of Records of the Agawan Tribe of Red Men and has for thirty years. He has the great honor of serving as Great Chief of Records of the Great Council of New Hampshire Improved Order of Red Men for the past twenty-three years and has the doubly great honor of being assistant to the Great Chief of Records of the Great Council of Improved Order of Red Men of the United States and at the national sessions, for the last twelve years has assumed full charge of the recording work of the sessions. Besides being a member of all branches of Red Men, Mr. Young belongs to the Elks, Grange and Kalumet Club of Manchester. He started in the House of Representatives as assistant clerk in the 1903 and 1905 sessions and has since up to the 1923 session served as clerk. Mr. Young served as secretary of the Republican State Committee in 1920 and was in charge of the distribution of supplies and literature



John Edgerley,  
Councillor, 1st Dist.





John A. Hammond,  
Councillor, 2nd Dist.

for the Republican state committee during the campaign just past. Through his wide and varied experience he is well qualified to hold the position of clerk.

Bernard Carey, the second candidate for Clerk of the House has been assistant clerk for a number of sessions, up to the last session. Prior to being assistant clerk he was a page. He is a resident of Newport and a prominent Republican of that town. He represented Sullivan County on the Executive Committee of the Republican State Committee. He holds several positions of trust in his home town, among which is Judge of Municipal Police Court. It is hoped by many of the party leaders that the 1925 House may continue as previous sessions with Mr. Young as clerk and Mr. Carey as assistant clerk, as they prove an excellent team.

The only candidate for assistant clerk of the House to date is Howard H. Hamlin of Charlestown. Mr. Hamlin was a page in the last House of Representatives and has been recently admitted to the bar in this state.

### Governor's Council

The Governor's Council during the

coming two years will be composed of five Republicans, namely, John A. Edgerley, first district, John A. Hammond, second district, Arthur E. Moreau, third district, Samuel A. Lovejoy, fourth district, and Jesse M. Barton, fifth district..

John A. Edgerley, who will represent the first district in the Governor's Council, is a farmer and lumber dealer. Mr. Edgerley is a resident of Tuf-tonboro and has always been prominent in the public affairs of his town. He has represented his town in the House of Representatives and the Constitutional Convention, and his district in the State Senate.

John A. Hammond, who will represent the second district is the manager of the Belknap County Farmers' Exchange and is serving at present as Lecturer of the New Hampshire State Grange. Mr. Hammond is a resident of Gilford and has long been prominent in the public affairs of his town, representing the town in the House of Representatives in 1915 and in the Constitutional Convention in 1918 and his district in the Senate in 1923.

Arthur E. Moreau, who will repre-



Arthur Moreau,  
Councillor 3rd Dist.





Samuel Lovejoy,  
Councillor, 4th Dist.

Hillsborough County Farm Bureau and at present is treasurer of the New Hampshire Farm Bureau Federation.

Jesse M. Barton, who will represent the fifth district, is a resident of Newport and has long been prominent in New Hampshire politics. Mr. Barton by profession is a lawyer. He was admitted to the bar in 1899. He has represented his town in the house of Representatives and the Constitutional Convention, and his district in the State Senate, being president of the State Senate in 1917. He had the honor of acting as Governor at the close of Henry W. Keyes' administration. Mr. Barton served as chairman of the Republican State Committee in 1912, was a delegate to the Republican National Convention in 1920. He served as Judge of Probate in Sullivan County from 1906 to 1917.

sent the third district, is a hardware merchant in Manchester. Mr. Moreau is considered one of the leading business men of that city. He has never held public office except having served as major on the staff of Governor Henry W. Keyes.

Samuel A. Lovejoy, who will represent the fourth district, is one of the most prominent farmers of the state. He formerly was engaged in the granite quarrying business. Mr. Lovejoy is a resident of Milford, owning and operating a large farm on which he has one of the finest herds of registered Aberdeen Angus cattle to be found in the eastern section of this country. Mr. Lovejoy has represented Milford in the House of Representatives for three terms. In the last session of the Legislature he served on the important appropriations committee. He was formerly president of the



Jesse M. Barton,  
Councillor, 5th Dist.

## "IMPORTANT LEGISLATURE ISSUES"

**M**ANY important problems will be up for consideration when the New Hampshire Legislature meets for its bi-ennial session on the first Wednesday in January, 1925.

The New Hampshire Legislature has in the past been the seat of lively debate on various topics that have come before it. Considering the nature of the measures which will be considered by the incoming legislature it is expected that the 1925 session will equal or excel its predecessors in this respect.

### Federal Child Labor Amendment

The propaganda in support and in opposition to the Federal Child Labor Amendment with which our state is now flooded has developed such a keen interest in this question that it is likely to be one of the most sharply contested issues before the legislature this winter.

The terms of the proposed amendment which was submitted to the states by a two-thirds vote of Congress is as follows: Section 1, "The Congress shall have power to limit, regulate and prohibit the labor of persons under 18 years of age." Section 2, "The power of the several states is unimpaired by this article except that the operation of state laws shall be suspended to the extent necessary to give effect to legislation enacted by the Congress."

The opposition to the amendment centers mainly around two arguments: first, that no further power should be centralized in the hands of the national government; second that Congress should not be given authority to regulate or prohibit the labor of minors up to the age of eighteen. In many rural communities there is a wide-spread fear that the adoption of the amendment may lead to Federal legislation, which may result in interfering with work which children now perform on the farm and in the home. These people have a distrust of Congress which the supporters

of the amendment resent. The assumption that Congress would abuse the powers given by this amendment is felt by many to be unjustified. These latter people have more faith in Congress and declare the charge that Congress would impose idleness by law and forbid boys to sell newspapers or to help their fathers and mothers is unjustified and unwarranted. They point to the fact that two child labor measures already enacted by Congress were directed exclusively to children industrially employed, not applying to those engaged in farming or household occupations. These two National laws aimed to prohibit the labor of children in factories under fourteen years of age. They further provided that children between the ages of fourteen and sixteen should not be employed in such establishments more than eight hours a day or six days a week. The United States Supreme Court held both of these laws unconstitutional by a vote of five out of nine of the judges.

In the heated discussions of this subject many people lose sight of the fact that state legislatures already have almost unlimited powers over child labor and that the real issue is whether uniform and equal child labor laws applicable to the entire country are preferable to the present diversity of child labor standards under state laws.

The confusion which has developed about this issue is well illustrated by the attitude of the New Hampshire Manufacturers' Association which two years ago vigorously opposed a state 48-hour law for women and children working in factories because such state legislation was not nation-wide in its application and consequently would discriminate against New England industries. They now appear to oppose Federal Child Labor legislation which would be national in scope and would help to equalize standards of labor between the north and the south. One is led to won-

der just what kind of child labor legislation this organization would favor.

Ratification of the amendment is supported by many prominent citizens mainly for two reasons; first, because under existing conditions thousands of young children are still working long hours in mines and industries of certain states. They view this situation with alarm because it retards the education and lowers the physical development of future generations. They know the high percentage of illiteracy which still exists in this country. They resent the fact that we are lagging behind many European nations in this respect. They insist that there is nothing more vital to the nation than child welfare. They insist that legislation in order to be effective must be uniform all over the country. They maintain that the abolition of child labor would increase the opportunities for education, raise the average intelligence and standards of citizenship of future generations.

To those who object to vesting this new power in the Federal government advocates of the amendment answer that there is no purpose for which the power of the Federal government can be used to greater advantage. They call attention to the fact that the organization and competition of industries is nation-wide in scope and consequently effective regulation of child labor must also be nation wide. In support of this proposition they cite figures from the United States census for 1920 showing over 1,000,000 children between the ages of 10 and 15 years still employed in gainful occupations. They maintain that as long as the present diversity in state laws exists industries will gravitate to states with low standards of child labor. This will penalize the more progressive states and tend to keep us behind other countries of the civilized world in the important task of protecting and educating our children.

Ratification of the Federal child labor amendment was one of the leading is-

suces in the recent national and state campaigns. Calvin Coolidge advocated it vigorously before election and still gives it his unqualified support. John Winant made this one of the chief issues of his primary campaign and continued to stress the importance of ratification throughout the election campaign. It will be interesting to see whether the legislature will support or thwart the president and the governor on one of the major issues on which they were both nominated and elected.

The New Hampshire State Civic Association will hold a meeting some time about the middle of January when speakers of national reputation will speak in support and in opposition to the Child Labor Amendment. There will be afforded an opportunity for all interested persons to hear both sides of the most controversial question which has been before the New Hampshire public for some time.

### The 48-Hour Law

The question of a 48-hour work week for women and children in industry will no doubt hold the center of the stage for a part of the session, but is not likely to overshadow all other issues as it did two years ago. The Republican Governor-elect is pledged to such a law, and the Republican party which controls both Houses of the Legislature has endorsed both Captain Winant's and Calvin Coolidge's stand in support of the 48-hour law. The Democratic party is also pledged to such a law. Two years ago the 48-hour law was passed by a considerable majority by the Democratic House of Representatives and was defeated by the Republican Senate. The 48-hour work week for women and children in industries is endorsed and supported in New Hampshire by the various labor and other organizations and by many leading citizens. As time goes on it seems to be winning converts. The present statute fixes



the maximum working week for women and children in industries at 54 hours.

## Compulsory Insurance

The widespread interest in the matter of compulsory liability insurance for automobiles undoubtedly indicates the existence of a real danger on our highways from which people in the State desire some protection. The Commissioner of Motor Vehicles, John Griffin, has recently issued a public statement favoring compulsory insurance. The last legislature considered this subject, and after a heated debate rejected the measure by a narrow margin. The problem that the legislature will have to consider is how far compulsory insurance will be helpful in reducing the existing evil. Then there is the problem of the foreign car which forms a considerable part of our traffic and which would not be covered by such an act. If the state is to create another compulsory charge for automobile owners, would it not be desirable for the state also to provide for this compulsory insurance at cost? This could be done by some plan for mutual insurance. The problem will undoubtedly consume considerable time and will lead to an interesting debate in the coming session.

## Poll Tax

The question of whether the Poll Tax on women shall be abolished or whether the present rate of three dollars shall be reduced to two dollars for both men and women will be a subject of heated discussion in the next legislature. Undoubtedly the Democratic party will make an endeavor to abolish the Poll Tax on women altogether, while the Republicans are pledged to reduce the Poll Tax on both men and women instead of abolishing the tax entirely on

women. In considering this much agitated question the legislature of 1925 will have the help and advice of a much larger group of women members than ever before in its history.

## State Police

The question of whether New Hampshire shall have a State Police has been much discussed of late and will undoubtedly be considered by the next legislature. The increasing demand for such a police force or state constabulary undoubtedly springs from an unsatisfactory situation in regard to the enforcement of some of our laws. The Legislature will be called upon to decide whether the establishment of such a police or constabulary would materially improve existing conditions. There are many different points of view on this subject. Some propose the creation of an independent state constabulary, others would re-organize the whole law enforcement machinery of the state and centralize the duties of the Motor Vehicle, Insurance, Weights and Measures departments, the Enforcement of Liquor Laws, and of Pure Food Laws and other state laws in a single department of law enforcement with a state police force. Attorney General Irving E. Hinkley does not approve a state police force or state constabulary but favors the employment of two trained detectives to work under the direction of the Attorney General's office.

The State Farm Bureau Federation representing the farmers of the state have appointed a committee to study this problem and make a report in the near future. In these days when economy of government expenditure is so important, the state will have to consider whether the benefits to be secured by creating a state police will warrant the additional expenditure and whether such a force would materially improve law enforcement.

## Road Problems

The New Hampshire State Grange and the New Hampshire Farm Bureau Federation several months ago appointed a committee to investigate the rural road problem in New Hampshire. As a result of this committee's findings the agricultural interests of the state will probably ask that a portion of the money now received from gasoline tax, auto licenses and registrations be apportioned to helping maintain the secondary roads of the state located in those rural towns that are now raising more than they can afford for road maintenance and which even at that fail to produce enough revenue for proper maintenance. The action of the committee representing these farm organizations will probably open up a broader question, that of the state's entire policy in regard to road expenditures.

The present laws governing the state's highway activities have grown up piecemeal, at a time when expenditures for the purpose were small. Now with the expenditures reckoned in millions rather than thousands the legislature might profitably reconsider the question of state road construction, maintenance and highway expenditures.

In this connection the state may want to consider the proposal of the Boston and Maine Railroad to discontinue certain short lines of railroad which do not pay and to substitute motor bus service. In order to provide continuous motor service for those communities situated along the lines which it is proposed to discontinue, substantial, well-paved roads will be necessary. Some extension of state highway construction may be justified in order to enable the Boston and Maine Railroad to rehabilitate itself and to give better service over its main lines.

## Education

The Legislature will once more be

called upon to face the broad problem of the state's general educational policy. The state Board of Education will doubtless have their usual requirements. The University of New Hampshire has increased its enrollment from 500 six years ago to more than 1200 at the present time. Its budget for maintenance has grown but not in proportion to the increased attendance. The over-crowded conditions at the University seriously interfere with the service that institution should render our boys and girls. Investigations show that no dormitory has been built at Durham since 1915 and there has been no appropriation for a recitation building since 1913. Since the latter date the enrollment has increased over 400 per cent. It is high time that the New Hampshire Legislature should recognize and meet the growing needs of the state University.

The Keene Normal School and the Plymouth Normal School are growing and will probably seek larger appropriations for maintenance. The Keene Normal School will probably ask for a new building which was denied during the last session through a pocket veto by the Governor. A modern up-to-date educational system in New Hampshire is of first importance and the Legislature should give all legitimate requirements for this purpose sympathetic consideration.

## Inheritance Tax

Shall the state refund some eight hundred thousand dollars paid under our former inheritance tax laws, which have during the past year been declared unconstitutional? As the law now stands persons who have paid illegal inheritance taxes must in order to recover, bring suit against the state for the return of the amount paid in, within one year of the time the tax was paid.

Governor-elect Winant holds that the state is morally bound to return

all the money collected under the law now declared unconstitutional, irrespective of the time of payment. It is expected that in his inaugural address he will recommend some action to that end, despite the fact that it will call for an outlay of some \$800,000.

### **State Dairy Inspector**

The Granite State Dairyman's Association and the New Hampshire Farm Bureau Federation are asking for the creation of the office of State Dairy Inspector to protect the dairy interests of the state. Such a measure was killed in the last Legislature by the Appropriations Committee of the House of Representatives. The dairy industry of New Hampshire produces many millions of dollars annually, and it seems to the organizations promoting this measure, no more than right that the state should afford some protection to the farmers engaged in this industry. The neighboring states of Maine and Vermont have such laws.

Another proposition that these organizations are said to favor is a change in the bonding of the buyers of dairy products, which would make it possible for buyers to file bonds direct with the state instead of with special companies.

### **Compulsory Vaccination**

During the last Legislature one of the most intense fights was on the repeal of the Compulsory Vaccination Law. The repeal of this law had very strong support from many influential persons but was finally defeated. It is expected the same interests will again renew the fight for the repeal of this law.

### **Shepard-Towner Law**

The provisions of the Shepard-Towner Act for maternity aid were adopted by New Hampshire in 1921. After a strenuous fight the last Legislature made an appropriation which enabled our state to benefit from the Federal aid provided for under that

act. The work has proved both useful and popular in many sections of the state. It is probable that the next Legislature will be asked to continue the work and perhaps increase the appropriation so as to extend this service where needed and thereby further reduce the infant death rate.

### **Advertising**

The State Chamber of Commerce is asking the state to appropriate a sizable sum for an advertising program to boost the state of New Hampshire. This measure will have the support of the State Hotel Association and of many other organizations that are interested in state publicity. Such a measure will arouse much debate and its fate is likely to be uncertain.

### **Fish and Game Laws**

There will probably be the usual number of Fish and Game bills introduced during the coming session. Fish and Game Laws seem quite popular in the New Hampshire Legislature and always come in for their full share of discussion. It has been customary for many members to display their oratorical powers on short trout, deer, partridge, or wild cats sometime during the session. There is a growing demand among many of the Fish and Game Clubs of the State, for a shorter deer season.

### **Eradication of Bovine Tuberculosis**

An increased appropriation will be asked for in this session to continue the work for the eradication of bovine tuberculosis in this state. The work has been going on for several years, and has made splendid progress. It is vigorously supported by the various farm organizations of the state, as well as by many social and hygienic organizations. We expect that the Legislature will make appropriations sufficient to carry on this program for the protection of the public health.



# SILVER BLACK FOX FARMING

BY MARY A. RAND

SILVER black fox farming as an industry is being developed more extensively each year and with surprising success, until at the present time it is considered a most profitable business. Fox farming as a business and as an aid to agriculture is highly recommended. Although these fur-bearing animals may be raised in any part of the country, New Hampshire is especially well adapted for this business, as its climatic conditions are similar to those of Prince Edward Island, where the domestication of the silver fox was first begun in 1887 by three men who kept their project a secret for a number of years, during which time they became fabulously wealthy from the sale of pelts to foreign markets, but sold no stock for breeding purposes. From this small beginning the industry has developed until there are about 600 men engaged in it at the present time, and it is increasing as people come to learn of the ultimate profits to be obtained therefrom.

There are many abandoned farms, or others which are far from profitable, which might easily be utilized for the propagation of the silver black fox, one of the luxury furs, the pelts comparing with other furs as do diamonds with other precious stones. A country is lost without agriculture, and if farms which may be unproductive, or those which have been deserted because the rising generation fails to see monetary returns which may be received from other lines of business, which oftentimes takes the young people to the cities, where many times it is with difficulty they eke out a living, may be made more attractive both to the owners of the farms and their children, it is to be highly recommended.

The expense of raising these animals in captivity is only trifling, that of equipping a place for their propagation

is comparatively small and when the unusual profits from the industry have accrued, the money may not only be reinvested in silver black foxes, but at the same time may be devoted partially to the necessary equipment on the farm, which otherwise might not be obtainable. Fox farming is an incentive to keep people on the farms, where more agricultural products may be raised, thus aiding the people of the state and nation in their existence. Agriculture is the mainstay of a nation, for the millions of people in the cities cannot exist unless food products of the farm are supplied them.

Men and women are needed to carry on the many industries which are being conducted in the cities, but farm life and its possibilities should be made so attractive, financially and otherwise, that life thereon would be found to be fully as worthwhile as many other kinds of employment. Think of the freedom and the good health which are characteristic of farm life in contradistinction to many of the occupations which people are following, where the labor conditions are characterized by many hardships and difficulties. The pure air and the wonderful scenery which God has given His people mean far more for the health of body and mind than perhaps greater financial returns which are offered in the cities. Then, too, living conditions in large cities are oftentimes undesirable and the youth are subjected to many temptations.

The majority of people are fond of animals and the silver black fox, although not a domestic animal, may be easily tamed and found to be a source of pleasure and profit to raisers of these quadrupeds, which have the most expensive fur in the world except Russian sable. It is not difficult to raise these animals, as their food consists of

meat, eggs, cereals, milk, water and vegetables, and what would be required for a Collie dog will feed three foxes, so the expense for food is low. The animals are fed from galvanized dishes.

No expensive equipment is required in order to raise these animals. A good sized pen for two is eight by thirty-five feet, surrounded by coarse wire, which is protected by a guard fence nine feet in height, with an overhang. In building the houses or dens the main object is to have a warm, nest box free from draft for the pups. They may be built elaborately or constructed from a dry goods box of matched boards, clapboarded on the outside, having a warm nest box and a chute put on to darken the house. When entering these chutes, which are placed at one side of the house, a fox imagines that it is entering a hole in the ground.

Security from unusual noises and occurrences, a slope with a Southern exposure, good drainage and protection against harsh winds are essentials to be considered when choosing a location for a fox ranch.

Foxes are almost immune from disease, and when the pups are only five or six weeks old they are unusually hardy.

Beginning with a pair of foxes, a profitable business may be developed in a few years. Besides being a worthwhile business for young men to engage in, it is especially attractive to business men who are eager for the great outdoors and desire to retire from active business. More advantages and fewer disadvantages are found in this business than in any other branch of outdoor work, combined with immense chances of success.

The female silver black fox will breed from eight to ten times during her life, which averages from twelve to fifteen years. Breeding usually begins in January or February and oftentimes occurs in April or May. The average litter of fox pups is above four, and in reality, many times is much higher.

Foxes are quiet during the daytime, most of the time being passed in sleeping, either in their dens or curled up on the roofs. They arouse toward night or in the early evening and become active. If strangers should go near their pens, the animals become aroused at once and spread the alarm to their neighbors.

Fox fur is at its best late in December and pelting is done at that time. It is best to hold the animals over until they are two years of age before pelting them, as the pelts from foxes over one year of age bring the highest prices. And as they will produce offspring when one year of age, there is also additional gain in holding them.

It is estimated that if the entire supply of domesticated silver black foxes were killed and pelted, that they would be sold in New York City alone in less than two hours. People wonder why there are not more of these furs worn, but the reason is that nothing but cull pelts ever reach the fur market, as no breeder will kill a fox and sell its pelt for \$500 when \$1,000 can be obtained for him as a breeder. Good breeding stock and pelts will be kept at top prices for many years to come, owing to the inadequate supply at the present time, the law of supply and demand always governing prices. And the "fur wearer" is increasing faster than the "fur bearer." Without doubt there is no livestock enterprise which pays larger returns for the money invested. The success depends largely upon the quality of the product, however.

If a person desiring to engage in fox farming is not financially able to purchase foxes to start with, there are other methods by which the business may be started. There is the group plan, by which a number of men join together and purchase several pairs of foxes and construct and operate a ranch in their vicinity through the management of an experienced keeper. Another method is the purchase of one or more pairs by an individual and the establishment of

his own ranch, while another way is to purchase one or more pairs and have them ranched for him by those engaged in the operation of a fox farm. Silver black fox farms in the vicinity of the Capital of New Hampshire are those of G. A. Mann of Concord, who has a ranch near St. Paul's school stocked with twelve pairs of foxes, and P. E. Mackenzie, who has ten pairs of aristocrats of peltry on his farm in Pembroke.

Probably the largest Black Fox Farm in the state is the Granite State Silver

Black Fox Farm, Incorporated, at South Cornish, N. H. This farm is widely advertised and during the past summer was visited by several thousand people.

Individuality is bred in the makeup of the silver black fox, as no successful imitation has ever been produced of this wonderfully beautiful fur, which is at its best as the weather becomes colder. Unquestionably, there are many profitable possibilities in their propagation.

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## What Calvin Coolidge Says Favoring the

### Child Labor Amendment

"Our different states have had different standards, or no standards at all, for child labor. The Congress should have authority to provide a uniform law applicable to the whole nation which will protect childhood. Our country can not afford to let anyone live off the

earnings of its youth of tender years. Their places are not in the factory, but in the school, that the men and women of to-morrow may reach a higher state of existence and the nation a higher standard of citizenship."



# THE WOMEN LEGISLATORS OF 1925

Eight Republican and six Democratic women will come to Concord this winter to sit in the New Hampshire Legislature. How they will vote, their interests and personalities, is discussed in this article.

**W**OMEN in New Hampshire have not been slow to take advantage of their right to run for public office. Two sat in the legislature of 1921, two years after the passage of woman suffrage, three in 1923 and now in this coming session there will be fourteen women representatives.

Ever since women have had the right to vote one of the chief topics of conversation amongst those interested in public affairs and matters political, has been the woman's vote. How has it been different from that of the men? Are they or are they not more independent? To these and many other questions of a like nature there is no adequate answer. No one really knows.

But the women who have so far sat in the New Hampshire Legislature have certainly shown some distinctive characteristics. They have been somewhat more independent, somewhat more interested in issues as compared to party dictations than is the average man.

In 1921, Miss Jessie Doe, a Republican, and Dr. Mary Farnum, a Democrat, stood side by side on most of the important issues of that session, and again in 1923, Mrs. Effie Yantis, Mrs. Emma Bartlett and Mrs. Gertrude Caldwell, one Republican and two Democrats worked on the whole for the same things, particularly co-operating in all matters concerning the health and welfare of women and children.

But this winter there are to be fourteen women-representatives, six Democrats and eight Republicans, a very much larger group. How will they vote on the big issues of this session?

The 48-hour week for women and

children, the Shepard-Towner bill, and the question as to whether or not women shall pay the same poll tax as men, will again come up before the 1925 legislature. But besides these three bills there is the child labor amendment. Shall we empower Congress to regulate the hours of labor of children? Not for years has there come before our Legislature a more important decision nor one which more closely affects the lives of women and children.

Wishing to form some opinion as to how our new women legislators felt on these various subjects the GRANITE MONTHLY sent a short questionnaire to each one, asking a few personal questions and for statements as to their position on some of these bills.

Our replies as far as definite statements of opinion are concerned were disappointing; most of those who replied either refusing to commit themselves or else expressing a desire to study further before coming to any decision. Four failed altogether to answer.

In answer to the question concerning the Child Labor Amendment two were against it, several expressed a desire to study further into the subject before making a decision, while a majority came out in sympathy with it.

This result of course could be naturally expected, for there is no bill which has come before our legislature for years which is of greater interest to women. Nor indeed is there any bill which, if passed, in a majority of the states, should have a more salutary effect on our New England industries. For we in New Hampshire have very progressive and humane child labor laws, which place on our industries the burden of com-



MRS. EFFIE YANTIS  
of Manchester

Mrs. Effie Yantis of Manchester, a member of the last Legislature. She will again take the lead in support of the Shepard-Towner bill and will be foremost in the fight for the Child Labor Amendment.

peting with industries located in states which permit the labor of little children. A national child labor law would free our industries of this handicap and put all industries through-out the country on an equal basis. The amendment has been endorsed by all the principle women organizations, state and national, by President Coolidge and the national Republican platform. It has been recommended for consideration by our state Republican platform and endorsed by our Democratic state platform.

The replies to our question concerning the Shepard-Towner bill were surprising. Here is a measure endorsed by practically every prominent woman's organization in the state and nation, and yet out of the ten answers only two were openly in its favor, Mrs. Effie Yantis and Dr. Zatae Straw, both of whom have devoted much of their energy and thought to child welfare and public health and have long been supporters of this act.

The Shepard-Towner bill, however, passed in the last Legislature and is now in operation in forty-one states out of the forty-eight. Probably it is safe to prophesy that the women will stand behind this bill and it will again pass the New Hampshire Legislature.

As for the question as to whether or not women should pay a poll tax equal to that of men, there was a distinct majority amongst those who answered who believed that women should share equally with the men.

Most of us, however, would like to know something about the personalities and lives of these fourteen women legislators. In the first place it is interesting to know that every one of them has been married and from the answers we received at least eleven have families of children.

The eight Republican women include Mrs. Marcia F. Hilton, for many years prominent in county farm work, librarian in East Andover and the first Republican to be elected in Andover since the Civil War; Mrs. Imogene Emmons of Wilnot, who is the grandmother of six children and who has served her town as auditor and ballot clerk; Mrs. Hobart Pillsbury of Manchester, the wife of one of New England's prominent newspaper men, and who, though the mother of four little children, has already found time to have served as a selectman; Mrs. Effie Yantis, a member of the 1923 New Hampshire Legislature, long prominent and active in all matters concerning human health and welfare; Dr. Zatae Straw of Manchester, who is not only a doctor herself, the wife of a doctor but has a daughter studying to be a doctor. Dr. Straw like Mrs. Yantis, is a woman of wide interests. She is not only active in all work concerning public health and welfare but her interests include a great enthusiasm for conservation, including the conservation of our fish and game, being herself an ardent sportswoman. Mrs. Nellie J. Page of

Atkinson, Mrs. George E. Worcester of Dover, who has served in both branches of her city government, and Mrs. Marie Chapman of Berlin complete the list of Republican women.

Out of the six Democratic women elected to the legislature it is a rather interesting fact that three of them come from Berlin, Mrs. Virginia P. Lunderville, Mrs. Jennie Fortier and Mrs. Margaret Huse Barden. With Mrs. Marie G. Chapman, a Republican, this makes a delegation of four women from Berlin alone. The remaining three Democratic women include, Mrs. Helen Jesseman Young of Easton, Katherine Donahue of Livermore, both of whom have served as town clerk and on their town school board, and Mrs. Victoria M. Langlois, a journalist and a graduate of the University of Montreal.

The women of our state will naturally be especially interested in everything concerning these fourteen women legislators. How they stand on all issues will be closely watched and commented upon. As a group and as individuals they will be prominent and the subject of speculation and discussion. Their discussion is great.

We expect much of our women who take part in politics. They are not handicapped by political tradition and rarely by political ambition, and we feel therefore, they should bring to our legislative halls a spirit of disinterestedness and unselfishness that will do much toward improving our political organization. Especially do we expect much of them in matters concerning the welfare of children, of public health and better communities. Here their knowledge and interest is



DR. ZATAE STRAW  
of Manchester

Dr. Zatae Straw of Manchester. A doctor herself, the wife of a doctor, and the mother of a daughter studying to be a doctor. Conservation, public health, child welfare and fish and game are some of the questions in which she will be especially interested.

much closer and keener than that of our men.

And when these fourteen women go to Concord this winter they will certainly carry with them the sympathy and well wishes of all; especially of the women of the state.

May they see their way through the intricate workings of a great legislative body to inform themselves thoroughly on all sides of the questions they are to help decide, and may they then have the purpose and the courage to vote according to their best conviction.



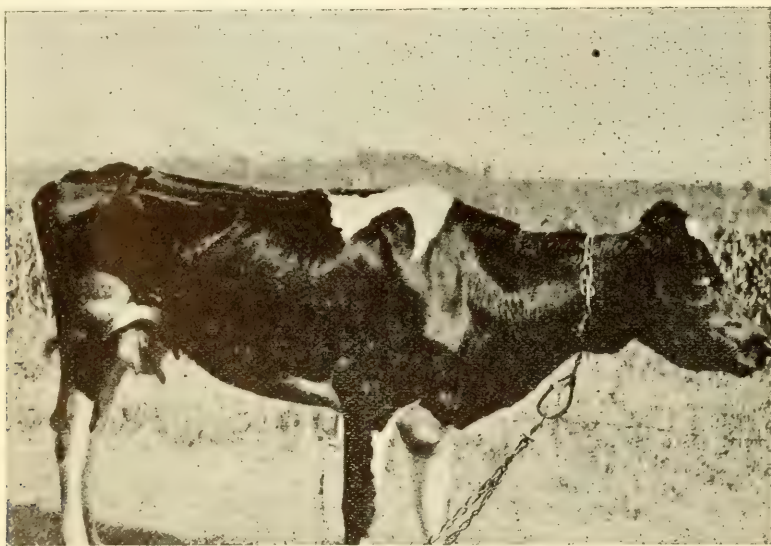
# THE PROBLEM OF BOVINE TUBERCULOSIS

BY ROBINSON W. SMITH, STATE VETERINARIAN

THE Division of Animal Industry of the State Department of Agriculture, is maintained for the purpose of encouraging livestock interests and controlling, suppressing and eradicating all contagious and infectious diseases among domestic animals. With approximately twenty million dollars' worth of livestock in New Hampshire it is important that contagious and infectious diseases be held in control, and when possible, completely eradicated.

They adopted a plan whereby they solicited the active co-operation of every state in the Union, in a program that would eventually eradicate tuberculosis from all the livestock in the United States, and it is interesting to note that at the present time every State and Territory is actively engaged in this campaign.

New Hampshire was not the last to come in under this plan. The Legislature of 1921 recognized that New Hampshire should have a more work-



Cow diseased with tuberculosis

cated, both as an economic and public health measure.

Unfortunately, New Hampshire's livestock is susceptible to the many contagious and infectious diseases that are prevalent in this country but without doubt the one disease that takes its greatest toll both from an economical and health standpoint is Bovine Tuberculosis. Long ago the United States Department of Agriculture recognized this fact and in 1917 took active steps to eradicate this scourge from the livestock of our country.

able and up-to-date animal industry law to take care of the many contagious and infectious diseases that affected her livestock industry, and especially to carry on a program that would eventually eradicate bovine tuberculosis. That New Hampshire has had the full co-operation of all agencies within the State engaged in public welfare and public health is shown by the progress that has been made to date. It is fully recognized that bovine tuberculosis is a source of human infection and from a health

standpoint alone New Hampshire should do everything possible to clean up its livestock in order that the consuming public may be assured of safe dairy products. With our present-day knowledge there can be no doubt but what many cases of tuberculosis in children can be directly attributed to bovine infection.

Such authorities as Dr. Theobald Smith of the Rockefeller Foundation, Dr. Milton J. Rosenau of Harvard University, as well as Dr. Schroeder of the Bureau of Animal Industry,

study of bovine and human infection of tuberculosis in man, a study which included about one thousand cases of all forms of tuberculosis, found 15 per cent of bovine infection in tuberculous meningitis. Rosenau, analyzing 1,040 cases, including those studied by Park and Krumweide, by the English and German Commissions, and some cases collected from literature, came to the following figures:

16 years and over, 686 cases, 9 bovine, 1.3 per cent.

Between 5 and 16 years, 132 cases,



Herd of tuberculin tested cows, owned by George M. Putnam, Contoocook

Washington, D. C., and many other scientists say, "that from 25 to 33 per cent of tuberculosis in children under five years of age is of bovine origin." Dr. Schroeder further states that "The bovine bacillus is responsible for tuberculosis in children. Every case of tuberculosis in the human subject due to bovine bacilli must be charged to intimate contact in most cases through the ingestion of contaminated dairy products between persons and tuberculous cattle.

"Park and Krumweide, in their

33 bovine, 25 per cent.

Under 5 years, 120 cases, 59 bovine, 49 per cent.

"Rosenau further states that almost half of the cases tabulated above were studied by the research laboratory and were unselected. This is important to note. The striking feature of these figures is the alarming percentage of bovine infection in children under 5 years (49 per cent.) In adults the percentage is very small—almost insignificant. Undoubtedly, it is due to milk entering as the chief element in



the diet of children and serving as the probable path of transmission of tubercular disease, and the fact that the bovine baccilli are much more virulent in the young."

How then, with statements from such men as we have quoted and many others whose names do not appear in this article, can we believe that the consuming public is not vitally interested in a program that



Side of beef affected with tuberculosis, taken from what appeared a healthy looking two-year old steer.

when completed would guarantee to them a wholesome, clean supply of dairy products.

It has been said by many that pasteurization is the only solution. It must be recognized that in this great country of ours approximately 50 per cent of the population resides in rural or small communities where pasteurization is not carried on and is not practical.

There is, however, another very important side to this question that one should not lose sight of. Is it sound economy to continue the campaign to eradicate Bovine Tuberculosis? Officials in charge of the work realize that they may have before them a tremendous undertaking. They appreciate, however, the necessity of such a campaign at this time if the livestock industry is to be preserved.

Carefully compiled statistics taken from our Meat Inspection Service shows that there is approximately \$40,000,000 worth of meat condemned annually from tuberculosis. They also show that about 52 per cent of the entire area of the United States has more than 2 per cent tuberculosis in its livestock. This leaves 48 per cent with less than 2 per cent infection. Therefore, it is economically sound business to clean up the infected areas while we are yet able to do so, and before the herds in those areas of our country which are reasonably free from the disease become too badly infected. New Hampshire has an infection of about 14.4 per cent based upon the results of the tuberculin tests as applied to approximately 33,000 cattle in New Hampshire since 1920. Approximately 24.3 per cent of the farms in New Hampshire harbor this disease. While the per cent of infected farms in the United States is only 10.8 per cent, in the Eastern States the average is 24.0 per cent.

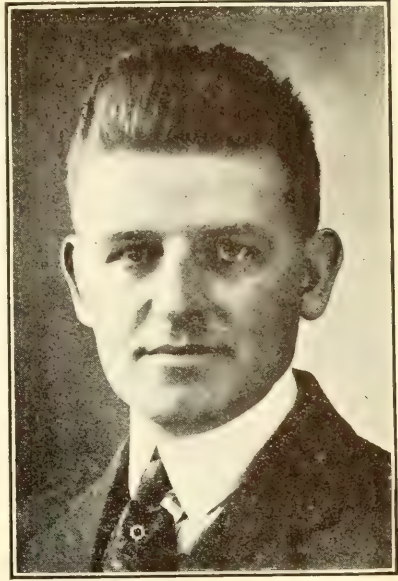
New Hampshire has at the present time approximately 40,000 cattle or 24 per cent of all the livestock in the State under supervision and all of these have been tested one or more times.

New Hampshire has made great progress during the last four years in the program of eradicating bovine tuberculosis with the limited funds that have been available. July, 1921, the date when our present Animal Industry Law became effective, New Hampshire had less than 300 herds under supervision. At the present time



New Hampshire has over 3,300 herds and more than 40,000 cattle under supervision, all of which have been tuberculin tested. The demand for this work has been much greater than the funds and facilities for taking care of it. People in all walks of life seem to demand that New Hampshire clean her cattle of this terrible scourge. The proof of this is the fact that many of our cities have already passed ordinances requiring that all dairy animals furnishing milk shall pass a satisfactory tuberculin test. The cities and towns of Keene, Nashua, Manchester, Lebanon, Newport, Claremont, Hanover and several others have such ordinances and many others are contemplating taking such a step.

Evidence that the farmers are very much interested in having their herds tuberculin tested is shown by the number of applications for tests that are continually flooding the office of the Department of Agriculture. At no time since July 1, 1922, has there been less than 400 applications on the waiting list. It has become necessary for the Department to recently issue an order forbidding their inspectors to test any new herds of cattle except-



Robinson W. Smith,  
State Veterinarian

ing those whose applications have been on file in the office of the Department, prior to June 1, 1924. The reason for this order is because the State Department has not sufficient funds to pay indemnities on cattle that may be condemned.

The New Hampshire legislature has been very liberal in years passed in their appropriation of money to carry on this important work. This year the Department has asked that \$200,000 be appropriated to continue the work and to take care of all other contagious and infectious diseases that might affect our farm livestock. It would seem that this is a conservative request and would be good business for the State to spend this sum of money in this work as it is evident that the quicker the disease is suppressed the fewer will be the dangers to the people of our State who consume these dairy products, and fewer animals will become infected by diseased animals that are prevalent in the number of herds which have not been tested.

The State of Connecticut is asking their legislature for \$500,000 to carry



Andrew L. Felker,  
Commissioner of Agriculture

on the work for the next year. The officials in Connecticut claim that if the sum of \$500,000 can be spent each year for the next two years that it will save the State one million dollars. Connecticut has only a few thousand more cattle than New Hampshire and when other New England States are spending large sums of money to clean

up a scourge that not only threatens the livestock industry of our country, which is the foundation of our agriculture, but also threatens the lives and health of our children, it would seem that \$200,000 per year is a modest amount to be used for this work in New Hampshire.

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## FIDDLEHEADS

(Baby Ferns)

BY GRACE STUART ORCUTT

I walked in Holderness and saw  
Some little clumps of things,  
That grew up so enticingly  
They seemed almost on springs.

They stood up straight as corporals  
In thickly crowded beds,  
All naked and with curling tops,  
For they were fiddleheads.

I came to search for arbutus  
In where the pine begins,  
But I was so intrigued by this—  
These little violins.

I saw them springing from the ground,  
As round about I trod,  
And wondered if the music end  
Was hid beneath the sod.

'Twas strange that but the upper part  
Should grow up toward the sky,  
While buried in the earth beneath  
The melody should lie.

The keenest ear could never catch  
Their music 'neath the sod,  
But it, I'm sure, will rise each day—  
In jolly tunes to God.

# NEW HAMPSHIRE'S RURAL HIGHWAY PROBLEMS

By GEORGE H. DUNCAN

THE highway problem of New Hampshire, as of most other states, presents difficulties which require the careful thought of every good citizen. At the annual meetings of the State Grange and the Farm Bureau last winter resolutions were adopted for the appointment of a joint committee of both organizations to study particularly the rural highway problem, and suggest legislation to the incoming General Court.

Since the rural highway problem is closely interwoven with State highways, the committee was forced to pay considerable attention to this phase of the question. It found that there have been laid out, in the so-called "Trunk Line System," 1423 miles of highway, of which approximately 1200 miles are now built. That these Trunk Lines have been strategically located, and that the System is practically complete as now laid out is indicated by the fact that they touch 175 cities and towns out of the 235 in the state, the localities thus accommodated comprising a population of 411,000, or 93% of the people of the state.

These so-called "State Aid Roads" include about 800 miles in addition to the Trunk Lines. As soon as Trunk Line construction is completed, perhaps in three or four years, a considerable sum will be released for the extension of "State Aid Roads," an activity which has recently been considerably curtailed by the requirement that in towns where Trunk Lines are laid out and uncompleted, all state construction money must be expended on the Trunk Lines.

An act of the Legislature of 1917 provides for the designation of thoroughfares between towns for assistance in maintenance by the Highway Department when funds are available. The desirability of completing Trunk

Lines has curtailed this assistance also, but their completion will doubtless release some funds for use in this way.

All-in-all, then, the policy of the State with relation to construction and maintenance of these classes of highways seems to be wise and comprehensive, requiring only continuance of present financial support to bring it to completion. There remains, however, a large mileage of secondary roads, an important factor in the highway system, which has not yet received the attention it deserves.

The mileage of the secondary roads is not known exactly. Figures on file at the Highway Department give the total as 14,787 miles. Indications being that these figures were not accurate, the Highway Department, at the suggestion of the Joint Committee, kindly made an accurate survey in 14 widely separated towns. This survey shows a shortage of about 25% in actual mileage as compared with the figures previously on file. Deducting this 25% of error, and the known mileage of State roads, we arrive at an estimated mileage of local highways of 8866. Included in this, however, are an unknown number of miles of city streets, and another unknown mileage of country roads which for all practical purposes, although not legally, have been discontinued. The legislation to be suggested by the Joint Committee will seek to provide for an accurate survey of all highways, a desirable end in itself for any intelligent consideration of the highway problems.

The problem of the secondary roads falls into two sections,—first, what may be called the "personal equation," i. e., the qualifications of local highway agents; and second, financial, particularly in towns where falling population and lessened taxable property have left the highway burden heavier than can be





Herbert N. Sawyer,  
Master of State Grange

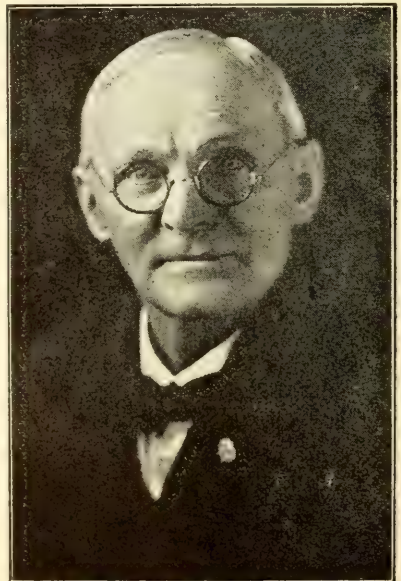
borne without neglecting necessary upkeep.

It is proposed that the Highway Department be authorized to co-operate in the solution of both these problems, without saddling upon it any additional authority or responsibility, and with the least possible financial drain.

If the highway agents of every town used the best methods in use in any town, the gain in efficiency would be tremendous. Unfortunately there has been no means of making the satisfactory experience of one community available in another. To obviate this difficulty it is proposed that the Highway Department act as a clearing house for ideas. The machinery for accomplishing this would be provided by a series of meetings of highway agents at convenient points, held in March after the new agents are chosen. There the best methods of dirt road management would be explained by men of experience. Other highway problems could be discussed, and the contacts made at these meetings could hardly fail to promote better work. Following these meetings, once a month during the period from April to November, inclusive, a representative of the Highway Department

would visit each local highway agent, to "confer and advise" with him about his work. While this representative would have no authority, doubtless almost every local highway agent would welcome suggestions for the improvement of the roads under his charge. And since the sum expended for care and maintenance of local highways in 1923 was nearly \$2,750,000, exclusive of State roads, the small expense of this advisory supervision, given in connection with other work of the Highway Department, ought to pay heavy dividends.

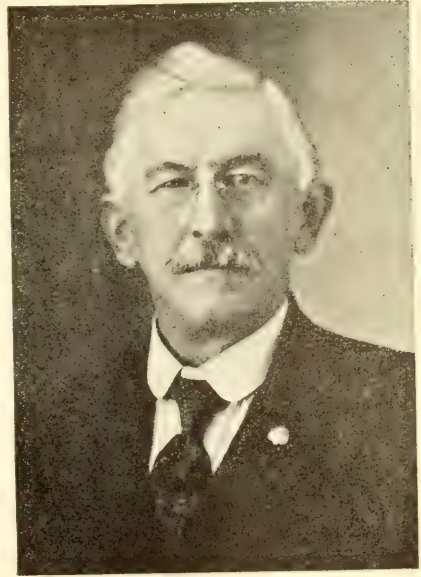
On the financial side a concrete illustration will make clear the situation. From figures on file with the Tax Commission, it is shown that the average tax per \$100.00 of valuation for local highway purposes in the towns in 1923 was forty-four cents, while the average tax rate was \$2.44. As nearly as can be ascertained from data at hand, the average expenditure for local highway maintenance in the same towns was \$160.00 per mile. But in the town of Deerfield, with 72 miles of local highway by actual measurement, exclusive



George M. Putnam,  
President State Farm Bureau Federation

of State Road, with a total tax rate of \$3.58, a tax of \$1.00 per \$100 for highway purposes gave only \$80 per mile. In other words, this little town, after taxing itself more than the average rate for other purposes, then taxed itself more than twice the average rate for highways, only to find itself with half the amount per mile deemed necessary for highway maintenance by the average town. There are 64 towns, out of 224, where the average highway tax of forty-four cents on \$100 fails to produce \$80 per mile, which is one-half the sum apparently required by the average town. Surely this situation needs relief. Fortunately all these towns are relatively so small that the total amount necessary to fairly equalize the burden, if appropriated from the funds of the Highway Department, would about equal the cost of two miles of reinforced concrete road.

We are all troubled over the decadence of our country towns. One partial solution is expressed by the slogan,—"New Hampshire the Playground of America." But we don't wish all our visitors to linger along the main highways. Many beautiful "playgrounds" are found in the smaller towns. Still, our visitors object to trying to reach them through mud, and over ruts and rocks. Beyond this, the secondary roads are "feeders" for the main road. A recent book,—*"Rural Highway Pavements,"* by W. G. Harger, well says (p. 34),—"Statistics for 1920 show 30% of all autos and trucks owned by farmers; 60% of all motors registered from towns of 5,000 or less; a large percentage of traffic either originates on or uses a side highway during some part



A. W. Putnam,  
Chairman Joint Committee of State Grange  
and State Farm Bureau.

of its journey. That is, the main roads only provided direct contact service to about 10 percent to 20 percent of the producing area of the district; and this element of direct contact is a fundamental service of roads. \* \* \* Main roads are entitled to first consideration, but they are not entitled to construction which tends to delay too long a reasonable treatment of the system as a whole."

It seems that the next Legislature should take steps to formulate the policy to be followed, if not at once, at least in a few years, when the Trunk Line System is completed. And the two plans offered above seem to be reasonably modest, yet properly directed.

# REPRESENTATION IN THE STATE SENATE

BY NORMAN ALEXANDER

THERE appeared in a recent issue of the GRANITE MONTHLY two articles dealing with the subject of the Governor's Council. These articles suggest a consideration of another phase of government in New Hampshire. I refer to the matter of Representation in the State Senate.

The history of representative government in the United States reveals that property, and religious qualifications have been frequently imposed upon voters, and office holders. This truth is exemplified in the Constitutional History of New Hampshire. The present constitution was adopted in 1784, and with a few changes, it is still the organic law of this Commonwealth. The clauses pertaining to the qualifications of Senators originally provided "that no person shall be capable of being elected a senator who is not seized of a freehold estate in his own right of the value of two hundred pounds, lying within the state, and who is not of the Protestant religion." Representation in the State Senate was accorded on the basis of direct taxes paid.

The renewed emphasis upon democracy, and the rights of the people characteristic of the nineteenth century led to the elimination of two of the above provisions. The property qualification was repealed in 1852, and the religious conditions abolished in 1877.

In 1878, the state was redistricted, and the number of senatorial districts increased from twelve to twenty-four. The property basis was retained in article twenty-five. That article reads: "the legislature shall, from time to time divide the state into districts as nearly equal as may be, without dividing towns and unincorporated places; and in making this division they shall govern themselves by the proportion of direct taxes paid by the said districts."

Property, and not persons, therefore constitutes the guiding principle in the

apportionment of representation in the Senate. The effect is to accord to the electors in the districts with large property holdings greater weight in legislation. This conclusion is justified in fact.

The census of 1920 indicates that District number one, composed of Coos county has a population of 36,093. On the other hand, Senatorial District number sixteen containing wards one, and two of Manchester has a population of 8,924. Yet both of these districts have one state senator. Senatorial district number eighteen composed of wards five, six, eight, nine and ten of the city of Manchester has a population of 33,640. It too has one senator. This program of discriminating against the districts with a large population cannot be harmonized with the principle of representation by the people.

Under conditions in New Hampshire, this plan works an injustice. If the cross section of the social and economic life was the same in all parts of the state there would be little need for change. A cursory examination, however, shows that such is not the case. An industrial group, an agricultural element, a small class of large property holders, and many other groups comprise the population of the state.

The system of representation in the State Senate works to the disadvantage of those elements in the population with small property interests. They are under-represented. The districts with large material possessions obtain a weight in legislation in excess of their numerical strength. This situation intensified by the recent shifting of population is a bigger factor in the determination of the complexion of the State Senate than votes. This is true in New Hampshire because it is a two-party state.

In the election of 1922, the majority party secured but one-third of the



seats in that body. In the recent November elections, the party whose candidates polled about three-fifths of the vote obtained nineteen of the twenty-four seats. These results verify the conclusion that one majority becomes in fact a minority, while another majority attains a preponderance in legislation not warranted by the mandate of the people.

The principle contended for here was affirmed long ago by General Sullivan a distinguished son of New Hampshire in a letter to Weare under date of December 11, 1775. He wrote "that no danger can arise to a state from giving the people a free or full voice in their own government." A "full and free voice" is not now given in the State

Senatorial elections.

From the legislature of New Hampshire soon to convene, this problem deserves a sympathetic consideration. The state constitution will not permit a complete reform. Yet a redistricting taking cognizance of the shifting of population will better conditions, if there is the will to rectify injustice.

This is not a partisan question. The present system offers an electoral plan with the trappings of eighteenth century authority. The alternative is representation more responsive to the popular will. In this task, all true citizens will place above party, principle, and above expediency, courage. They will see the welfare of New Hampshire steadily, and see it whole.

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## THE WOOD THRUSH

BY GRACE STUART ORCUTT

I heard a call like an organ note;  
 Ringing and weird and sweet;  
 And I stopped right short in the woodland path  
 With lagging, hesitant feet.

And creepy things went down my spine,  
 And a thrill went up to my brain;  
 And I listened hard in the solitude,  
 But I listened, alas, in vain,—

For the moments came and the moments went,  
 Yet the wild refrain came not;  
 But it in my heart was carried away,  
 And never can be forgot.

# THE LEGION AND THE CHILD

## LABOR AMENDMENT

EDITOR GRANITE MONTHLY:

DEAR SIR:

Having read the enclosed clipping in our weekly paper, I wish to express my ideas on this subject as well as I may.

Such a statement as this, is issued without authority from the American Legion as a whole, and is simply an expression of the political views of the person or persons issuing it; that it is ill advised and not in keeping with the motives and ideals that govern the New Hampshire Department of the Legion as a whole; and that is a regrettable mistake that should be publicly corrected.

Owing to the necessity for earning a livelihood for myself and family I have been unable to attend all the conventions at the Weirs, or any of the National Conventions; but I have endeavored to keep in touch with all of the proceedings, and I believe the following to be facts:

The National Organization of the American Legion, with which the State Organizations, under the Constitution through which they exist, *must not conflict*;—is unequivocally committed to a definite Child Welfare program.

At the last Weirs' Convention, I am told, the Child Welfare Committee of the State Legion Convention, sponsored a resolution supporting any legislation regulating for their benefit the labor of children in industry.

The assembled convention, by whom the Executive Committee and all Officers of the State Department

are elected, and whose actions and rulings they are sworn to carry out and enforce, unanimously passed this resolution.

Now if my information is correct, and I believe it is,—how can any Executive Committee, or any officer or individual representing the New Hampshire Department of the American Legion, repudiate the unanimous action of the State Convention? It can't be done.

The political aspects of the question I do not wish to enter into, but because the welfare and protection of some of our children is exactly as important as the Americanization of some of our foreigners. The American Legion is in my opinion doing exactly right in endorsing legislation favoring the enactment of a national Child Labor Law.

A LEGIONNAIRE.

### Legion Won't Enter Labor Contest

Frank N. Sawyer, deputy adjutant of the American Legion, issued a statement in which decision was given that executive committees of the New Hampshire Legion will take no definite action regarding the child labor amendment.

At the Weirs, last summer, the Legion went on record in favor of the amendment. It is believed Legion authorities here regard the issue as a "political football" and that therefore the decision against the bill has been given.

# CURRENT OPINION IN NEW HAMPSHIRE

## Clippings From the State Press

### Fox Ranch Incorporated

Articles of incorporation, carrying the name of "Granite State Fox Ranch, Inc.," were recently filed in the Secretary of State's office by W. E. Dawson of South Cornish, and some business men of Claremont, who have become associated with him. Mr. Dawson came here about a year ago from Prince Edward Island and established the present ranch in South Cornish. The climate has been found ideal for producing fine pelts. Mr. Dawson has decided to enlarge the ranch and increase the production as much as possible.

The production of silver black fox furs, which cannot be imitated, is rapidly becoming a permanent industry in the United States and Canada. All furs are gradually becoming extinct, and more and more must be produced in captivity. Last year the United States imported over 40 million dollars more of furs than it exported. So serious has the fur shortage become that the U. S. Department of Agriculture has created a special department to study furs and fur farming, especially the industry of Silvers, and to give the industry every aid possible. Ranches are being gradually started in various parts of the Northern U. S., and already several millions are invested. However, because of the newness of the industry and the immense demand for furs both in the United States and abroad, Mr. Dawson states it will be years before there will be an over production.

There has been great local interest in the business this summer and thousands have visited the ranch to see the foxes. Mr. Dawson is now in Can-

ada selecting additional stock, which he will bring back with him.

—*Republican Champion*

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### A State Police

Most of our state exchanges, we find, favor editorially the establishment of a state police force by the next legislature. The well known arguments in favor of such action have been emphasized during this present year by the number of murders and other serious crimes which have been committed in our rural districts and by the increased chorus of complaint as to ravages made by thieves and trespassers travelling by automobile. The age of the motor presents new and difficult problems to those who are charged with the prevention and punishment of crime. Supporters of a state police system say it will help to solve these problems to a great extent.

Opposition to the establishment of a state police force is based upon its expense; its addition of another department or bureau to our already sufficiently complicated machine of state government; and the fear on the part of organized labor that the proposed force would develop into a constabulary used for purposes of intimidation in time of strikes and lockouts.

Why we mention the subject once more at this time is because the Nashua Telegraph has a new plan to suggest on this line. It says: "An economical, practical and presumably feasible line of progress toward a state police system would be to load upon the sheriffs of the several counties a greater responsibility in the matter of police work of the state, to have their deputies a real constabulary rather than largely engaged in the pursuit of process serving in civil actions, increasing their number if necessary and equipping them with the necessary tools of the police profession



from motorbikes and flivvers down to a constable's badge, and having them take over responsibility for various other activities which the state is engaged in: highway, patrol, fire warden, fish and game warden work, and so on."

We can see the immediate advantage of this plan in that it could be put into operation more quickly and with less initial expense than any other on this line. The chief objection which occurs to us on first consideration is that the sheriffs of the state are elected every two years and the temptation for them to use their new and increased power in a political way would be great.

—*Concord Monitor Patriot*

Concord Kiwanians say President Hetzel makes out a good case for his state institution at Durham.

—*Concord Monitor Patriot*

President R. D. Hetzel of the University of New Hampshire was signally honored this year at the annual convention of the Association of Land Grant Colleges which recently closed at Washington, D. C., by being elected to the all-important Executive Committee of the Association. This committee is charged with the formulation of policies and procedure for the association and represents the several colleges and experiment stations in their relation to the federal departments. It is also responsible for all federal legislation relative to the interests of the association. The election is for a period of five years.

—*New Hampshire Items*

Before the election some people went around crying, "Coolidge and Chaos."—N. H. Republican Statesman.

Oh, no, the cry was, "Coolidge or Chaos," and the people decided overwhelmingly to take Coolidge.

—*Rochester Courier*

Shall our spruce trees be cut for Christmas? is a question which interests many a man who lives in northern New England. The spruce tree is of low growth, and it takes many years to bring it to marketable condition as lumber. But when it attains that size it is valuable, not only for building purposes, but for the paper makers. The statement is made, and we have no reason to doubt it, that lumber in this country is growing only about one fourth as fast as it is being used. This will bring a great scarcity within the life of many of us. The small spruce tree is ideal for Christmas festivities, but it takes ten or more years to make a not very large tree, and the money received for it is hardly commensurate with the value of the land on which it grows and of the probability of lumber in the future. It would seem that some other device could take the place of the tree at the holiday season, and in that way this valuable lumber be saved for future generations.

—*Franklin Journal Transcript*

According to the Thrift Magazine, more than 48 per cent of the total power used in this country in 1869 for manufacturing purposes was supplied by water power, whereas of the 30 million horse power developed by power plants to-day for manufacturing purposes only six per cent is produced from water power. What a great saving in coal would be effected if the potential 54 million horse power from all water sources in this country could be harnessed into the service of mankind!

—*Somersworth Free Press*

Next to the Bible the best circulated book in America is the telephone directory. Never mentioned as "A Best Seller," 25,000,000 copies of the American telephone directory are published and circulated each year. A telephone dol-

lar is expended thus: Rents, 3 cents, taxes, 10 cents; miscellaneous, 11 cents; material, 15 cents; wages, 61 cents. Few other great industries show so large a proportion of their earnings expended for either wages or taxes. Net plant additions to the Bell System in 1923 required \$240,000,000.

—*Hillsborough Messenger*

The action in relation to Senators LaFollette, Ladd, Brookhart and Frazier, taken at a conference of Republicans in the United States Senate, ought to be very gratifying to Republicans generally throughout the country. Those four insurgent senators have done all they possibly could to weaken and injure the party, and they have no claim whatever upon further Republican confidence, privileges or honors.

—*Somersworth Free Press*

Carrying dogs on the running-board of an automobile results in many dogs being killed by falling off or being thrown off, and killed or maimed, and many are lost on the highways. The Oregon State Humane Society has prepared and will present a law to protect dogs carried in this way.

It is called an act regulating and prohibiting carrying dogs on automobiles and provides that it shall be unlawful to carry a dog upon the hood, fender, running board or other external part of any automobile unless the same shall be protected by a frame work, carrier, or other device sufficient to keep any such animal from falling from the automobile. Suitable penalty is provided.

—*Milford Cabinet*

### Banner Football Team

With seven victories and only two defeats the University of New Hamp-

shire football team, which brought its season to a close on November 22, has amassed a total of 213 points against its opponents' 49. The Blue and White won from Colby, Norwich, Rhode Island, Tufts, Lowell Textile, Maine and Bates, and was defeated by Connecticut 6-3 and by Brown 21-0. Connecticut had this year one of the best teams in its history and Brown was able to beat Harvard.

—*New Hampshire State News Items*

It looks as if Hon. Charles W. Tobey would be the next president of the New Hampshire senate, a place for which he is unusually well fitted. He has had extensive legislative experience and has been speaker of the house. He is a Republican with liberal views and an especially effective public speaker. His address here a few months ago before a men's club of one of our churches is still remembered with great pleasure.

—*Rochester Courier*

Why all this commotion over the expulsion of LaFollette and his followers from the Republican councils in the United States senate? It is not a case of bolting the party at election because of unfit nominations made. There are times, we believe, when it is justifiable to bolt. But Senator LaFollette and his associates are in their beliefs diametrically opposed to Republican principles. Whether they are right or wrong, it is perfectly clear that they are not Republicans and there is, therefore, no reason why they should enter Republican caucuses or be recognized as Republicans. This is nothing but plain common sense and not a punishment, as so many seem to regard it.

—*Rochester Courier.*

# THE NEW HAMPSHIRE STATE GOVERNMENT

**Governor**—John G. Winant, Concord.

**Councilor**—1. John A. Edgerly, Tuftonboro; 2. John A. Hammond, Gilford; 3. Arthur E. Moreau, Manchester; 4. Samuel A. Lovejoy, Milford; 5. Jesse M. Barton, Newport.

**Senator**—1. Charles S. Chandler, Gorham; 2. William D. Rudd, Franconia; 3. James C. MacLeod, Littleton; 4. Charles B. Hoyt, Sandwich; 5. Arthur P. Fairfield, Hanover; 6. Frank P. Tilton, Laconia; 7. Frank L. Gerrish, Boscawen; 8. Hartley L. Brooks, Claremont; 9. Frederick I. Blackwood, Concord; 10. Harry D. Hopkins, Keene; 11. William Weston, Marlborough; 12. Charles W. Tobey, Temple; 13. Henry A. Lagasse, Nashua; 14. Perham Parker, Bedford; 15. Hamilton A. Kendall, Concord; 16. James E. Dodge, Manchester; 17. Arthur P. Morrill, Manchester; 18. William G. McCarthy, Manchester; 19. Omar Janelle, Manchester; 20. Guy E. Chesley, Rochester; 21. George H. Yeaton, Rollinsford; 22. Edmund R. Angell, Derry; 23. Levi S. Bartlett, Kingston; 24. Samuel T. Ladd, Portsmouth.

## REPRESENTATIVES-ELECT 1924

Acworth	Not entitled	
Albany (Pequaket)	Archie Nickerson	R and D
Alexandria	Arthur H. Drury	D
Allenstown (Suncook)	George H. Desroche	D
Alstead	Benjamin H. Bragg	R
Alton	Joseph A. Mooney	R and D
Amherst	Geo. W. Putnam	R
Andover (East)	Marcia F. Hilton (Mrs.)	R
Antrim	Chas. F. Downes	R
Ashland	Edward P. Colby	R
Atkinson	Nellie J. Page	R
Auburn	Fred H. Hall	R and D
Barnstead	John O. Emerson	D
Barrington	Flavius J. Berry	D
Bartlett	Lucius Hamlin	R
Bath (West)	Chas. L. Woolson	R
Bedford	Wm. S. Manning	R
Belmont	Clayton Bryant	D
Bennington	Henry W. Wilson	R
Berlin		
Ward 1	Margaret H. Barden	D
	Ovide J. Coulombe	D
	James J. Kailey	D
Ward 2	Oliver T. Keenan	D
	Joseph T. Hennessey	D
	Virginia P. Lunderville	D
	Robert W. Pingree	D
Ward 3	George Duval	D
	Marie G. Chapman	R
	Otto J. A. Dahl	R
Ward 4	Albion C. Streeter	R
	Jennie Fortier	D
	Geo. E. Hutchins	D and R
	Wilfred J. LePage	D
Benton	Not entitled	
Bethlehem	John G. M. Glessner	R
Boscawen	John T. Moore	R
Bow (Concord)	Willoughby A. Colby	R
Bradford	Edwin H. Dodge	R
Brentwood	Fred Rand	R
Bridgewater	Alba H. Carpenter	D
Bristol	Chas. S. Collins	R
Brookfield	Not entitled	
Brookline	Eldorus C. Fessenden	D
Campton	Edward H. Cook	R
Canaan	Frank A. Martin	R
Candia	George H. McDuffee	R



Canterbury	George H. Gale	R and D	
Carroll	Not entitled		
Center Harbor	Not entitled		
Charlestown	James W. Davidson	R	
Chatham	Madison O. Charles	D and R	
Chester	Wm. T. Owen	R	
Chesterfield	Alba A. Farr	R	
Chichester	Harry S. Kelley	D	
Claremont	Chas. W. Barney	R	
	Fred W. Boardway	R	
	Hugh Denning	R	
	Rev. Clarence B. Etsler	R	
	Adelbert M. Nichols		
	Martin Pederson	R	
	Geo. C. Warner	R	
	Geo. H. Wood	R	
Clarksville	John C. Hurlburt	D	
Colebrook	Louis Ramsey	R	
	Fred B. Thompson	R	
Columbia	Allen E. Gray	R	
Concord			
Ward 1 (Penacook)	George T. Kenney	D	21 Pleasant St.
"	John H. Rolfe	D	22 Summer St.
Ward 2 (E. Concord)	Wesley O. Field	R	
Ward 3 (W. Concord)	Henry E. Chamberlain	R	
Ward 4	Fred S. Pendleton	R	
	Harry M. Cheney	R	
	Wm. B. McInnis	R	
Ward 5	George A. Foster	R	
	Ralph H. George	R	
Ward 6	Roy E. Marston	R	
	Geo. H. Nash	R	
	Fay F. Russell	R	
	Chas. E. Staniels	R	
Ward 7	Clarence O. Emerson	R	
	Clarence O. Philbrick	R	
	Edward D. Toland	R	
Ward 8	William A. Lee	D	65 So. Main St.
Ward 9	Wm. J. Ahern	D	64 Franklin St.
	Timothy J. Sullivan	D	13 Albin St.
Conway (North)	Wm. A. Currier	R	
	Rev. Henry Rees Jones	R	
	Wm. Williamson	R	
Cornish (Flat)	Rev. Fred'k. J. Franklyn	R	
Croydon	Not entitled		
Dalton	Ernest E. Whitcomb	D	
Danbury	Not entitled		
Danville	Allan L. Huntington	R	
Deerfield (Gossville)	Alton F. Shores	R	
Deering	Chester P. McNally	Ind.	
Derry	Chas. Sumner Adams	R	
	Oliver H. Hepworth	R	
	Wm. T. Morse	R	
	Everett R. Rutter	R	
Dorchester	Not entitled		
Dover			
Ward 1	Frank P. Brown	D	
	Harry R. Smith	R	
Ward 2	Chas. A. Cloutman	R	
	John Cornell	R	
	Georgia E. Worcester	R	
Ward 3	Frank F. Fernald	R	11 Nelson St.
	Thomas W. Webb	R	229 Washington
Ward 4	Robert H. Fish	R	
	Henry E. Perry	R	
	Lewis A. Scruton	R	
Ward 5	Edward Durnin	D	
Dublin	Arthur T. Appleton	R	
Dummer	Ernest C. Stiles	R and D	
Dunbarton (Goffstown)	Iru M. Waite	R	
Durham	James S. Chamberlin	R	

East Kingston	Not entitled	
Easton	Helen J. Young	D
Eaton	Not entitled	
Effingham	Richard Dearborn	R
Ellsworth	Not entitled	
Enfield	Val M. Hardy	R and D
Epping	James R. Wright	D
Epsom	Fred W. Yeaton	R and D
Errol	Not entitled	
Exeter	James W. Bixler	R
	Harry Merrill	R
	Herman L. Smith	R
	Marcus J. Woodrow	R
Farmington	Frank A. Adams	R
	Frank J. Smith	R
Fitzwilliam	Arthur E. Stone	R
Francestown	Not entitled	
Franconia	Not entitled	
Franklin		
Ward 1	Frank N. Parsons	R and D
Ward 2	Francis T. Douphinett	D
	Edmond J. Garneau	D
Ward 3	Geo. H. Bartlett	R
	Elmer D. Kelley	R
Freedom	Almon R. Bennett	R
Fremont	Lyman S. Hooke	R
Gilford	Maurice W. Sawyer	R
Gilmanton	Jeremiah W. Sanborn	R
Gilsum	Not entitled	
Goffstown	Harry F. Colburn	R
	Albert S. Tirrell	R
Gorham	Joseph O. George	D and R
	William H. Morrison	R
Goshen	Geo. F. Crane	R
Grafton	John M. Phillips	D and R
Grantham	Dellivan D. Thornton	D
Greenfield	Geo. S. Burnham	R
Greenland	Elmer D. Moulton	R
Greenville	Edward Pelletier, Jr.	D
Groton	Not entitled	
Hampstead	Adin S. Little	R
Hampton	Harry D. Munsey	R
Hampton Falls	Arthur W. Brown	R
Hancock	Chas. H. Dutton	R
Hanover	Chas. A. Holden	R
	James P. Richardson	R
	Edward A. Faulkner	D
Harrisville	Not entitled	
Hart's Location	Not entitled	
Haverhill	Pardon W. Allen	R Pike
	Clarence L. Bailey	R Woodsville
	Dick E. Burns	R "
Hebron	John Wentworth	R and D
Henniker	Wm. C. Goss	R
Hill	Not entitled	
Hillsboro	Chas. F. Butler	R
	John S. Childs	R
Hinsdale	Chas. H. H. Langille	R
Holderness	Harold A. Webster	R
Hollis	Chas. P. Brown	R
Hooksett	Samuel Head	D
	Alfred Lafond 1st	D
Hopkinton	Horace J. Davis	R Contoocook
Hudson	Henry C. Brown	R
	Chas. C. Leslie	R
Jackson	Dean W. Davis	D
Jaffrey (East)	Geo. H. Duncan	D
	Albert E. Knight	D
Jefferson	Wm. A. Crawford	D
Keene		
Ward 1	Wm. J. Callahan	R

	Geo. E. Newman	R	
	Herman C. Rice	R	
Ward 2	Austin H. Reed	R	
	Carlos L. Seavey	R	
Ward 3	Leston M. Barrett	R	
	Cameron M. Empey	R	26 Howard St.
Ward 4	Wildor F. Gates	R	
Ward 5	Lewis S. King	D	
	Geo. F. T. Trask	R	
Kensington	Arthur G. Wadleigh	R	
Kingston	George B. Stevens	R	
Laconia			
Ward 1	Chas. M. Corliss	R	The Weirs
Ward 2	Alfred W. Simoneau	D	
	Alfred L. Guay	D	
Ward 3	Elmer E. Tilton	R	
Ward 4	John H. Merrill	R	
	Henry H. Thompson	R	
Ward 5	Clarence L. Follansbee	R	
	Ralph H. Smith	R	
Ward 6	Laurence B. Holt	R	Lakeport
	John G. Quimby	R	"
Lancaster	Seldon C. Howe	R	
	Wm. H. Leith	R	
Landaff	Chas. M. Gale	D	
Langdon	William Hall	R	
Lebanon	Harold W. Bourlet	R	
	Chas. B. Drake	R	
	Dan O. Eaton	R	
	Curtis W. Hyde	R	
	Chas. B. Ross	R	
Lee	Not entitled		
Lempster	Not entitled		
Lincoln	Wm. A. Lynch	R	
Lisbon	Geo. M. Goudie	R	
	Geo. C. Morgan	R	
Litchfield	John A. Reid	R	
Littleton	Hiram A. Currier	R	
	Orrin W. Hunkins	R	
	John F. Lytle	R	
	Fred E. Richardson	R	
Livermore	Katherine Donahue	R	
Londonderry	Wallace P. Mack	R	
Loudon	Frank B. Kenney	R and D	
Lyman	Not entitled		
Lyme	Geo. W. Barnes	R	
Lyndeboro	Not entitled		
Madbury	Wm. H. Knox	R	Dover, RFD. 6
Madison	Walter Kennett	R	
Manchester			
Ward 1	Harry B. Cilley	R	
	John P. Cronan	R	35 Carpenter St.
	Clinton W. Jackson	R	995 Union St.
Ward 2	Oscar F. Bartlett	R	250 Harrison
	Wilson F. Higgins	R	119 Myrtle St.
	Alfred G. Miles	R	781 Union St.
	Augusta Pillsbury	R	703 Pine St.
	Effie E. Yantis	R	266 Harrison
Ward 3	Harry W. Bergholtz	R	26 Arlington
	Albert O. Brown	R	Amoskeag Bank
	Frank W. Garland	R	28 Lyndon St.
	Fred T. Irwin	R	295 Pearl St.
	Dr. Zatae L. Straw	R	297 Orange St.
Ward 4	Rev. Percy W. Caswell	R	496 Hall St.
	Frank H. Challis	R	296 Manchester
	Fred D. Pierce	R	274 Laurel St.
	John L. Wade	R	103 Hubbard St.
Ward 5	James A. Broderick	D	181 Grove St.
	Michael J. Collins	D	133 Spruce St.
	Patrick J. Creighton	D	91 Laurel St.
	Andrew W. Harlan	D	173 Cedar St.



	Thomas J. Horan	D	138 Auburn St.
	James S. Jennings	D	21 Laurel St.
	Frank P. Laughlin	D	69 Cedar St.
	Dennis F. Mahoney	D	121 Pine St.
	Michael J. McNulty	D	177 Green St.
	Dennis F. Quinn	D	189 Green St.
Ward 6	Michael T. Burke	D	982 Hanover St.
	Abraham R. Callaghan	R	Proctor Road
	Chas. S. Currier	D	346 Lake Ave.
	Nelson W. Paige	R	20 Salisbury St.
	John W. Todd	R	334 Spruce St.
Ward 7	Arthur H. Wiggin	R	256 Valley St.
	Thomas A. Carr	D	260 Cedar St.
	Francis A. Foye	D	232 Central St.
	Jeremiah B. Healy, Jr.	D	414 Cedar St.
	Thomas J. McGuigan	D	293 Bell St.
	Bernard T. McLaughlin	D	231 Spruce St.
Ward 8	John J. Sheehan	D	430 Auburn St.
	Joseph Chevette	D	740 Harvard St.
	Edward M. Donahue	D	1 Calef Rd.
	Michael S. Donnelly	D	267 Willow St.
	Chas. H. Morin	D	815 Somerville
	Albert H. Nettel	D	2956 Brown Ave.
Ward 9	Lawrence A. O'Connor	D	27 Elm St.
	Geo. H. Adams	D	603 Canal St.
	Valentine McBride	D	43 W. Bridge
	Robert J. Orr	D	35 W. Bridge
Ward 10	Timothy S. Quirk	D	131 Middle St.
	Harry E. Curtis	R	95 Carroll St.
	Harry C. Jones	R	106 William St.
Ward 11	Fred G. Wenzel	R	117 Bowman St.
	Edward Burke	D	53 Walker St.
	Richard F. Cremen	D	44 West St.
	John F. Joyce	D	459 Granite
	Alexis J. McDonnell	D	123 Parker
Ward 12	Geo. E. Roukey	D	34 Parker
	Arthur P. Bisson	D	11 Wayne St.
	Wm. H. Guevin	D	217 Cartier
	George Hamel	D	132 McGregor
	Alfred T. Maynard	D	35 Bartlett
	Alphonse J. Roy	D	228 Cartier
Ward 13	Arthur H. St. Germain	D	367 Thornton
	Wm. G. Chevette	D	398 Coolidge Ave.
	Arthur L. Cote	D	520 Hevey St.
	Alfred E. Fortin	D	375 Kelley
	Pierre Gauthier	D	22 Laurel
	Jos. W. Remillard	D	525 Dubuque
Marlboro	Walter E. Buckminster	R and D	
Marlow	Not entitled		
Mason	Alexander McLean	R	
Meredith	Claude M. Calvert	R	
Merrimack			
(Reed's Ferry)	Harry Watkins	R	
Middleton	Not entitled		
Milan	Levater A. Bickford	R	
Milford	Emory D. Heald	R	
	Geo. A. McIntyre	R	
	Chas. W. Robinson	R	
Milton	Seth F. Dawson, Jr.	R	
Monroe	Homer S. Smith	R	
Mont Vernon	Harry G. Blood	D and R	
Moultonboro	Geo. A. Blanchard	R and D	
Nashua			
Ward 1	Eliot A. Carter	R	Elliot St.
	Roscoe S. Milliken	R	86 Concord
	Ovid F. Winslow	R	6 Stark St.
Ward 2	Chas. R. Blake	R	
	Arthur L. Hammar	R	36 Cross St.
Ward 3	Joseph Boilard, Jr.	D	78 Canal St.
	John B. Lesage	D	139 Tolles St.
	John J. Vigneault	D	8 Linden St.

Ward 4	John L. Spillane	D and R
	David F. Sullivan	D and R
Ward 5	Edward Sullivan	D and R
Ward 6	Benj. C. Hanscom	D 9 Beech
Ward 7	Robert J. Doyle	D 6 Faxon St.
	Delium J. LaPointe	D 58 Tyler St.
	John J. Lyons	D 72 Harbor Ave.
Ward 8	Auguste W. Bourque	D 3 West Allis St.
	Kevin B. Dwyer	D
	Victoria M. Langlois	D
	Geo. J. O'Neil	D
Ward 9	Dolphis Chasse	D
	Wilfred Dionne	D 1 Perry Ave.
	Alfred F. Girouard	D
	Geo. A. Shea	D
Nelson	Harry R. Green	R and D Munsonville
New Boston	Christopher H. Coleman	R
Newbury	Not entitled	
Newcastle	James W. Pridham	D
New Durham	Walter H. Miller	D
Newfields	Not entitled	
New Hampton	Harry S. Flanders	R
Newington	Cyrus Frink	R
New Ipswich	Robert B. Walker	R and D
New London	Herbert B. Swett	R
Newmarket	Thomas J. Connelly	D
	Thomas J. Filion	D
	Ludger Rondeau	D
Newport	John R. Kelley	R
	Geo. E. Lewis	R
	Robert T. Martin	R
Newton	Hayden E. Cheney	R
Northfield	Herbert A. Dolley	R
North Hampton	Geo. W. Sennett	R
Northumberland	Merton S. Fogarty	R Groveton
	Wm. F. Rowden	R "
	John F. Merrill	R
Northwood	Arthur W. McDaniel	R
Nottingham	Harry A. Ford	R
Orange	Olin N. Renfrew	R
Orford	Newell P. Sias	D
Ossipee	Forest E. Kelley	D
Pelham	Stephen E. Bates	D Suncook
Pembroke	Raoul L. Perreault	D "
	Geo. E. Clement	R
Peterboro	Arthur P. Smith	R
	Earl V. Howard	R
Piermont	Geo. W. Hawes	D
Pittsburg	Carroll M. Paige	R
Pittsfield	Victor E. Trace	R and D
	Geo. C. Barton	R Meriden
Plainfield	Fred P. Hill	R
Plaistow	Ernest L. Bell, Jr.	R
Plymouth	Albert F. Burt	R
Portsmouth		
Ward 1	Curtis O. Layton	D
	Charles E. Lewis	R
	Harry E. Palfrey	R
Ward 2	Fred V. Hett	R
	Wm. A. Hodgdon	R
	Harold A. Littlefield	R
	Geo. A. Wood	R
Ward 3	Thomas F. McDermott	D
	Patrick J. Reardon	D
Ward 4	Chas. W. Humphreys	R
Ward 5	Patrick E. Kane	D
Randolph	Not entitled	
Raymond	Edward F. Cram	R
Richmond (Winchester)	Leason Martin	R
Rindge (East)	Ralph H. White	R
Rochester		

Ward 1	Elihu A. Corson	R	
Ward 2	Geo. M. Garland	R	
Ward 3	Harry H. Meader	R	(Gonic)
Ward 4	Adelard G. Gelinas	D	
	Frederic E. Small	D	
Ward 5	Chas. W. Wentworth	R	
Ward 6	Harry E. Bickford	R	14 McKinley St.
	Ralph F. Seavey	R	
Rollinsford	Geo. W. Nutter	D	Salmon Falls
Roxbury	Not entitled		
Rumney	John B. Foster	R and D	
Rye	Thomas H. Perkins	R	
Salem (Depot)	Wallace W. Cole	R and D	
"	Frank D. Wilson	R and D	
Salisbury	Not entitled		
Sanbornton	Carl E. Hanson	R	
Sandown	Not entitled		
Sandwich	Jos. Randolph Coolidge, Jr.	R and D	
Seabrook	Levi D. Collins	R	
Sharon	Not entitled		
Shelburne	Not entitled		
Somersworth			
Ward 1	Amedee Cote	D	
Ward 2	Maurice J. Berry	D	
Ward 3	Wilfred F. Willett	D	
Ward 4	John J. Loughlin	D	
	Wm. Perron	D	
Ward 5	Joseph O. Paquette	D	
South Hampton	Charles L. Phillips	R	
Springfield	Justin E. Nichols	R	
Stark	Chas. A. Cole	D and R	
Stewartstown (West)	David A. Hutchinson	R	
Stoddard	Not entitled		
Strafford	Albert H. Brown	R	
Stratford (North)	John C. Hutchins	D and R	
Stratham	Fred L. Jewell	R	
Sullivan	Frank L. Rawson	R	
Sunapee	Dura A. Chase	R	
Surry	Not entitled		
Sutton (North)	Rodman W. Seymour	R	
Swanzy	Milan A. Dickinson	R and D	
Tamworth	Frank A. Whiting	R and D	
Tilton	Hiram R. Blanchard	R	
	Osborn J. Smith	D	
Troy	Edwin Smith	R	
Tuftsboro	Ernest M. Hunter	R	
Unity	Lyman R. Walker	D	
Wakefield	Ansel N. Sanborn	D	
Walpole	Timothy H. Bowen	D	
	William J. King	R	Bellows Falls, Vt.
Warner	Arthur G. Fish	R	
Warren	Henry E. Weeks	D	
Washington	Not entitled		
Waterville	Not entitled		
Weare	Frank Tucker	D	
Webster	Joseph H. Noyes	D	
Wentworth	George W. Gove	R	
Wentworth's Location	Not entitled		
Westmoreland	Fred D. Johnson	R	
Whitefield	Enos H. Jordan	R	
	Wm. H. Young	R	
Wilmot	Imogene V. Emons	R	
Wilton	Harvey W. Frye	D	
Winchester	Henry T. Coombs	R	
	John H. Dickinson	R and D	
Windham (Junction)	Rufus H. Bailey	R	
Windsor	Not entitled		
Wolfeboro	Frank W. Hale	R	
	Harold H. Hart	R	
Woodstock	Harry D. Sawyer	D	



# NEW HAMPSHIRE

BY EDITH GILLET WHITTEN

New Hampshire, Oh! New Hampshire,  
How my heart with feeling thrills,  
Near to tears as exultation,  
As again I see thy Hills.  
Scenes of youth and filled with mem'ries,  
Changes sad from days gone by—  
Dear ones in the church-yard sleeping  
Tears, unbidden, fill our eyes.

New Hampshire, Oh! New Hampshire,  
Oh, those granite peaks of thine,  
Everlasting, staunch, and noble,  
Rising there in shade or shine,  
Comforting my heart in sadness,  
Unto them "I lift mine eyes,"  
Emblems of Eternal gladness,  
Lift my soul toward the skies.

New Hampshire, Oh! New Hampshire,  
Thy rocky guardians, they,  
Walls of strength around thy valleys  
Thru dark night and sunny day.  
On the leafy veils of Spring-time  
Bright in autumn's red and gold,  
Strong in icy winds of winter,  
They have been from Ages old.

New Hampshire, Oh! New Hampshire,  
When we absent are from thee,  
Pictures to our mind returning  
Those familiar heights we see,  
Standing in the mists of morning—  
And the sunset's glorious flame.  
With the cloud shades coming-going,  
Ever changing, yet the same.

New Hampshire, Oh! New Hampshire,  
How we love those vales of thine,  
With their grain-fields checkered over,  
Bordered round with hills of pine.  
Thy clear brooklets running over  
Stony beds thru wood and lea,  
Thy blue lakes,—as bits of Heaven,—  
The Great Spirit's smile did see.

New Hampshire, Oh! New Hampshire,  
Thru the changes of the years  
As we travel on Life's path-way,  
With the gladness, or the fears.  
Where so'er the Fates may lead us,  
Under clouded skies, or blue,  
To the Granite State,—the fairest,  
Shall our hearts be ever true.

# HISTORY

## of the Town of Sullivan, New Hampshire

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The exhaustive work entitled, "History of the Town of Sullivan, New Hampshire," two volumes of over eight hundred pages each, from the settlement of the town in 1777 to 1917, by the Rev. Josiah Lafayette Seward, D. D.; and nearly completed at the time of his death, has been published by his estate and is now on sale, price \$16.00 for two volumes, post paid.

The work has been in preparation for more than thirty years. It gives comprehensive genealogies and family histories of all who have lived in Sullivan and descendants since the settlement of the town; vital statistics, educational, cemetery, church and town records, transfers of real estate and a map delineating ranges and old roads, with residents carefully numbered, taken from actual surveys made for this work, its accuracy being unusual in a history.

At the time of the author's death in 1917, there were 1388 pages already in print and much of the manuscript for its completion already carefully prepared. The finishing and indexing has been done by Mrs. Frank B. Kingsbury, a lady of much experience in genealogical work; the printing by the Sentinel Publishing Company of Keene, the binding by Robert Burlen & Son, Boston, Mass., and the work copyrighted (Sept. 22, 1921) by the estate of Dr. Seward by J. Fred Whitcomb, executor of his will.

The History is bound in dark green, full record buckram, No. 42, stamped title, in gold, on shelf back and cover with blind line on front cover. The size of the volumes are 6 by 9 inches, 2 inches thick, and they contain 6 illustrations and 40 plates.

Volume I is historical and devoted to family histories, telling in an entertaining manner from whence each settler came to Sullivan and their abodes and other facts concerning them and valuable records in minute detail.

Volume II is entirely devoted to family histories, carefully prepared and containing a vast amount of useful information for the historian, genealogist and Sullivan's sons and daughters and their descendants, now living in all parts of the country, the genealogies, in many instances, tracing the family back to the emigrant ancestor.

The index to the second volume alone comprises 110 pages of three columns each, containing over twenty thousand names. Reviewed by the New York Genealogical and Biographical Record and the Boston Transcript.

Sales to State Libraries, Genealogical Societies and individuals have brought to Mr. Whitcomb, the executor, unsolicited letters of appreciation of this great work. Send orders to

J. FRED WHITCOMB, Ex'r.  
45 Central Square, Keene, N H.















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